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THE Longest Day was creeping slowly to its close. It was hot, very hot. Cool garments and cooling drinks were imperatively the order of the time. Motion was out of the question. Perspiration and meditation reigned supreme.

Under the shade of his own vine and fig-tree, over the coolest of cups, in the airiest of zephyrs, sat Mr. PUNCH, with his feet on the refrigerator from which he had been extracting the crystalline lumps which bobbed refreshingly, amidst the green leaves and blue blossoms of the fragrant borage, on the waves of the cool Moselle. There he reclined, in the summer stillness, thinking, for more coolness, of the Pole and our gallant Explorers, who, by this time, must have taken a long leave of Cape Farewell.

Already they must be within the Arctic Circle. Before this, probably, they have replenished their bunkers, and shipped their dogs, at Disco. Dogs!—who knows? Ere now, perhaps, they may be beset by the formidable "pack" *en masse*, gathering and growling and showing sharp, jagged teeth under the stems of the daring Islanders who have dared to invade that solitary realm. Even now they may be sighting the "Devil's Thumb," protruded ominously to warn all comers off his ice-preserves in Melville Bay.

PUNCH quaffed his cup to their success, and wished himself, for the moment, in their cooler quarters.

"Yes," he murmured, "it is a noble achievement to break into that charmed circle where sits enthroned—for the winning of some THOMAS CARLYLE of the Future—his oft-invoked favourite, The Everlasting Silence.

"'The Everlasting Silence'! Can *she* be a Woman, by the way, as I have limned her? And if she is, how tired she must be of herself! How fain, methinks, to fling herself into the arms of the gallant mariners who come to break her—and substitute the silvern speech for her pale and frosted gold!

"But what a realm is hers—with what mysteries she has been entrusted, no doubt, as a reward for holding her tongue!

"There, at her frost-fettered feet," PUNCH said, as MAURY said before him, "icebergs are framed and glaciers launched; there the tides have their cradle and their grave, the whales their nursery; there the winds complete their circuits, and the currents of the sea their round in the wonderful system of oceanic circulation; there the Aurora is lighted up, and the trembling needle brought to rest. There are the Pole of the Winds, and the Poles of Cold; the Pole of the Earth and the Magnet. It is a great treasure-house of mysteries, and the desire to explore its secret chambers has grown into a longing. It is no feverish excitement, no vain ambition, that leads men there. It is a higher feeling, a holier motive,—a desire to look into the works of Creation, to comprehend the economy of our planet, and to grow wiser and better by the knowledge!"

Before PUNCH got to this point he had passed from the realms of speech into the kingdom which King Somnus and Queen Silence share between them—and lo! he was alone—alone—

“The first
That ever burst
Into that silent sea!”

It was a case of ice, as LORD DUFFERIN'S Valet observed to his Lordship aboard his yacht off Jan Mayen,—“ice all around.”

PUNCH had outstripped the *Alert* and the *Discovery*. Hugging his new Volume to his breast, as the best of all life-preservers, a source of perennial light and heat, more sustaining than pemmican, more defiant of chill than three-piled duffle, he had urged his way, gallantly, across pack and hummock, over berg and floe. And now he was THERE. But WHERE? Latitude and Longitude had ceased to be. If Time and Space were at all, it was as much as they were.

The Midnight Sun burned red on the horizon; the distant howl of the Great Bear, which had long been distinctly audible, was now deafening.

PUNCH stood, at last, where never living man had stood before—FACE TO FACE WITH THE POLE!

He did not feel giddy, not even dizzy—only calm. He was not cold—only cool. The fact is, he was at home in that proud position, on the apex of the round World (if anything so nearly round can be said to have an apex)—with the Globe at his feet!

He looked superbly around!

What is that white mass gathered at the base of the spindle on which our Earth revolves? An iceberg? No,—a sweet though snow-clad, and, presumably, snow-cold creature, gracefully enwrapped in a mantle of frozen drift, under a veil fringed with crystalline icicles, half hiding, half revealing her coy loveliness!

Yes! it is the Polar Queen—the Lady of the Everlasting Silence—the Ice Maiden that hath waited to be won from creation till now.

Gracefully advancing, PUNCH kneeled before her. There came a voice from behind the veil—

“My Deliverer! At last! O how have I waited and longed for thee! But, first, thy credentials.”

PUNCH laid at her feet

VOLUME SIXTY-EIGHT.

She seized it eagerly—tore open its pages—and a roar as of many pent-up water-floods let loose of a sudden shook the Seven Stars, and made the beams of her Auroral Crown shoot wildly to the zenith. It was the breaking up, and down, of The Everlasting Silence, under the laughter-compelling spell of PUNCH!

“Come to my heart!” she murmured—and suddenly PUNCH felt a rushing chill as of an avalanche, yet pervaded by a delicious perfume, oversweep his frame—

* * * * *

He had knocked over his tankard, and was wet through with the Moselle-Cup.

But he knew that his Volume was in the hands of Her Polar Majesty, and was happy!





A CHRISTMAS NUMBER À LA MODE.

JOHN SMITH was ill, very ill. He had sent for the Doctor in hot haste. His family (a numerous one) surrounded his easy chair. The poor old man (poor in health, only let it be understood, for he was as rich as Croesus in pocket) gazed at the assembled throng with eyes dimmed, not by tears of affection. His numerous relatives bent over him to hear what he had to say.

"My friends," he gasped out, "I want you to do me a favour. I cannot last much longer, and before I die I should much like to hear all your stories."

There was an awkward pause, and then one of his relatives advanced. He was a little old man dressed in a suit of seedy black. He cleared his throat, coughed apologetically, and commenced as follows:—

The Pew-opener's Story.

"The Church of St. Bunkum is in the ward of Cold Without, in the City of London, &c., &c. One foggy November morning, when the streets were, &c., &c. I was dusting the reading-desk when, &c., &c. The Bride was a timid young thing, and as she stood before the Curate, &c., &c. The Bridegroom was nervous, &c., &c. The young couple drove off in a cab, &c., &c. He tried hard to get work from the editors of the magazines, &c., &c. She pined away, &c., &c. And on New Year's Eve I heard that they both were dead!"

When the little old man had finished his story, JOHN SMITH opened his eyes and exclaimed, "Let me hear the next."

Accepting this invitation, a bright-looking young man with curly brown hair and sparkling blue eyes stepped briskly forward, and began—

The Civil Engineer's Story.

"CHARLEY, old man, you will never do it!" exclaimed my partner. My partner was, &c., &c. In spite of this, I determined to begin the work the next morning, &c., &c. The men murmured, &c., &c. I seized the revolver from MORTON'S hand, &c., &c. And so he was tried, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to penal servitude for life."

The bright-looking young man hastily wiped away a tear, and bowing to the company, left the apartment.

Old JOHN SMITH roused himself from a gentle slumber, and cried "Now for the next!"

A pale-faced man, very blue about the cheeks and chin, advanced, and related—

The Story of the Christmas Clown.

"OLD HIGGINGS used to work the Norfolk Circuit when me and SALLY were engaged at thirty shillings a week as 'useful people.' My wife (she was called Miss FLORENCE PLANTAGENET in the play-bills) was, &c., &c. Well, one night when we had a good house (it

was SIGNOR TOMKINS'S benefit) wa, &c., &c. The rouge was still on her face, &c., &c. 'It is fever,' said the doctor, in a low tone and I, &c., &c. I gave the audience my usual joke (we call it a 'wheeze' in the Profession) before I came off, so that the SIGNOR might have time to prepare for jumping through the paper balloons, when, &c., &c. The audience roared with laughter, &c., &c. 'She's dead,' said the doctor, as I came off, and poor lass, so she was!"

The Christmas Clown buried his face in his hands, and poor old JOHN SMITH (with tears in his eyes) observed, "A sad, sad story. And now for the next."

A gentleman, with a face overflowing with drollery, advanced, and, without any preface, commenced—

The Story of the Man Without a Memory.

"I NEVER could remember anything, &c., &c. When I was a boy, &c., &c. When I was a youth, &c., &c. Well, I was engaged to be married, &c., &c. I was called in the morning, &c., &c. 'The day of your marriage, Sir,' said he, and &c., &c. I looked at my watch, &c., &c. I hurried to the church, &c., &c. The clergyman was very angry; he said, &c., &c. The ring was not on the piano, &c., &c. And to this day I am a bachelor, whilst MARY, (the woman I adored) is married to the hated pork-butcher, and is the mother of five children!"

There was a roar of laughter as the speaker finished. After the merriment had subsided, some one called attention to poor old JOHN SMITH. His jaw had dropped, his features were rigid, his eye glazed, his expression one of the deepest dejection. He was dead! —the concluding story (it was a comic one) had finished him without the assistance of a doctor!

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

SIR,

It must have been! I've got at it. I've only just hit upon it. The story of BRUMBY and the Dog-fight. I've found out the solution of it all. It was evidently intended, at the commencement of the autumn theatrical season, now over, to draw public attention to *Richard Cœur de Lion* at Drury Lane. Didn't you see the pictures on the walls? "The hound attacking the Knight." Of course. Depend on it, something went wrong, and the scheme was mismanaged somehow, or under that picture we should have seen long ago daily advertised, "The Man and Dog Fight in *Richard Cœur de Lion* at Drury Lane every evening."

Yours,

SLEEPYHEAD WAKEUP.

A WINTRY SECT.—The Shakers.

THE NEW YEAR'S NURSES.



JANUARY.

So nursed in Pantomimes poor babes are seen
By reckless Clown and ancient Pantaloon—
Crammed with strange pap, with blacking-brush scrubbed
clean,
Chucked to and fro, their nurses' hands between,
And sat upon, if restless they have been
Under hot poker, scrubbing-brush, or spoon.

While GLADSTONE, as Policeman, dark and dry,
PIUS, who wants the babe, taps on the shoulder;
Swears, though Infallibility defy,
None of your Roman Doctors shall come nigh,
The babe to drug and dose and stuffy,
And keep from growing wiser as he's older.

As Harlequin to this Clown and Pantaloon,
France shows in closely-fitting mask and motley:
Spangled and partycoloured, cap to shoon,
In transformations changeable as the moon,
Wound up by a strait-waistcoat, late or soon—
Natural end of flip-flaps flung too hotly.

Ah, safe wert thou from sorrow's
canker-worm,
Young Seventy-Five, had Fate as-
signed thy lot,
At thy first step into life's wintry
storm,
To feel the wise support and pressure
warm
Of *Punch's* arms about thy baby
form,
New-wakened on a world that
knows thee not.

But rougher nurses thy young life
environ,
If through the clouds thy horo-
scope I catch—
BISMARCK, who makes his pap of
blood and iron,
And PAPA PIUS, who all schools
throws mire on,
Except that old one, that piled
Smithfield's fire on,
Ere to its faggots BONNER laid the
match.

Tattered and battered, brainless as she's bold,
Spain light-heeled Columbine may fitly play.
Leering coquette 'neath her mantilla's fold,
Who takes her games for awans, her brass for gold,
And deems Madrid Earth's central nave doth hold—
Knaves enough she does hold, spelt with a K.

And yet rough Force, infallible Imbecility,
Mad Change, and Anarchy more frantic still,
All vail their crests, and own their inability
To stand against the Power that in tranquillity
Bows Present, Past, and Future to humility,
'Neath the Dark Wisdom, and the Unseen Will.

Cockney Furrin and 'Ome Review.

Horgustus. Rather 'ard of hold BISMARCK to be down on HARNIM,
hain't it?

'Enery. Yes, I'm sorry for old 'ARRY HARNIM. I wonder if
BISMARCK 'll hindorse 'is committal with "No Christmas Fare."
CARDEN 'd ha' dun it if he'd a cot the poor beggar.

PUNCH'S GIFTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.



TO PRINCE VON BISMARCK.—A copy of the *Polite Letter Writer*, translated into German, French, English, and Russian.

TO COUNT ARNIM.—Free quarters for two months in the Berlin Stadt's-festung at the expense of the German Government.

TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.—The editorship of a sensational magazine.

TO THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—A volume of "Songs Without Words," to be studied for Lord Mayors' Dinners.

TO THE METROPOLITAN MANAGERS.—Narrower Pieces and longer Petticoats.

TO THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.—More power to his elbow.

TO DR. COLENSO.—A Pulpit.

TO MR. SPURGEON.—A box of the best cigars, and the thanks of all intelligent men.

TO PROFESSOR DARWIN.—A genealogical tree, discovered in the Zoological Gardens.

TO ADMIRAL ROUS.—A seat in a Captain's gig, with a screw behind him.

TO LORD MAYOR STONE.—A bottle of Chloral, to be opened between Dover and Calais, on his official progress to the opening of the Grand Opera at Paris.

TO BEGGING-LETTER IMPOSTORS.—The Dog.

TO WIFE BEATERS.—The Cat.

TO THE SUN.—Another flying visit from Venus.

TO THE MOON.—Many happy returns of the day.

TO ENGLISHMEN.—The secret of the North-West Passage.

TO IRISHMEN.—Home Rule that isn't Rome Rule.

TO SCOTCHMEN.—A volume of *Punch*, with the case of surgical instruments necessary for enjoying it.

TO GERMANS.—The power to forget.

TO FRENCHMEN.—The wisdom to forgive.

And lastly to Mr. Punch.—The Sovereignty of the Whole World.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

The Commencement of a New Deal in Horseflesh with CHALVEY the Gipsy.

MR. CHALVEY (at the gate with the Cob in question) is, I believe, professionally a Gipsy. He is meteoric in his movements, appearing suddenly in our neighbourhood for a few hours, and disappearing as suddenly.

Nobody can tell you precisely whence he comes, or whither he goes. He may be known to the Police, and probably is so, and favourably, too, if I may judge from the few occasions when I've seen MR. CHALVEY in the company of one of the native fore. MR. CHALVEY and myself have been on nodding terms for some time past. We have never spoken; but he has invariably touched his fur cap on seeing me, and I have returned his salutation, not only out of politeness, but from a sort of fetich feeling, that I'd better keep on civil terms with CHALVEY the Gipsy, or CHALVEY the Gipsy will be, somehow or other, one too many for me. In spite of my affable smile and cheery nod to CHALVEY in the village, I should not like to meet CHALVEY alone in a dark lane at night, with nobody within two miles of us. I certainly couldn't fight CHALVEY, with any chance of success; and as certainly he could fight me: or probably, to save trouble, he would knock me down with a life-preserver, which he would, I dare say, have about him, handy. Now here, as CAZELL has been saying, there would be an advantage in being a Freemason—I mean, if CHALVEY and myself were both Masons. Only, by the way, on a dark night how could we see each other's signs?

Happy Thought.—Squeeze each other's hands.

True; but before we got to this, I should be on the ground, stunned by a life-preserver.

However, not yet being a Mason, and CHALVEY being here on quite another business, this discussion can be deferred.

He, CHALVEY, is a very much sunburnt man, with a sunburnt fur cap, dried up entirely in some places, and bald in others. He has two jet black shining ringlets framing his walnut brown face, and all round his mouth and over his chin is a deep Prussian blue colour, the result of shaving a powerful beard. CHALVEY evidently prides himself on his scrupulous neatness in shaving, and I notice that MURGLE keeps his hand up before his own stubby chin with a sense of inferiority in this respect. It suddenly occurs to me that now at last (it has often bothered me) I know whom MURGLE resembles; he is uncommonly like CHALVEY the Gipsy, who might be his elder or younger brother, according as MURGLE chose to come out shaved or unshaved. Horse-dealing does make one suspicious. And when you've been a seller yourself, you become, from experience, more suspicious than ever. It strikes me that MURGLE and CHALVEY are conspiring. I fancy that they are both Gipsies; which is worse, I imagine, than being Freemasons, as they have signs and a language of their own, impossible for me to understand.

Happy Thought.—On guard.

CAZELL critical. MURGLE dubious as to which side he's to take. CHALVEY steady, but indifferent, apparently, to results. Myself watchful all round. CHALVEY opens the ceremonies with a respectful touch of his cap. This from a Gipsy, a being free as the air, owning no sovereign (this by the way, pecuniarily speaking, is highly probable), with a tribe at his back and call, ought to be reassuring. But it isn't. The fact is, I have a sort of notion that if Gipsy CHALVEY were to give a peculiar whistle, heads of Gipsies—the heads of the tribe—would pop up in every direction; probably with a chorus. That's my idea of Gipsies. My Aunt, who has returned home suddenly, and has been, unknown to me till now, surveying the scene from her bed-room window, has her notion of Gipsies in connection with chickens, and infant heirs to vast estates. She calls to me, and "wonders how on earth I can have anything to do with that suspicious-looking man," meaning CHALVEY.

"For goodness sake," she says, "do get rid of him as quickly as possible, or we shan't have a chicken left in the place."

I assure her (entirely against my own conviction) that Gipsies are the most harmless people, and beg her not to be frightened. She refuses to retire from the window, being determined to watch CHALVEY's movements closely, and be ready to send for the police at the slightest intimation of treachery on his part. She tells me in an undertone that, walking from the station to our cottage, she has noticed several suspicious looking characters about.

At this time of year when the days have drawn in, my Aunt always sees suspicious looking people about in the lanes. I return to CHALVEY, who comes to business at once.

SHAKY BRAINS AND SOUND ONES.

WITH reference to the arrest of MRS. GIRLING, the Superiress of the New Forest "Shakers," on a certificate of insanity, MR. AUBERON HERBERT writes a letter to the *Times*, avowedly—

—"to call attention to the act, and to invite any who feel the danger of it to correspond with me on the subject, in order that we may consider the advisability of calling the Doctor to account for granting the certificate, and, if necessary, of raising such a sum as may be required for doing this effectually."

In the opinion of MR. AUBERON HERBERT, the Shakers are no more insane than the majority of orthodox believers:—

"Superstitious, poor people, they were without doubt, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot; but it was only in another degree the same harmless superstition with which most of my friends are afflicted when they believe themselves to be personal favourites of Providence, from the school-boy who prays for a good innings in his cricket match to the Archbishop who prays for an alteration of weather."

The school-boy who seriously prays for a good innings is perhaps a rather uncommon specimen of a religious boy. If his praying occasioned him to be careless in his batting, no doubt it would be advisable that his friends should look after him. Suppose an Archbishop, in consequence of having prayed for fine weather, were therefore to persist against advice in going out in the rain without a Macintosh or an umbrella, there would be reason to contemplate the probable necessity of putting that prelate under restraint. Craziness needs confinement whenever it manifests itself in alarming overt acts. If there are any lunatics in these dominions who ought by all means to be shut up, they are those who will comply with MR. AUBERON HERBERT's invitation to correspond with him on the subject, and consider the advisability of calling the certifying Doctor to account for granting his certificate.

CELESTIAL COLD SHOULDER.—A CORRESPONDENT suggests, as explanation of the late severe weather, that Venus has been flirting with the Sun, and creating a coolness between him and the Earth.



A NICE DISTINCTION.

Sunday Visitor. "WHAT IS THAT BOY OF YOURS PLAYING AT, MRS. MULLINGTON?"

The Vicar's Wife. "O, WELL, OF COURSE HE CAN'T HAVE HIS BALL TO PLAY WITH ON SUNDAYS—SO WE LET HIM HAVE THE SOFA-CUSHION TO KICK!"

A VOICE FROM VENUS.

(*Sic Transit.*)

YE humdrum devotees of Earth's new god—
Lord of the alembic and the measuring-rod,
This *parvenu* proud Science—what do ye
Setting your petty peeping-tubes at me?
Not now, as once on Ida, I'm on view,
To take the shine out of the rival two
Who hoped to eclipse me. I'm to be displayed
In shadow—fancy Venus "*in the shade!*"
Or just conceive the Queen of Loves and Pleasures
Made use of to correct men's weights and measures!
Minerva sneers, "An excellent object too."
But then the spiteful thing was always "blue."
She's sweet on *sarants*, and her chief reliance is
On those ridiculous things they call their Sciences.
But I—what crass Boeotian barbarian
Dares picture Venus turned utilitarian?
These prying fools—O dismal degradation!—
Care less for Phobus than his habitation.
Not unto such shall veiless Venus rise,
Love on her lips and laughter in her eyes;
No, let them turn their trumpery tubes afar
To watch the twinklings of some tenth-rate star.
By Paphos, passion's roses fire my cheeks!
A fig for "progress,"—give me back my Greeks!
Have these blunt-witted Britons an idea
That Science suits the shrine of Cytherea?
Is it for this their daughters I have dowered
With all the charms which 'neath my oestus flowered,
When I was Queen of every heart in Hellas?—
Charms that might make my darling Helen jealous.
'Twould serve them right to turn each maiden's nose
As blue (poor darlings!) as Minerva's hose.

Men mouth our names, ye gods, but to insult us,
And mock us with mere mathematic *cultus*.
But Science has no camera that focusses
Her whose white feet amidst the golden crocusses
Slid when young Paris saw—what all their glasses
Shall never spy. When *Venus Victrix* passes
There's splendour such that, could it meet men's
glance, it
Would quite eclipse the thing they call her Transit.

Mem by Minerva.

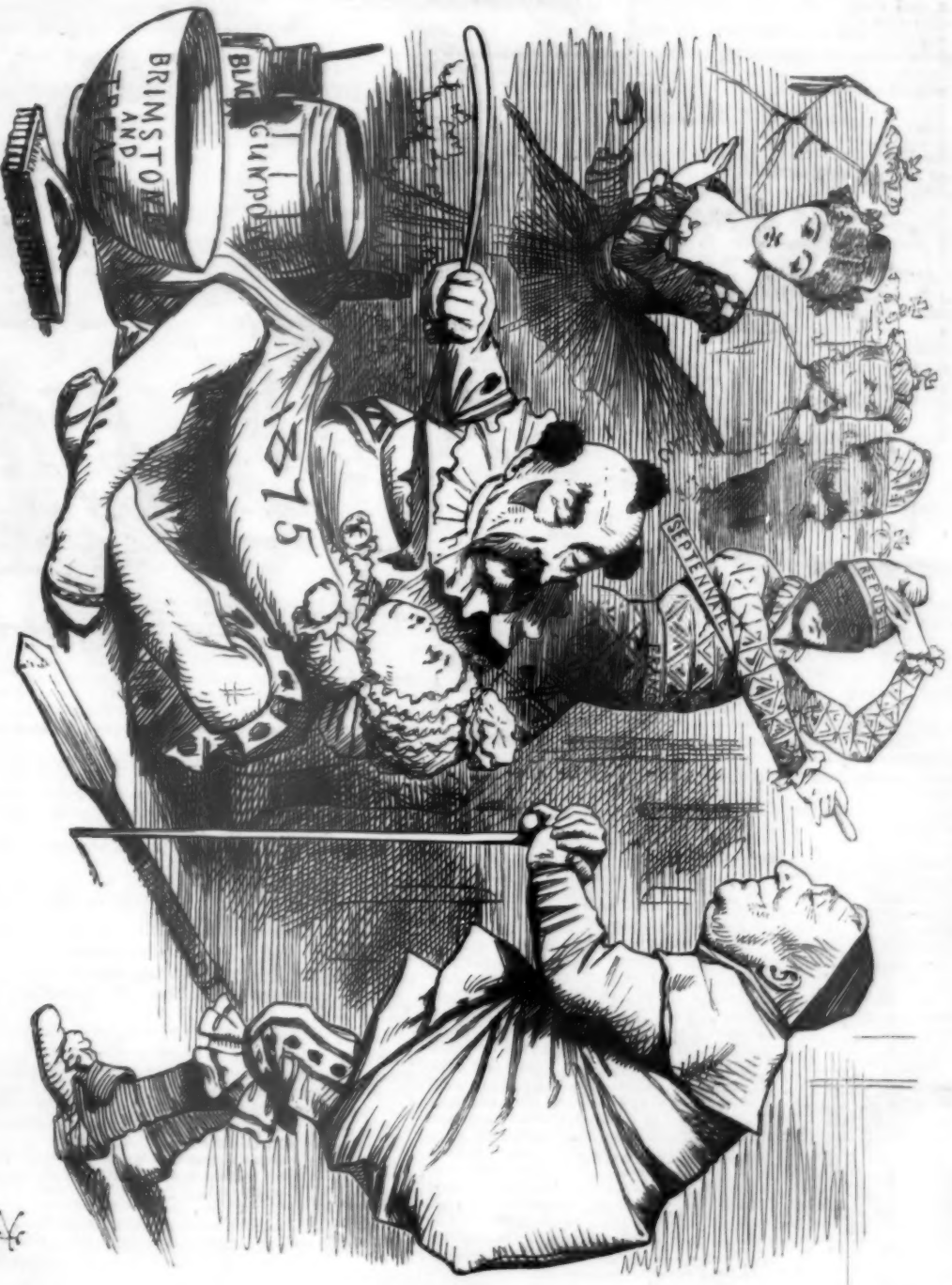
Venus is spiteful that her reign is over,
And LOCKYER is not her style of lover.
Science has shamed her; Science my chief care is:
All men are not such fools as that young Paris!

Cupid's Comment.

I fear Mamma is growing blind or stupid;
She reckons certainly without her Cupid.
Pallas may prate, but I'll find means to check her—
She's only the Olympian LYDIA BECKER.
A fig for all her *protégés'* appliances!
The Queen of Hearts is match for all the Sciences:
Nor shall they snatch a spell from all the stars,
To break the rule of her who vanquished Mars.
We'll lord it, She and I, while worlds revolve,
And *Venus Victrix* never need resolve
To shut up Paphos, or unyoke her sparrows,
While men have hearts, girls eyes, and Cupid arrows.

Postscript by Mr. Punch.

Punch, the sworn champion of British Beauty
Finds loyalty to Love his pleasing duty;
His Office, 85, Fleet Street, (between us) is
A very favourite shrine indeed of Venus's.
So he must print her plaint, yet thinks it groundless,
Deeming her empire, now as ever, boundless.



ROUGH NURSING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Clow (B-G-E), "LET ME FEED THE BABY!"

HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR



She need not chide the servants: let wild clerics
Have the monopoly of such hysterics.
Her rule is safe in Britain, while its daughters
Are armed with every charm which snares or slaughters:
With *Punch*, a nioer Naso, ever handy,
To "coash" them in a blameless *Are Amandi*.

SPECIAL PANTOMIME COMMISSION.



UNWILLING to be behindhand in the theatrical world just when all holiday play-going parents are looking about to see where they shall take TOMMY and HARRY for a theatrical treat, it occurred to Your Special Pantomime Commissioner to enter into a correspondence with the different Managers, asking them, as the best-informed persons on the subject, what they would recommend everyone to go and see. We always held that the theatrical profession was entirely free from all jealousy, and the replies which we have received prove this to be the case.

Space will not allow of our publishing the correspondence in full, but specimens, in the interest of our readers, will suffice. The letters are all addressed to "Your Pantomime Commissioner, and are of course prepaid with a large Head."

From MR. RICE, the Manager of Covent Garden.

DEAR SIR,
LET everyone go and see *Aladdin* at Drury Lane. Don't make any mistake, it's sure to be the best pantomime out.
Yours truly, R.

From MR. CHATTERTON, of Drury Lane.

... What I say to my friends is, don't bother yourself about Drury Lane, Covent Garden's the pantomime this year.

F. B. C.

From Lord Dundreary at the Haymarket.

If I were a happy father or a mother—I'd rather be a mother, becoth' itth'a withe child that talloth'itth own nothe—no, that itthn't the pwoverb. But I thould go and thee a Pantomime—I like a Pantomime becoth' itth a thort of thing that every fellow can underthand. BUCKSTONE joith me in withing you many happy weturnth of the day. By the way, what a nuithanth it would be if a day were alwayth weturning. You'd never know when to get up. I with they'd make me the Lithenth of playth.

Yourth everly,

DUN.

From F. CHATTERTON, of the Adelphi.

I CAN'T say better than, go and see the Lyceum. That's the fun for children at Christmas.

F. B. C.

From Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. CHATTERTON. (Strikes us we've heard this name before)—of the Princess's Theatre.

LET me honestly advise you to take your children to the Amphitheatre.

Yours ever, as before.

From MR. BATEMAN, of the Lyceum.

FOR Christmas IRVING as *Hamlet* tells me there's nothing better in London than the performance at the Gaiety Theatre. Let everyone go there.

From MR. JOHN HOLLINGHEAD, Gaiety.

THE *Opéra Comique* is evidently the place to spend a happy Christmas holiday night.

Yours,

J. H. No Fees.

From MISS THOMPSON, Globe Theatre.

DEAREST SIR,

WHERE shall I advise your friends to go for the best entertainment in London? Of course, to the *Street Theatre*.

LESLIA THOMPSON.

MISS SHERIDAN, of the *Opéra Comique*.

THE Court Theatre is the thing you should go and see. Just the very piece for children at Christmas.

MR. NEVILLE, of the *Olympic*.

I'VE been thinking over it, and I should say that if you really want amusement, you can't do better than go to the *Globe*.

H. N.

MR. HENGLER, of HENGLER'S CIRCUS, Argyl Street, of course highly recommends Astley's, and Mr. SANGER insists on the public patronising HENGLER'S. Mr. *Punch* quite agrees with Mr. SANGER. SANDY is the best Ring-Clown he remembers.

When Your Special Pantomime Commissioner has been the rounds, he will report for the benefit of friends at a distance, as speedily as possible.

A DRAMATIC CONTRAST.

LETTER I.—The Past.

London, January, 1819.

HONOURED SIR,

WHEN you so kindly and obligingly gave me permission to visit this gay Metropolis, which is at once the wonder and the admiration of the world, you requested me to write to you to give you my impressions of the play. I need scarcely tell you, my dear father, that your slightest wishes have with me the force of the sternest commands, and that I have taken the liberty of writing you this letter in obedience to your affectionately expressed desires.

I have just returned from the play-house, and hasten to give you some slight account of the pantomime I have just witnessed.

It is called *Harlequin and Mother Goose*, or the *Golden Egg*, and was originally played at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, by His Majesty's Servants, on the 29th of December 1806. It was written by MR. THOMAS DIBDIN, a gentleman who has since gained some fame as a writer of patriotic songs. I hear that at the time it was produced, some opposition was made to the introduction of vocal music—an innovation, you will admit, as true pantomime should be performed in dumb show. However, in spite of this, the play has been very much admired by the Town, and has more than once enjoyed a run of nearly twenty nights. The first scene represents the Mansion of *Squire Bugle* (excellently played by MR. GRIMALDI) adjoining to which is the cottage of *Colin*. The Squire, after expressing his delight that his first wife is dead, makes violent love to *Collinette*. He is about to marry her, in spite of *Colin*'s efforts to rescue her, when *Mother Goose* appears. Then (I quote now the stage-directions I found in the play-book) "the Squire approaches his late wife's tomb, and strikes it with his whip. The tomb opens, and her Ghost appears (which *Mother Goose* has raised) clad in white satin and poppy ribbons, follows the Squire, shakes her hands at him, and disappears through a trap." This scene was most awe-inspiring, and you have my word of honour that the audience were nearly as much frightened as the wicked Squire himself. We were quite glad when the clouds descended, and showed us the Retreat of *Mother Goose*. The good woman sang a song with a chorus to it, and then presented *Colin* with the celebrated *Goose*. The next scene showed how *Colin* secured *Collinette*, by giving up the *Golden Egg* to the Squire. However, *Colin* having consented to the death of the sagacious bird, the *Golden Egg* was thrown into the sea as a punishment by *Mother Goose*, who quickly changed *Colin*, *Collinette*, the Squire and his servant into *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, *Clown*, and *Pantaloon*. By this time we had been presented with three scenes, and had listened to no less than thirty-seven different tunes.

After this, what is called the "comic business" commenced, and we were highly diverted with the many amusing droleries of the transformed lovers and their persecutors. The adventures of *Colin* and *Collinette*, as *Harlequin* and *Columbine*, carried them through thirteen wonderful scenes. Among the rest were St. Dunstan's Church, the Vauxhall Gardens, and the Pavilion by moonlight. At



SPREAD OF POLITENESS DOWNWARDS.

"SUGAR AND CREAM, SIR!"

length (in the Last Scene) the Golden Egg was found, and the lovers were rendered happy, I hope, for ever.

And now, my Dear Father, you have received a short account of the Pantomime of *Mother Goose*.

Present my most respectful compliments to my beloved and revered Mother.

I remain, with the utmost respect, honoured Sir,
Your most obedient, grateful, and affectionate Son,
THOMAS SMITH, JUN.

LETTER II.—*The Present.*

London, December, 187—

MY DEAR GUV.,

HERE I am, up in Town as chirpy as possible. You want to know what the Pantomime is like, eh? O! the usual sort of thing, you know. No end of Transformation Scenes and all that, and a regular A 1 Burlesque opening, chock full of puns, music-hall songs, and breakdowns. The ballets are awfully good—no end good. By the way, it's all right this year. You can let the Mater and the girls go, you know. They can take their time about it, as the thing will run a couple of hundred nights at the very least. I didn't wait for the two scenes in the afterpart, as it's nothing but bosh, you know, after the *Cloven* comes on.

How's yourself? No more time. Love to everything and everybody.

Your affectionate Son,
TOMMY.

Hardly any Difference.

BETWIXT the POPE and BISMARCK,
How small the difference is, mark:
P. gives away indulgence plenary,
B. gives way to indulgence spleenary.

NEW-FASHIONED GHOSTS.

COME, Superstition, wondrous Maid,
No more in mouldy shroud arrayed,
But, clad in drawing-room attire,
Witch us without thine old blue fire.
Bid spirit-lights, instead, to dance
Before us at a dark *séance*:
For smell of sulphur, through our rooms
Diffuse the choicest of perfumes,
As Kiss-me-quick, and scents like those,
That lead us sweetly by the nose.

Instead of drawing round the grate
Ghost-stories merely to relate,
Around the board we'll form a ring,
And ghosts themselves about us bring
Their presence to announce by taps;
And spell us out their names with raps;
Nay, talk, beneath the ribs of Death,
As though with voice of living breath,
No longer heaving hollow groans,
But chatting in familiar tones:
For the weird wail of other days,
Tipping us slang and current phrase;
Sometimes they will "materialise"
Themselves to our admiring eyes,
Shake hands, and e'en, by such as list,
If ladies, let their lips be kissed,
Have locks cut from their spirit-hair,
And shreds from off the robes they wear.

What though through midnight air,
astride
Witches no longer broomsticks ride,
Yet "mediums" still to ceilings rise;
Still gas, turned down, to inward eyes
Reveals their airy "levitation,"
Wrought by no other incantation,
Than that of the accordion's strains,
Played out of tune, by spirit pains,
And such mysterious psalmody,
As niggers at revivals sing.
This, Superstition, is to what
Thine ancient legends now have got,
Less thrilling interest they inspire
Than those once told round Christmas fire,
But send no children to their beds,
With horrors in their little heads;
Thus, if thou charm'st not, as of yore,
Thou terriest babes no more.

A WELL-BEHAVED WATERING-PLACE.

THE *Post* quotes from the *John Bull* a satisfactory account of Mr. DISRAELI, concluding with the statement that:—

"He is understood to have expressed himself highly pleased with Bournemouth from the quiet and unobtrusive manner he is enabled to walk on the beautiful cliffs, and enjoy the air which is assisting so much his recovery of health."

Even the political opponents of our accomplished PREMIER would rejoice to learn that he is enabled to walk on the cliffs at Bournemouth in a quiet and unobtrusive manner, if they knew or supposed that heretofore he has generally been incapable of walking about without obtruding himself on public notice by noisy and boisterous behaviour. But surely Mr. DISRAELI's worst enemies have never charged him with deportment of that description; and it needed not the air of Bournemouth to enable the author of *Lothair* to demean himself in the manner usual amongst the higher orders. The same unobtrusive manner as that in which he takes his constitutional, is, probably we are glad to believe, observed towards himself by the people who meet him in the course of it, and by the well-bred inhabitants of Bournemouth, generally.

A Canzonet for Christmas Time.

(By a Man of Sentiment.)

SWEET MAUD, with eyes as black as aloe,
When kissed beneath the mistletoe
Deep blushes doth disclose:
Were mine the joy her lips to touch,
I wonder would she blush so much
If kissed beneath the rose?



GROSS NEGLECT OF DUTY.

Sunday School Teacher. "WHAT DID YOUR GODFATHERS AND GODMOTHERS THEN FOR YOU?"
Sunday School Dunc. "NOTHING AT ALL, MISS—NEITHER THEN NOR SINCE!"

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

LONDON waits to see poor old Temple Bar soon tumble down and stop the traffic to the City: whereupon, perhaps some steps may be taken to remove it.

Paris waits to see the opening of her beautiful New Opera, if the singers will cease squabbling as to who should have the privilege of singing the first song in it.

Berlin waits to see what will be the upshot of the judgment of Paris upon the Arnim Trial.

PRINCE BISMARCK waits, defiant, with his hand upon his hilt, prepared for a fresh onslaught on the Ultramontane party.

Gog and Magog wait with some anxiety to see what is to be done towards the talked-about enlargement of the Civic Corporation.

Everybody waits, with not unnatural impatience, for the predicted Good Time Coming, when coals and oysters may become a trifle cheaper than they have been.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN waits to see whether the Managers will promptly carry out his wishes for the cleansing of the stage, and whether the hint which he has given will be taken at the Music-halls.

Many a Christmas hamper waits a very long while on its way ere it can reach its destination.

The "finest site in Europe" waits, with a natural desire, to see the end of the pepper-box and mustard-pot order of architecture, and the beginning of a new and really noble National Gallery.

MR. GOBBLETON waits to see the Christmas turkeys disappear a little from the shops, ere, in his dread of *toujours dindon*, he can dare to venture on accepting a dinner invitation.

DOCTOR BOLUS waits, expectant, to be called in to prescribe for a few of his young friends, who may suffer from a surfeit of mincepies and plum-pudding.

Many a British matron waits to hire a clever, civil, cleanly, capable, and conscientious cook; and many a British husband wishes she may get one.

Railway Shareholders in general wait with some anxiety to see what will result from the experiment of Second-class extinction.

Finally—*Mr. Punch* waits with pleasure on the universal world, with the best of Christmas presents, his new Almanack and Volume.

POOR BISHOP COLENZO.

If the wide world you search
 For a Son of the Church,
 To rub up his Ma's "raws" in *extenso*,
 To South Africa turn,
 And you'll find that you burn
 When you come within shot of COLENZO.

All that comes in his way,
 Be they black, white, or grey,
 Must to him their attack or defence owe:
 From MACROBITE* to Moses,
 Heaven keep him whose nose is
 Exposed within twosk of COLENZO!

Since the candid Zulus
 Taught him doctrinal views
 Which caused BISHOP GALT such offence, O!
 Hot water, I fear,
 Is the usual sphere
 Of activity, sought by COLENZO.

Whether 'tis he have hot
 Water rather than not,
 We know not: Fate frames certain men so:
 But, look where you will,
 At Hotcliffe still
 You are sure to find BISHOP COLENZO.

He gets in a line
 With GOVERNOR PINE
 About LAWGIBBET, and, when so,
 Sure that Chief has been wronged,
 Straight, to see double-thonged
 Natal Justice, home travels COLENZO.

When to England he came
 An Episcopal flame
 Whence'er he appeared kindled then so,
 It poured out a fire
 Of most orthodox ire
 Betwixt pulpits correct and COLENZO.

Some Broad Bishops might try
 To oppose Low and High,
 Some Broad Deans, to free-thinking propense, O!
 Who their pulpits would ope
 To High Lama or Pope,
 Might offer a chair to COLENZO.

'Twixt this pulpit and that,
 Like a clerical bat,
 Between Church flesh and fowl in *suspensio*,
 High-glorified, gibbeted,
 Invited, inhibited,
 Flits, in black and white, BISHOP COLENZO!

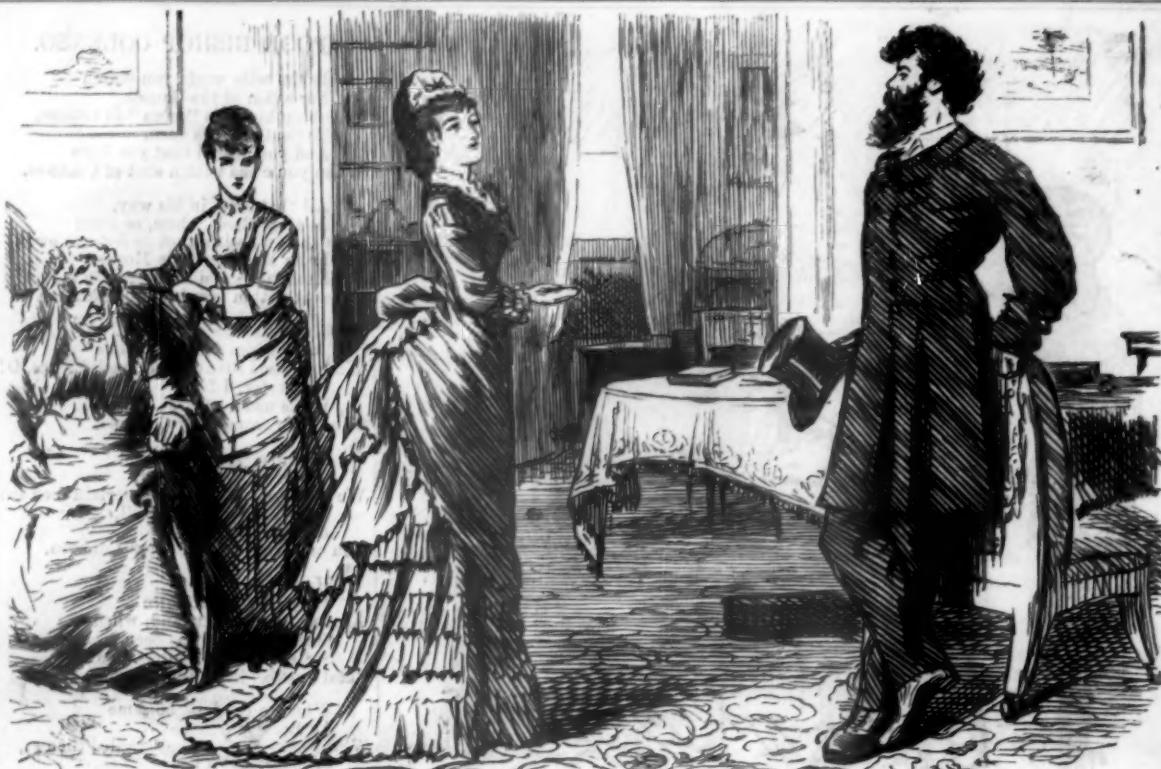
For a Bishop he is,
 Whate'er danders be riz,
 Whate'er heresies awful his pen sow,
 Though he calls a spade spade,
 And makes LINCOLN afraid,
 By plain-spokenness *à la* COLENZO.

Still hot-water's his fun—
 Made or found, 'tis all one—
 He hates luke-warm pleadings and men so—
 Deans and Rectors must suffer
 Who try to act buffer
 'Twixt an orthodox bench and COLENZO!

What can *Punch* wish but luck
 To such straightforward pluck,
 Though it may mislead now and again so—
 Would such bottom and bone
 Were oftener shown,
 As are shown, right or wrong, by COLENZO.

* The orthodox and opposition-bishop of Natal.

MOTTO FOR THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.—
 "Nulli Secundus." Second-Class for No-body.



"FIVE O'CLOCK TEA."

Lady (to Relative from Australia). "WILL YOU TAKE ANY REFRESHMENT, COUSIN GEORGE?"

George. "THANKS, BELLA. DON'T MIND IF I DO. GIVE US A HANDFUL O' TEA AND A BILLY O' WATER, AND I'LL BOIL IT, WHILE YOU MAKE ME A DAMPER!"

LAMBETH CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

At this festive season, even Workhouse boards groan to the unwanted tune of—

"O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English Plum-pudding!"

But the Lambeth Guardians are determined that the paupers shall have no spice but the highly tonic one of pauperism in their Christmas pudding this year. On the ingredients of the Workhouse pudding being laid before the Guardians, one of the Board—(if the Reader insists upon his name, "chiefly that he may set it in his prayers," let us say MR. SKINFLENT)—took exception to the unbecoming richness of that festive dish.

The list of ingredients, he pointed out, involved too much of some good things, which may be granted to be indispensable even to a workhouse pudding—in becomingly limited quantities—as flour, suet, raisins, and baking-powder. Other good things were there—as cinnamon, cloves, allspice, and citron—whose presence in a workhouse pudding, he maintained, was altogether an intrusion and an impertinence.

The majority of the Board agreed with this stern Censor of even festal workhouse fare, and so the Lambeth Christmas pudding this year will be minus not only those statelier and spicier condiments mentioned above, but even its tale—we had almost written "stale"—of eggs will be reduced from five hundred to two hundred.

"So"—as DANTE says in his picture of another *Inferno*—

"So it is willed, where will is law."

We can only regret that, as all good deeds should meet their deserts, the Lambeth paupers are not allowed to convert the balance of unused eggs into a testimonial to MR. SKINFLENT and the Guardians who voted with him—after they have been kept a week longer.

MOTTO FOR A MANAGER.—"Cetera decent."

LORD HERTFORD'S UKASE.

(And Success to It.)

SINCE breeches-parts to such (short) lengths have gone,
Quoth my LORD HERTFORD, I intend to floor 'em;
Know that in future I'll allow of none
Save breeches—not of "in," but—of de-corum.

I'll have no raw joints shown in the stage-shop—
That is, when I say "raw"—"undressed" is my sense:
Their licence if the Managers don't stop.
They'll find that I'll stop my LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S licence.

Nudity, in each stage, from stark I ban:
The ballet-girls shall dress, undress they shan't;
And for the dance—on Managers' "can-can,"
I'll come down with LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S "can't, can't."

Once more upon the stage I'd kindle mind,
Put out, of late, by brainless impropriety;
And in this Civil Service hope to find
The public my Co-operative Society.

A Real Blessing to Fathers.

A SERIAL on sale at the Railway Bookstalls bears on its front page the following announcement:—

"Little Folks Enlarged without Increase of Expense."

If this could actually be accomplished, what a blessing it would be for Paterfamilias, particularly at the present festive season of eating and drinking and growing bills for growing children.

TWO RATES DISLIKED BY DISSENTERS.—Pew-rates and Cn-rates.



OVER-WORKED.

Cousin Kate. "ARE YOU COMING TO SKATE WITH US TO-MORROW, FRED?"

Fred. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. AWFULLY BUSY JUST NOW. HAVE TO BE AT THE OFFICE ABOUT ONE—THEN THERE'S LUNCHEON AT TWO, AND DON'T GET AWAY TILL PAST THREE."

WHAT IT MUST COME TO;

Or, *The Railway Report for 1876.*

*Railway Department, St. Saviour's.
December 31st, 1876.*

SIR,

ACCORDING to the orders of the Commissioners of Police, I have the honour to submit my Annual Report upon the Railways of Great Britain and Ireland. I am glad to state that the putting into force of the regulations sanctioned by Parliament in 1875 has been followed by the most satisfactory results.

Accidents.—Only one fatal collision has occurred during the past year. The Directors and Managers of the Railway upon which the accident happened escaped with a very mild sentence—penal servitude for life. It is necessary, however, that I should explain that at the trial a plea of extenuating circumstances was successfully maintained. The Judge, in passing sentence, after congratulating the prisoners upon their escape from a verdict entailing a far more serious punishment, carefully pointed out that the finding of the Jury in this particular case must not be taken as a precedent by the other Directors of Railways. His Lordship insisted that the responsibility of conducting a Railway Company rested with those into whose hands the State had placed the supreme authority. Since the passing of the new Act the law could no longer tolerate criminal carelessness and neglect.

Railway Punctuality.—Now that Station-masters, Engine-drivers, and Guards have become liable to six months' hard labour for starting trains more than two minutes behind the time advertised for their departure, the trains have been despatched with the utmost regularity. The law has only been put in force twice during the past year. In each case the full penalty was inflicted.

Excursions.—The new plan of making Directors travel in every compartment of an excursion train is working admirably. The Guards are now quite willing to remove any persons who may be pointed out to them as reasonably objectionable to his fellow-travellers.

THE SONG OF AMIENS: A CHRISTMAS VERSION.

(As We Like It.)

UNDER the warm roof-tree
Who loves to sit with me,
And list while Beauty's throat
Mocks the piano's note?
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Frost shall he see
No enemy
To fun—both friends together.

Who would chill weather shun,
When fog veils winter sun,
And from the freezing storm,
Take flight to quarters warm,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
What though i' the sky
Venus let fly
Adown her doves' white feather?

Who loves the coals to stir,
And raise thermometer,
Make roaring oak-logs glow,
Red curtains draw on snow—
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
With warmth, chat, and cheer,
Warm the new year—
Till who cares for cold weather!

A (Brazil) Nut to Crack.

OUR imports from abroad are likely to receive a considerable addition, although it may not appear in the returns of the Board of Trade or affect the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's surplus. The following telegram has been received from Pernambuco:—

"The Jesuits who have been banished will proceed to England by the *Neva* to-morrow."

What an interesting cargo to be landed on our shores! Happy England! the asylum and refuge of the exile and outcast—soon, perhaps, to claim the choice distinction of being the only country in Europe where such maligned innocents as Jesuit priests can pursue their calling, without opposition, interruption, or interference. The new year is indeed opening well for us!

Goods Traffic.—Since the Railway Companies have been forced to pay full compensation for any delay in the conveyance of coal, the trade and the Public generally have had little cause for complaint. The serious block that occurred at Sheffield in December, 1874, is not likely to recur under the new system.

Civility of Officials.—Three Booking-clerks, during the past year, have been convicted of insolence to travellers. As these were the first cases under the new Act, the prisoners were only sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

Refreshments.—The compulsory introduction of the Continental Buffet system has given great satisfaction to the Public. The passenger traffic has been greatly increased by the alteration.

Railway Guide.—Since an official guide has been published under the editorship of the Chief Clerk at Bow Street Police Court (who is also Editor of the *Police Gazette*), passengers have found no difficulty in ascertaining the proper times for the arrivals and departures of town and country trains.

I have to add that all the recent improvements (insisted upon by Parliament) have been introduced, and are now in full working order.

The Act limiting the hours of labour of Railway Employés has not once been infringed during the past year.

In conclusion I have the honour to report that the new system of Police Patrolling both by day and by night has been strictly enforced, and has been found to have the desired effect of keeping all the Railway Officials in good order and thoroughly on the alert.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most humble obedient Servant,

THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF RAILWAYS.

To the Right Hon. the President of the Board of Trade.

THE RAILWAY ALTERNATIVE.—Continuous Breaks or Continual Smashes.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.



ADYBIRD, Ladybird, fly from your home;
Whatever its duties, your right is to roam:
What's the day's work of wife
To enjoyment of life?—
Ties that humdrum folks bind,
To a woman of mind?
Leave your children to servants—an excellent plan—
And your husband to make himself snug as he can;
If you're rich, leave your soul to the guidance of Rome—
But of all things, O Ladybird, fly from your home!

II.

THERE was a little Maid, and there was a little Man,
And to that little maiden that little spoon began,
"Little Maid, I'm twenty-three,
Not bad looking—as you see—
May I dare hope your accepted, Miss, to be, be, be!"
Rather bored, that little Maid aside her volume laid,
And with this startling query that little Man dismayed:
"Question is,—do you know Dutch?"
"Well," he answered, "no—not much."
"Then," she said, "my heart how can you think to touch,
touch, touch?"
Amazed, that little Man readdressed that little Maid:
"Do you mean that hearts in Dutch must at ladies' feet be
laid?"
"O!" she answered, very glum,
"If not polyglot, be dumb—
Dutch, with French, Italian, German, is my mini-mum,
mum!"

III.

"WHERE are you going, my pretty Maid?"
"I'm going to be lectured to, Sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty Maid?"
"I don't think my Lecture would please you," she said.
"What is its subject then, my pretty Maid?"
"Painless extinction of male kind," she said.
"There'll be no one to marry you, my pretty Maid!"
"Advanced girls don't want husbands, Sir," she said.

SCIENCE FOR SWAINS.

WHO is there that would like to give twenty-five thousand words for twenty-five guineas? That sum is offered by DR. LORY MARSH, 10, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, to the successful competitor for a Prize Essay on "Rural Sanitary Science," limited to that number of words, and written in English. "Hard technicalities are to be avoided as much as possible by the competing Essayists." Let them try all they can then to write in words of one and two syllables, suitable to the rural intelligence, to which DR. MARSH, who is to possess the successful Essay, will perhaps take measures to adapt it further by getting it rendered into the various rural dialects, for the benefit of the rustics. A treatise on Rural Sanitary Science, thus translated, might, for one particular instance, contain some such directions as these:—

"The vittest place vor thy pigsty is close outside thy back-door.
"If thee wants thy drinkun-water to be clane and swate, thee giek to thy old well close alongside o' thy zeaspool. Don't thee goo and zink ne'er another vurdur off, unless 'tis where thy hoespond, or thy neabour's thereabouts is sure to draain into't."

"That there's the only sart o' draainidge thee want'st, besides the draainidge of a jug o' beer. Nateral draainidge; that's draainidge enough for thee—layun out money on layun down pipes is like vlingun on't into the gutter. Keep that there open under thy nose; trap zinks, laak stinks, and catch tyvus or scarlat vever. Our vorefeathers always held stenches wus wholesum. Zo they be. The moor muk the better luk; never thee move thy manoover-heap out o' sniff vrom thy winders for nobody."

"The smaller a house in propotion to a vamaly, the better. There's never no danger of overcrowdun cottidges of industerous labourers. Consider the bees in a hive, and the emmuts in a anthill—you knows we be to take pattern vrom they for to live like Christians. Keep all doores and winders shut close to day and night; stop out all draifts and don't never allow no ventilaishun, which is what causes colds and rheumatiz. Spare soap and water all thee can't for the same rason; dirt is warm, damp is danger of aguey, scrub-bun and tubbun chills and kills; don't thee wash thy vloors no moor than thee canst help; nor thyzelf nuther. If the Inspector o' Nuisances ever gies thee a call, and talks about onclanousness and that, thee take 'un inside thy pigsty and show 'n thy hogs, and

tell 'n to look how fat and well they be, and try and prove to 'n wot stupidnuss 'tis to be daainty, and how wise and sensible and considerat o' the Local Government Boord to furbear from worryun folks by pokan their noses into every hole and carner o' their premises to smell out offences, as they 'ood do if so be as they was to exerceise all the powers they be 'vested wi' by Act o' Parliamunt to be trubble-some."

So much by way of modest suggestion to those whom it may concern. For further particulars respecting the terms of competition for the Prize Essay on Rural Sanitary Science, proposed by DR. MARSH, persons desirous of gaining it are recommended to procure his prospectus containing a plenary specification of the various subjects whose discussion they are invited to exhaust in twenty-five thousand words of sanitary wisdom, the most exhaustive of which will fetch their author a guinea a thousand. *Detur digniori.*

WASTE OF POWER.

A COMPANY is in course of formation for utilising the Discount which retail tradesmen are willing to allow, but which the Public do not always demand. The idea is ingenious, and we only wonder that the promoters have not carried their principle further. How happy would the world be if Force were husbanded with the same care as money? What a lamentable loss of motive power occurs in taking a walk! Surely our scientific men might devise an apparatus by which Paterfamilias, while indulging in a constitutional, might grind the family coffee, churn the family butter, and chop up the family sausages. Nay, we do not despair of soon seeing some simple apparatus, say for shelling peas, which attached to the shoulders of High Church young ladies, and performing its work at the rate of a pod a genuflection, would afford such a proof of their fervid piety as even the worldling could appreciate.

THE HEIGHT OF DISCOMFORT.—To make a call this weather, and to meet with a freezing reception.

THE LONDON TRIUMPHATE.—Hogg, Gog, and Magog.

"THINGS A LADY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW."

(A book has been published under this title. Mr. Punch has his own ideas on the subject, and in modest rivalry of MR. SOUTHGATE'S book presents them to his readers—i.e. the World.)

BEFORE MARRIAGE.



Whether she will look well at the Ball.

Whether she will be able to talk to a friend in pink without killing her own dress by the contrast.

Whether CHARLES will be there.

Whether she shall be able to refuse that silly young man, MR. MUFFINGTON, "the next square," without telling a fib.

Whether he will see (as he is leaving her) that her card is not "quite full."

Whether CHARLES will ask her to dance more than twice.

Whether Mamma will be angry with her if he does.

Whether soup is a good thing to take at supper.

Whether one glass of

champagne could do one any harm.

Whether it will not be as well to sit out one or two "squares" with CHARLES during the evening.

Whether, as CHARLES suggests, it will not be much cooler in the conservatory.

Whether, if they go, Mamma is likely to follow them.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

How to cook like the Chef at CHARLES's Club.

How to dress becomingly and economically.

How to conquer her aversion to tobacco-smoke.

How not to sacrifice the furniture without obliging CHARLES to sacrifice his cigars.

How to take an interest in Law, Medicine, or Metaphysics, when these serious subjects are discussed at or after dinner.

How to welcome CHARLES's friends in such a manner that they may consider her "the best little woman in the world."

How to make her husband prefer his own home to his Club.

How to bring up her children that they may be ornaments within and without the home circle.

How to be healthy, wealthy, and wise, pretty, amiable, and clever.

In a word, how to make her children good, her home comfortable, and her husband happy.

(Ha! ha! Don't you wish you may get her!)

BROAD BRIMS AND BROAD GRINS.

"FRIENDS" of my childhood! Friends of the Broad brim, grey dress, and gaiters, and dove-coloured shovel-bonnet, where are ye now? O what a day ye have been having—at Liverpool. Behold, O AMINADAB SLEEK, this programme:—

"FRIENDS' INSTITUTE, ISLINGTON, LIVERPOOL.

Soirée, in aid of the Funds of the Institute, December 21, 1874."

A worthy object, dear Friends, doubtless; and what was the Soirée? It commenced with a prologue and a recitation. Thou seest we are gradually stealing up towards something out of the common. And so next was a "Scene from the Christmas Carol," with a *Dramatis Personæ* of Old Scrooge, his Nephew, a benevolent Old Man, a Ghost, Bob Cratchit, and the boy with the turkey. Not bad that, O Society of Friends, for a beginning. Then came two more recitations, and then "A Scene in Three Acts,"—a trifle undramatic this description, but our dear Friends are making their first attempt,—"taken from SHAKESPEARE'S *King Henry the Fourth*." Then we have the *Dramatis Personæ*, with a description of each character, thus—

"HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, a facetious young Prince, a very flower of chivalry, inclined to the gayest side of life.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, a corpulent, witty gentleman."

The good Friend who penned this playbill evidently supposed that his audience would never discover *Falstaff's* mental and physical peculiarities from his stage representative, who perhaps had taken an entirely different view of the part, and was going to exhibit him as a thin, staid, stupid fellow,—or, perhaps, out of compliment, as a "Friend."

After describing *Poins* as "inclined to practical joking," *Bardolph*, and the rest, we have another recitation, this time of "The Bells," by the poet POE (there was enough for their money), and then came what is set forth in the programme (evidently by the same hand that did the *Falstaff* above) as a "Comic Farce," entitled

"THE CALIPH'S REVENGE;

Or, the Result of Insulting the Sultan of Sultry Samarcand."

Let our burlesque punsters tremble. The Quakers are coming; they have broke out into jokes and plays on words. Then the names of the characters—"Roley Polky, Caliph; Rumpusener, his Grand Vizier, a cool shaver, as sharp as a razor," &c., *Mustapha Schneider*, "Court Cobbler, who makes shoes and slippers to boot," (ha! ha! ha!), "and who puts the Caliph in a wax"—ha! ha! ha! wax!—a genuine side-splitter. And so on. LORD HERTFORD's rule does not extend to Liverpool, but should the Friends open a Theatrical Meeting-house in London, let the Licensor get his opera-glasses and measuring tape ready. Shade of PENN! why, thy very name will be a chance for the burlesque wit of one of thine own beloved people. Let the Shakers join their force: a play by Quakers, with a ballet by Shakers. MR. HOLLINGSHEAD, Sir, thou art inclined towards novelty, yea, and verily herein is thy chance.

Of course their "tag" after all this was, "And if our 'Friends' in front are but satisfied," &c., &c.

No dancing is mentioned, but in the "Comic Farce" it is not altogether improbable that the "Dancing Quakers" appeared. If not, then verily a serious French dance (whose name we never mention now) will be the next novelty at the Institute, Islington, Liverpool.

WINTER MARKETS.

(January, 1875. Thermometer at 11'1.)

LINSEED continues in request.

Mustard showing marked improvement.

Tallow up again. On the spot 45s. 6d.

For Cloves, Nutmeg, and Spice, Sugar, and Lemons, a good demand prevails.

Some considerable stir in Arrowroot.

Cambrie Handkerchiefs are steadily maintained up to noses, and firmly held to. Silky wrappers firm all round.

Evening Party Market.—Small supplies during the past week. Spinners refuse to book in advance.

Theatrical Market.—Nothing new to report: orders being placed with extreme caution. Some depression at first, but in Pantomimes subsequently there was a rally.

Serpentine.—Ice quoted firm. Applications at the Bank have been numerous. Securities with chairs and life-buoys. But several important changes took place during the day, and the positions of parties were soon seen to be reversed. Prices are quoted—Bank Stock Skates for money 1s. 6d. per hour.

New Soporific.

"Few people are aware what an excellent substitute for paucity of blankets can be contrived from a selection of our daily contemporaries."—*Graphic*.

CAN the *Graphic* mean to imply that to be wrapped up in a selection of its daily contemporaries is a sure way of sending a man to sleep?

BOBS SHAKESPEARIANA FOR GERMAN ULTRAMONTANES.

"Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I love Rome more."

Julius Cæsar, Act iii. s. 2.

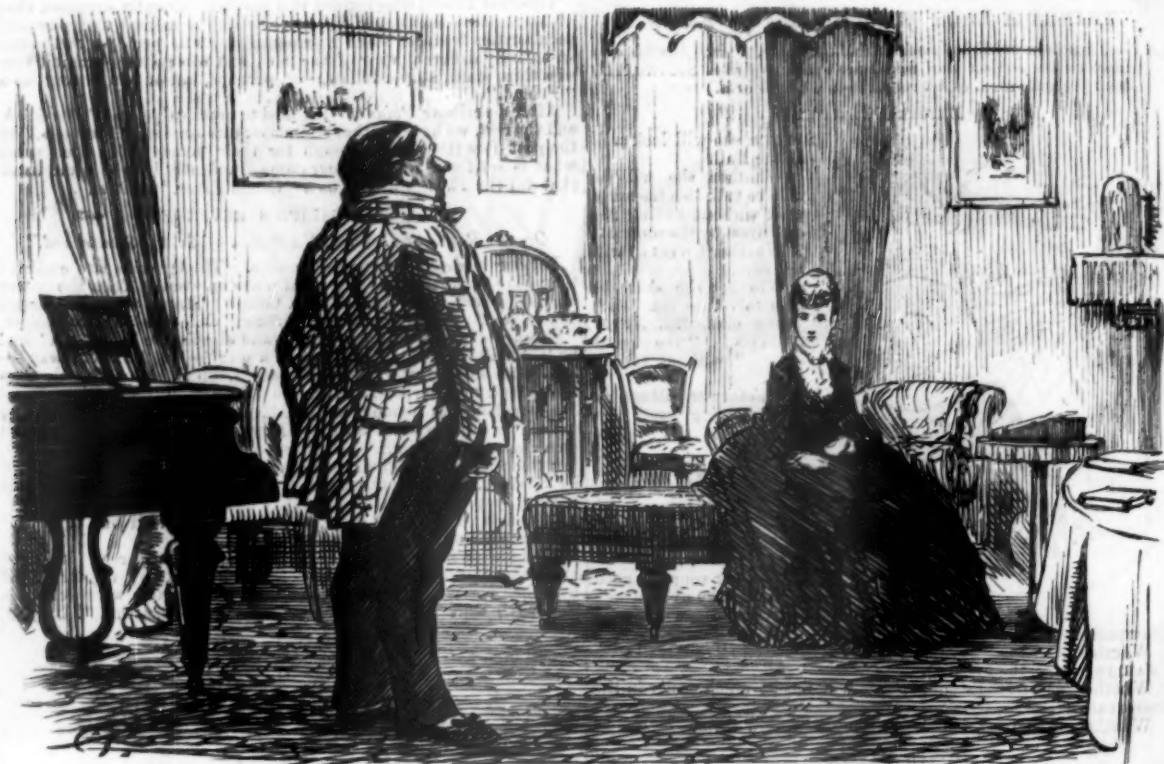
EPITAPHIUM.

LETUS-Lapis

Fletus Papis.

THE MOST SUITABLE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GAME.—That which is sent to the Hospitals.

THE CROWNING EVENT OF 1874.—GENERAL CAMPOS'S Pronunciamento.



HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Mistress of the House. "I'VE SOME IMPORTANT LETTERS I WANT TAKEN TO THE POST, PROOMORE. HAVE YOU FINISHED DINNER DOWNSTAIRS YET?"
Butler. "NOT YET, MUM; THE 'OMOTRAYS' IS JUST A GOIN' IN."

"LET IT FREEZE!"

Soft falls the snow in silent flakes,
 The ice grows thick on ponds and lakes,
 But *Mr. Punch*, at ease,
 Surveys this wintry state of things,
 And Nature treats like other kings,
 Observing, "Let it freeze!"

Thermometer at twenty-six,
 Jack Frost is free to play his tricks—
 The snob loves low degrees.
 But sunny wit, that gives no pain,
 Keeps constant summer in the brain,
 So *Punch* says, "Let it freeze!"

Yes, let it freeze, so long as they
 Whose wealth defies the wintry day,
 The pinch of poor-tith ease:
 If, like Gulf-stream, from hall to cot
 There flows what keeps the labourer hot,
 By all means, "Let it freeze!"

Good neighbourhood strikes bonds throughout
 Strata, far-cleft, of lord and lout;
 A happy land one sees,
 When he who takes, and he who gives,
 Alike for proof in practice lives,
 That Love can never freeze.

A Bankrupt Adage.

THE List of Proverbs has lost one of its oldest and best-known members. We are told in the *Times* that in 1872 "many cargoes of Belgian coal were shipped to England, even to Newcastle itself." After this, "carrying coals to Newcastle" becomes an ordinary mercantile transaction.

COLLAR'D HEAD.

"The *Bien Public* says it is rumoured that MARSHAL MACMAHON will have two of the five collars of the Golden Fleece now at MARSHAL SERRANO'S disposal."

It is an interesting speculation to conjecture what the lucky Marshal will do with his two collars—when he gets them. No K.G. was ever beheld with Garters on both legs, and, similarly, the idea of a Knight of the Golden Fleece with two fleeces over his shoulders, even in the severest weather, is beyond any man's comprehension. Perhaps the Marshal will wear his two collars turn and turn about, or one in the morning and the other in the evening, or reserve the second for high days and holidays; or, perhaps, the simplest solution of the problem is, that one collar is intended for the Marshal, the other for the President. If this does not clear up the difficulty, will some Member of the Right Centre, or the Left Centre; or the Centre Centre, interpellate the Ministry on the subject?

Bacchus and Ceres.

A NICE analogy is suggested by a contemporary's announcement of—

"UNFERMENTED WINE.—The *Scotsman* states that the British League of Abstinents have presented to each Presbyterian minister of Edinburgh, for the use of himself and Kirk Session, a bottle of MR. FRANKIE WRIGHT'S unfermented wine."

The parallel, surely, to unfermented wine would be unleavened bread, and, if the bread were unbaked as well, it would match completely. The one bottle of unfermented wine presented to each Minister for the use of himself and Kirk Session will probably prove a great deal more than they can manage, if *Punch* knows aught of the mysteries of the human interior.

STOMACH AND LIVER PILLS.—Digestive Organ Grinders.



“TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF!”

(LET'S HOPE HE MAY.)



"TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF."

THE LONDON LITERARY AND ART GALLERY

NICE ICE-SPORTS.

(From Rough's Guide to Winter Games.)



HE Magic Snow-ball.—Take a good-sized stone, and bind firmly round it several hand-fuls of dirty snow, until the mass assumes the appearance of a frozen cannon-ball. Now approach an elderly gentleman, and throw the ball with all the force at your command at his head. The game is to run away as hard as you can the moment your shot has taken effect.

The Mirth-provoking pavement.—Make a slide in front of a boarding-house in a quiet square just as the lamps are being lighted. Now retire,

and watch the passengers as they trip up and come down upon your carefully prepared slide. Should an old lady in falling contrive to break a limb, disappear quickly into an adjacent street.

The Quaint Promenade.—Obtain a halfpenny (one from anybody's pocket will do nicely), and selecting a rotten piece of ice, throw the coin on the thinly coated water in the presence of a crowd of small boys. Some starving youngster will at once venture on to the ice and disappear. Shout merrily, and retire with the greatest possible rapidity.

The Disappointed Muffs.—Choose a piece of ice marked "Dangerous," and raise a shout of "Man in! help! help!" A crowd will at once rush to the spot to engage in a fruitless attempt to save an imaginary victim. Make yourself scarce (on the bank) as the ice breaks under the footsteps of the running multitude.

The Perfect Cure (suggested by Mr. Punch as a wholesome addition to this list).—Take a player in any of the above amusing sports, and carry him before a Magistrate armed with the necessary powers. After this has been done, let him be removed to Newgate. Now severely flog him with a cat-o'-nine-tails, until the surgeon in attendance orders the game to be discontinued.

OUR PANTOMIME COMMISSION.

SEN.

YOUR Special Pantomime Commissioner, accompanied by five assistant Critics, whose united ages amounted to fifty-three, and their prices (for every Critic has his price) to one pound five, exclusive of cab and dinner: for, as in DR. JOHNSON'S *Rambler* days, so now, a Journalistic Critic requires more sops than Cerberus to prevent his growling and snarling at your heels. However, although I had no interest in the Author or the Manager, I thought I would do them both (at Covent Garden they are two single gentlemen rolled into one) a kind reasonable turn, and bribe those dangerous Critics, who might otherwise have been nasty, with a box of costume-crackers, several pounds of sweets, some delicious chocolate drops with cream artfully secreted within (oh!), and several other nicey-nicies, which, had they been older, would have induced them to pronounce the Pantomime "the most graceful," "the most poetic," or even "the daintiest conceit that had ever emanated from the brain of our most fanciful conceptists." Fortunately for the Manager and Author that night was Boxing Night, and my Juvenile Critics were delighted with everything—except the Ghost Scene, which they did not consider in the least funny (and I quite agreed with them).

Not but that, if the eldest PAYNE and his son had had the arranging of the Great Bed of Ware Scene, it would probably have been very different. The Covent Garden Pantomime has a very busy and decidedly funny Kitchen Scene. Also there is a Baronial Hall, where the Mummies have a procession, and where permutations and combinations of children in various colours form a series of effective pictures.

My Critics here expressed their sincere admiration of the *tout ensemble*; and for the Covent Garden scenery, from first to last, Your Commissioner can only say to the artist: "Brayvo, Hicks!"

But O the cold! How can anyone enjoy a pantomime when compelled as we were, every one of us, to keep on our overcoats and mufflers, and first to implore the box-keeper to keep a recalcitrant door shut, then to threaten him, and finally to keep one's gibus in one's hand, ready to shoot it out and be tiled, close as a Masonic Lodge, on the incursion of every fresh cold stranger. Then—O cruel mockery—a refreshment person came to offer us ices! Ices!! Heavens! Foot-warmers and rugs, if you please, and stoves all over the place.

Lavish of tips as is Your Pantomime Commissioner at this time of year, and ever ready to bestow fees on worthy box-keepers, yet he does want to know why sixpence is charged at Covent Garden for each one of MR. REMBEL'S programmes, which at other theatres can be had gratis? Your Commissioner had asked for three programmes, and was giving the civil functionary a shilling for himself when that excellent person informed your P. C. that the three programmes amounted to eighteen pence. With wonderful presence of mind your undaunted Commissioner politely handed back a programme, retained two, and begged the official to keep the shilling and take the will for the deed. He seemed much pleased on being asked for the loan of an opera-glass, but the next instant became depressed on being informed by an assistant official that "they hadn't as yet been supplied with opera-glasses." Your Commissioner bowed, and seated himself.

During the Transformation Scene Your P. C. made a note: "Were I the Licensor, I would abolish the exhibition of girls suspended by wires."

If for a scenic effect or two and one good comic scene you go to Covent Garden, for some genuine fun and for a cleverly sung, though thorough Music-hall, ditty, Your Pantomime Commissioner advises—strongly advises—a visit to the Princess's. The story is that of *Beauty and the Beast*. MISS KATE VAUGHAN plays *Beauty*; MR. GEORGE BELMORE plays the old merchant, her father. With the exception of MISS LYDIA THOMPSON, Your Commissioner may honestly say that it is long since he has seen so graceful yet, at times, so artistically broad a burlesque performance as that of MISS KATE VAUGHAN's in the little she has to do as *Beauty*. Her first and foremost merit is that she brings out her lines distinctly and intelligently: whatever points she has to make, she makes, and does more than justice to the doggerel of the "BROTHERS GRIN." Secondly, she actually knows how to sing a comic song, and is not afraid of "going in for it" with *chic* as irresistible as was SCHNEIDER'S in *Boulotte*, and a mimicry of the London *gamin's* tone and style which electrifies the audience by its audacity, yet delights the most fastidious by the utter absence of vulgarity. You feel that for the moment she is assuming and ridiculing the vulgarity which is no part of her real self. Mind, she has three songs, and of the other two it would be most difficult for her or anybody else to make anything.

Then MR. BELMORE shows us what a clever actor can do in ultra-burlesque. His business is immensely funny. Given a good short, funny, eccentric piece, with catching music, played by such artists as MISS THOMPSON, MISS VAUGHAN, MR. LIONEL BROUGH, MR. GEORGE BELMORE, and two or three others whom it would not be very difficult to mention, and whether it were called *Opera-Bouffe*, or a *Bouffonnerie*, or a *Burlesque*, it would be as successful as were those famous pieces which old foggerydom now looks back upon as among the glories of the past. The mistake has been for managers to follow managers, like sheep through a gap, instead of allowing two or three small theatres, with small stages, to stick to burlesque as a *spécialité*. The *Liberté des Théâtres* is, in some respects, one of the causes of the present unsatisfactory state of the drama.

To return to Pantomime. MR. CHATTERTON, I suppose, takes the first West End prize this year, with Drury Lane and the Vokes' Derby winners first; then the Princess's a good second. I don't think the Vokes' legs are lowered since last year; nor have I as yet noticed any alteration in the length of pantomime costumes. Your Commissioner watched the fairies closely, specially the ballet, and feels bound to remark that if we could fearlessly take our children to see the Christmas spectacles any time these last ten years, so can we now.

At the Princess's we came in for the latter part of *Lost in London*. It is a pathetic melodrama, and the audience was deeply interested; but the audience had a cold. The most touching situation in the Last Act, where dying *Nelly* (MISS FOOTE) implores her injured husband, *Job Armroyd* (MR. S. EMERY), to forgive her, was listened to by the audience with rapt attention, in spite of half stifled coughs, coughs that wouldn't be stifled, violent sneezes, and hysterically used pocket-handkerchiefs. Thus:—

Nelly (on her knees, appealingly). O, Job! Job, say you forgive me—

Audience. Artichoo—Swsh—Artichoo—Swsh!

Job (Anishing his sentence which he has been speaking during the above)—and think no more now of me. (This is Lancashire dialect, and he turns away much affected.)

Nelly (in an agony of supplication). You would not—



AN ENTHUSIASTIC DISCIPLE.

OUR ARTIST HAS BECOME A THOROUGH CONVERT TO THE VIEWS MR. RAWLINSON HAS SO ELOQUENTLY EXPUNDED IN THE TIMES. ON THE ROOF OF HIS HOUSE, WELL WRAPPED UP IN A WATERPROOF ULSTER, WITH HIS BACK AGAINST THE KITCHEN CHIMNEY-STACK, AND HIS FEET COMFORTABLY PACKED IN A "CIVIL SERVICE SUPPLY" HAMPER, HE EVOLVES A TROPICAL LANDSCAPE OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF HIS INNER CONSCIOUSNESS, AND HAS NEVER FELT SO HAPPY IN HIS LIFE.

Audience. Artichoo! (cough)—swah! (pocket handkerchiefs)—Artichoo! (violent coughs and convulsive stamping of feet)—choo! boo, boo, gittit (somebody choking, having probably allowed a lozenge to slip down the wrong way).

Job (finishing more pathetically). Call on me, lass, for thou wert the comfort of my—

Audience. Swah! artichoo! boo, boo, gittit (sneezes, wheezes, coughs, and violent blowings).

Job (seeing NELLY carried off by MRS. MELLON). I've killed her, I've killed her—I, who would ha' g'iven my—

Everybody (in chorus). Artichoo! boo, gittit. &c., &c.

But, O Pilot, it was a fearful night, and Your Pantomime Commissioner quite envied the Pantaloon when the Clown tickled him as usual with the red-hot poker.

The *Merry Wives* is brightly put on the stage at the Gaiety, and SHAKESPEARE at present is in possession of the Strand on each side of Wellington Street. But as MR. PHELPS as *Falstaff* and MR. IRVING as *Hamlet* do not properly belong to my present subject, I will stop where I am, and sign myself Your Own

P. C.

P.S.—MR. HENGLER'S Clown, *Sandy*, must be seen. He is a real Circus droll—the most irresistible of all drolls, when really up to the mark, always excepting *Mr. Punch*—and the eldest of my young female Critics declared herself in love with him, "he is such a pretty little fellow." My small Critic—*elle a huit ans: pas de danger.*

AT THE ANTIPODES.

WORKS OF MERSEY.—The exact opposite to works of Mersey. (See the late *Criminal Records of Liverpool*.)

SUMMER AND WINTER.

How curiously our fancies vary
Betwixt July and January!
In Summer, little lady mine,
I twined your hair with eglantine,
In Winter, as, of course, you know,
Nought so becomes as mistletoe.

In Winter Cupid's favourite shop is
The drawing-room, and not the coppice:
Your slipped foot adorns the carpet,
Each eye is like an azure star, pet,
And the white hand that pours the Hyson,
By Aphrodite! 'tis a nice 'un.

Forgetting Summer's golden splendour,
Let's sit with feet upon the fender:
Let's put the skylark on his mettle,
With singing of our silver kettle,
Laugh at the follies of this clever age,
And brew our *Punch*—all-year-round beverage!

ADVICE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

To the Clerk of the Weather.—Thaw.

To all the Theatres.—Draw.

To Stockbrokers.—Don't be Bears.

To Irishmen.—Don't make Bulls.

To Smokers.—Cut Cavendish and Clay.

To Whistplayers.—Stick to Clay and Cavendish.

To Learners of the *Eton Latin Grammar*.—"Bos, fur, sus"—Beef, pork, and a fur coat.

To the Committee for Decorating St. Paul's.—Study Wrens' Nests.

To the KING OF SPAIN.—Get Spain out of her "Bonds."

To MARSHAL MACMAHON.—Hold on.

To PRINCE BISMARCK.—Don't be too amiable, for the sake of your sentimental Emperor and suffering country.

To the POPE.—Try and be fallible for a change.

And to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.—Open an Office in Great De-Corum Street.

The New Fashion.

LE FOLLET, always worth careful examination, discloses to us that "dresses plaited *à coup de vent*" are now in vogue. "Clouds" have long ceased to be a novelty; but now we may be on the look-out for ladies in "hurricanes," with gentlemen in pilot-coats in close attendance.

"JUST NEXT DOOR."

It has been observed by a great Philosopher, second only to *Punch* and *PLATO*, that in a vast City we never know who lives next door to us. This is remarkably true of the greatest City in the world, *viz.* London.

Yet affirmations of this kind must be taken *cum grano salis*.

Just next door you may live a gentleman who is careful about his breed of poultry, whose *Cochins* crow like burglars at midnight, and whose gamecocks wake you at sunrise with the clear sound of a clarion.

Just next door there may be a lover of harmony, each of whose daughters, six in number, has a piano of her own, while he is very gradually learning the key-bugle or trombone.

Just next door there may be an analytical chemist, who emits gases of the most hideous smell just when you are dining, and makes terrific explosions as you are getting cosily asleep about midnight.

Just next door there may be a gentleman who breeds bull-terriers, so that you are doubtful about the safety of the calves of your legs the moment you pass your gate.

Just next door there may be somebody who gives small dances at late hours, and who will certainly dance the floors out of her rooms one of these nights.

Just next door there may be an amateur detective, who is always discovering mystery in trifles, and who believes that you, who apparently do nothing, must be a conspirator, and watches you accordingly.

Just next door there may be the prettiest girl you ever saw in your life—but alas, a fine young fellow, who looks as if he meant it, comes to see her every day. That being your case, *Mr. Punch* sympathises with you, and hopes that at least you will be permitted to "give her away," with your paternal blessing.



COMMERCE.

First Shoe-Black (from Chesapeake). "DET YER A SHILLIN' OF IT!"

Second Shoe-Black (from West End). "AN—YOU AIN'T GOT A BOB!"

First Shoe-Black. "VERY WELL—IF I LOSE I CAN LIKKDATE BY ARRANGEMENT. THAT'S FAIR!"

Second Shoe-Black. "'DON'T KNOW; 'WAT DO IN THE CITY! WE DON'T UNDERSTAND IT DOWN HERE!"

SOME NEW IDEAS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

SIR,

A CORRESPONDENT of an influential contemporary having called attention to a novel and ingenious method of warming oneself in bed by means of a hot-water bottle, allow me to point out another mode of procuring warmth, even out of bed, which is not so well known as it deserves to be.

Before going to bed, or, indeed, at any other time, I place myself on the exact centre of my hearthrug, with my feet eighteen inches apart, the toes slightly pointing outward; I then gather the skirts of my coat, not over my head, but under my arms, and face the centre of the room, my chin being raised at such an angle as to bring the axis of sight upon the line where the ceiling meets the opposite wall. Soon a grateful glow is disseminated over the whole frame, which continues while the above posture is maintained, if the fire is not allowed to get low. Doubtless thousands of chilly mortals will thank you for introducing to their notice this plan, which I have practised for many years, and always with much comfort and satisfaction.

Yours faithfully,

TERGIVERSATOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I OBSERVE that "C. W." in a leading journal recommends the procuring of warmth by the use in bed of a bottle "filled with hot-water."

Allow me to suggest a great improvement, which is to fill the bottle partly with hot-water and partly with gin. It can then be alternately applied externally and internally at short intervals, by which means a more equable warmth can be attained, and a greater degree of comfort may be expected.

I have always found it well to avoid extremes, and to seek a mean in all things.

I am, yours truly,

IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS.

FROM "PUNCH'S SYNONYMS."—The Limited Male—a Husband.

A COUPLE OF BIRTHDAYS.

"AN ILLUSTRIOUS WEEK.—MR. GLADSTONE completed his sixty-fifth year yesterday (Tuesday), having been born on the 29th of December, 1809. MR. DISRAELI will be sixty-nine to-morrow (Thursday)."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Now ought they not to have dined together,
In friendly defiance of frosty weather?
Betwixt that Tuesday and Thursday lay
One intermediate neutral day,
When if Hawarden's ex-King of Men,
Had left sharp axe and pungent pen,
To hob-nob with the Author of *Lothair*,
Each at his ease in an easy chair,
They might have had some pleasant laughter
'Twixt the birthday past and the one to come after.
For the bill of fare, say—*imprimis*—oysters,
Cayenned and lemoned for these rare roysters;
The molluscs moistened with choicest Chablis:
Then BENJAMIN, with his touch of RABELAIS,
Of Asian Mystery-maze ex-denizen,
Might have led on from turtle to venison—
Yes, they really ought to have dined together,
In the face of old feuds and frosty weather.

Punch, methinks, hears WILLIAM—"BEN, my brother,

Why should you and I fight with each other?
I act as a general solvent and stirrer,
While into new truth you convert old error.
A different work we have each assigned—
I, the sleepers to wake; you, to lead the blind:
I disestablish and disendow,
You educate Tories to facts to bow.
Two different careers are ours,
Each with its successions of thorns and flowers.
Let's toast each other in dry champagne,
And drink the chances of next campaign."

Methinks he hears bland BENJAMIN's answer:

"My WILLIAM, worthy oneiromancer,
You dream of a future quite impossible,
Of bridges over gulfs uncrossable.
You move to severance of Church and State—
Now the Siamese Twins never tempted Fate;
And Church and State as closely are knit,
And, severed, as little at ease would sit.
Meantime, ere away at Church and tree,
I don't think you'll disestablish me:
Nor do I think yours the hand for a stroke
That would wound old England's heart of oak:
Nay rather, I fancy, upon the whole,
Your lopping and topping will strengthen the bole,
"For next year's mid-birthday dinner hearty,
Suppose we asked *Punch* to be of our party?
His wisdom and wit may to both of us show
A thing or two, perhaps, that we don't quite know;
May prove that to you, my impulsive GLADSTONE,
One tone is forbid—the blatant Rad's tone;
May teach my pupils that Men should stand
For more than Millions, Lab'rs than Land;
That 'tis little and big that build up a wall—
Lord, Squire, Farmer, Labourer and all;
That manhood and love are and ever must be
Worth more, in the long run, than *L. S. D.*"

Yes—on Seventy-Five, December thirty,
Be the weather never so chill and dirty,
Perpetual PREMIER PUNCH, not loth,
Will be glad to meet WILLIAM and BENJAMIN both,
At a dinner enlivened with wisdom and wit,
And rare old wine to moisten it,
There to prove that both hold from him their
authority,
Who represents England's vast majority!

Poison and Physic.

(For British Loyalty.)

The Bane.—C. C. F. GREVILLE's *Diaries*, under George the Fourth, and William the Fourth.
The Antidote.—THEODORE MARTIN's *Life of the Prince Consort*.



A PLEASANT COLLISION.

"FELIX,
QUATER FELIX, IN IMO QUI SCATENTEM
PHOTONS IN VIA SYMPHIA, REMIT!"

[Mr. Punch is fond of an occasional classical quotation. To the minutiae of he begs to explain that the above lines are to the effect that a man may consider himself extremely fortunate if a pious (i.e., well brought up) young lady happens to come into collision with him while skating—thereby proving that the ancients were not so ignorant of that invigorating exercise as is generally supposed.]

EXCERPTA VATICANA.



FROM our most private Vatican Correspondent.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAD the honour of a long and most confidential interview with His Holiness yesterday, of which, according to modern precedent, I immediately send you the account for publication.

After some general remarks on the state of the weather and other topics of interest, His Holiness was so gracious as to read me the draft of a Bull which he contemplated publishing on the 1st of April, 1875. I am happy to say that he took the precaution of sitting upon an ottoman, and not in a chair, whilst he read it, as in the latter case it would, of course, not have been open to any

alteration or remark. It was entitled in the usual manner from the initial words of its first sentence, which were as follows:—

"*QUONDAM INANUM ET DOLOSUM shirt-collarosissimumque serpentem PETRI NAVEM moque veterem limam* mordentem, percussimus et contudimus. Duo excellentes proceres Anglicanos† (teste MONSIGNORE CAPELO), unum Regium juris-consultum peritum, nomine tantum Sagittarium‡ et armigerum respectabilem, nomine tantum PETRUM, etiam percussimus et contudimus. Immo etiam omnes eos et adjutores fautoresque eorum improbamus, damnamus, atque anathematizamus—*"

Here, as the Holy Father paused for breath, taking advantage of a long and faithful friendship, I looked up into the good-humoured face of PAPA PIUS, and smiled significantly, humming to myself at the same time the once-popular refrain from *Midas*—

"Be by your friends advised,
Too rash, too hasty, Dad;
Or, managré your bolts and wise head,
The world will think you mad."

I am happy to say the expostulation thus conveyed in song was, at least for the moment, successful. His Infallibility blushed, winked, smiled, laughed outright; the Bull "*Quendam insanum*" was torn up, and will never appear, except in your columns as an enclosure from

YOUR VATICAN CORRESPONDENT.

* *Anglice*, old file. † "Two excellent peers." ‡ *Anglice*, an archer. | *PETRE*.

INFALLIBILITY ON STRIKE.

WHY has DR. MANNING come back from Rome without the red hat and stockings? To this conundrum the answer suggested by the well-informed correspondent of a contemporary is because perhaps for one reason, the POPE could not just now create him a Cardinal without thereby creating an invidious distinction:—

"But the most powerful motive, no doubt, of the POPE's action at the present moment in abstaining from nominating Cardinals—ARCHBISHOP MANNING among them—is the attitude he has assumed towards the Italian Government. He regards himself as a prisoner, held captive and deprived of his full liberty of action as Pope by the Italian authorities; and to give weight to the pretension, he sedulously refrains, as far as he possibly can, from filling up vacancies in the episcopal sees or Sacred College, only making new nominations when absolutely compelled to do so."

At this rate, the POPE's so-called action is inaction. Can we name it masterly inaction? There is less of the master in it than the man—namely, the working-man. The POPE, in so far as he declines to act, is on strike. But let us trust that, since he considers Bishops and Cardinals necessary for souls, he is not, as above represented, on strike, at what he supposes

the expense of souls, for the recovery of his temporal power.

A strike at that cost, against the Italian Government, would be infinitely more selfish than the strikes of bakers, cabmen, and colliers against their employers or the Legislature, without regard to consequences affecting the British Public. It is to be hoped that PIUS is too element to be capable of anything of the kind, and at any rate he must surely be too knowing not to know better than, by striking, to allow all the world to find out what a great part of it has already discovered—that it can do without him. If His Holiness has really struck, like the miners of South Wales, it may be expected that his strike will soon have collapsed also; and, in the meanwhile, those who care a straw for it must endeavour to bear it as well as they may.

ADDRESS TO AN ATOM.

By an Uncomfortably Conscious Automaton.

MYSTERIOUS particle,
Intangible and most indefinite article,
Which even Science cannot fix or focus;
Are you indeed of all this hocus-pocus,
Mischristened Cosmos, protoplasm? If so
'Tis pity that the happy status quo
Of universal dumb inertia ever
Was broken up by vortices or voices.
'Twere surely better far that space had never
Re-echoed to objectionable noises,
Or witnessed all this pother

Of biologic bustle, whose chief law seems Bother!
Why could not you,
And all your fellow motes, far, far too prankful,
In the embraces of the boundless blue
Rest and be thankful?

A plague on all your forces and affinities!

A mob of monads, to my notion,
Surpasses one of demons or divinities
Only while idle. With the earliest motion
Began the immitigable mischief. Why
Must you in chaos out those primal capers,
Which were "the promise and the potency"
Of—all the woes that fill our morning papers?
'Tis surely a reflection most unpleasant
To think that all the plagues which haunt the present
Spring from that moment in the hidden past,
When the first molecule, weary at last
Of immemorial motionlessness, stirring,
Jostled his neighbour Atom. What a whirring
Went through astounded space!

Thought pictures a grim grin upon the face
Of him, the Prince of Evil;—
Only that then, of course, there was no devil.
At least of the New Creed that's one prime article;
Though I have little doubt

He was incipient in that self-same particle
Whose fidgets caused the first great strabot.

If Science's "dry light," at its meridian,
Finds men no more than automatic midges
In its cold ray, the history that bridges
The space between us and the first Aseidian
Were better blotted.

To archetypal atoms was allotted
An easier fate than to the complex mass
Of "elever matter," which has dared to pass
For Man, but is, for all its prayers and panics,
A problem in molecular mechanics!
If Conscience be but chemic combination,
And Love a mere molecular affinity;
What boots all Life's superfluous botheration
Of mad and painful dreams, that lull Divinity
On fool-projected limboes? Life's a swindle,

If taken à la TYNDALL.

And, let who may in that demoniac war win
("Survival of the fittest")!—yet, as groping
Less anxiously, less fearing, striving, hoping,
An Ape was less a dupe than is a DARWIN.
That Atom must be a misguided duffer
Who'd join a Co.; alone it could not suffer.
Why should it long for partnership and pain so?
I would I were a monad—I'd remain so;
And as for "nascent thrills" and "ganglia," drat 'em!
They're things for which I should not care—an Atom!



RINCOMANIA.

FAIRERS of the fleeting Skate, behold in this, —
A Rincomania's dream of earthly bliss,

Sketch'd by the frantic pen of one who thinks
That Heaven is paved with everlasting rinks!

Where Cherubs sweep for ever and a day,
Smooth tepid ice that never melts away,

While graceful, gay, good-natured Lovers blend,
To Endless tune, in circles without end!

CHAS. H. BENNETT.

GRAIN 82



A NATURAL INTERPRETATION.

Sunday School Teacher. "WHAT DO YOU UNDERSTAND BY 'SUFFERING FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS SAKE'?"

Boy (promptly). "PRACTISING HYMN IN THE MORNING, TEACHER, AND SUNDAY SCHOOL IN THE AFTERNOON, AND BIBLE-CLASS IN THE EVENING!"

ROUGH VOICES FROM THE EAST END.

WHICH Parson says it is
Our dooty to be grateful,
Even when bread 's ris,
And meat no end a plateful.

Also when it snows,
Hails, and sleet, and freezes,
A cove should blow his nose,
And say Grace 'atwixt the sneezes.

What a Christmas I,
And some chaps as I know,
Have enjoyed surely,
Without grub or rhino!

Still ill-clothed and shod
(And without a farden),
At least we're out o' quod,
And owe no grub to CARMEN.

Our thanks, our kids', and widders',
Is due unto the nation,
Which our wants considers,
And gives us eddication!

Now, it's easy to like skittles,
Or bagatelle, or pool-board,
But without a meal o' wittles
'Tain't many wallies School-Board.

Wich larning 'elps a kinchin
If he've the heart to con it,
But that's 'ard, with hunger pinchin',
And a board with nuffin on it.

THE ROGUE'S TATTOO.

OWING to the abolition of the "branding system" in the Army, there are now no means of detection to prevent the re-enlistment of a deserter or bad character. Under the old rules—according to a corporal, witness to a charge in a police-court of obtaining enlistment by a false declaration—there was no difficulty in the matter:—

"The man, on being discharged, would have been branded with the letters 'B. C.'—bad character—and this would have prevented his being enlisted again."

Branding means nothing worse than tattooing on the inside of the arm with needles and gunpowder, as ROGER TICHBORNE was tattooed by LORD BELLEW for fun. It is therefore not painful, and it need not be degrading. If the initials "B. C." are open to that objection, reverse them. What blackguard could feel himself otherwise than dignified instead of degraded by the stamp of C.B., which would only need to be read backwards to denote the blackguard instead of the gentleman? The Rogue's Tattoo would be a meet accompaniment to the *Rogue's March*.

Seasonable Weather in Scotland.

(Edinburgh, New Year's Day.)

Sandy. There's mair snaw this new year than I've seen for money a day; it's by ord'nar.

Jock. Ay, but it's vera seasonable wather.

Sandy. Deed, ye may say that, Jock,—fine saft fa'in for the fou folk.

TO LADIES OF A CERTAIN AGE.

How to prevent the Hair from becoming Grey.—Cut it off, do it up neatly in tissue paper, and put it away in a drawer. It will not become grey as long as you live.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



PERA-BOUFFE and a Comic Opera at the Alhambra and the Criterion.

SIR, THE other evening I went to hear *Whittington*, the first *Opéra-Bouffe* composed by M. OFFENBACH to an original English libretto. It is described as a "New Grand *Opéra-Bouffe* *Féerie* in Four Acts and Nine Tableaux." Why a piece, which has neither a Fairy nor an Imp in it, should be called a "Féerie," is probably known to the gifted person who first hit upon the peculiarly bright idea of asking a French composer to write an English *Opéra-Bouffe*.

M. OFFENBACH is very far from being at home throughout: there is hardly any music in the piece suggestive of *Dick's* feline friend, and the dear old chimes, with their familiar "Turn again, WHITTINGTON, Lord Mayor of London," have been spoilt by the French composer, in his attempt at improving the simple melody. M. OFFENBACH has tried to be what he considers English, and the librettist has tried to be what he considers French; and so *Whittington*, as an inharmonious whole, can be dismissed in three words, common-place, dull, and tedious.

As to what the learned librettist calls the "Persons" in the bill, Your Representative was sorry to see Miss JULIA MATTHEWS in so poor a part as *Alice*. *Whittington* himself should have been played by a burlesque vocalist, like Miss PATTIE LAYNER, or, in another style, by Miss KATH VAUGHAN. But I doubt if either of these two ladies could have got much out of the character—beg the librettist's pardon, I mean "persons"—of *Whittington* as it is, though they might have put some life into it on their own account.

MR. PAULTON is funny as MR. PAULTON with a halberd and spikes on his armour. The latter preventing the wearer's embracing his adored one comfortably is a very old joke: but so is the hot poker, and the latter always gets its laugh. But, in spite of the depressing "*Opéra-bouffe féerie*" part of *Whittington*, there is that in it which deserves to draw, and which will, I trust, achieve its object. I do not mean the scenery, which is quite the best yet seen at the Alhambra. No, I allude to the "Grand Barbaric Ballet" in the Second Act. It is the success of the piece, and it is a genuine artistic triumph. Could the management even now suppress the opera, and merely play this great Ballet Scene, it, alone, would be sufficient to attract all sight-seers and admirers of gorgeous spectacle from now till Whitsuntide. The costumes are unprecedentedly magnificent, especially those of black and gold, and the combinations of colour and originality of design evinced throughout prove MR. ALFRED THOMPSON to be *facile princeps* in this department of his art.

The music of the ballet is not up to the mark of the dresses, nor to the movements and groupings of the dancers. In short, too great praise cannot be given to MR. THOMPSON for his costumes, and to MONSIEUR DEWILNE for his arrangement of the ballet; while Mlle. FITZGERALD, *première danseuse*, is the queen of the evening, most ably supported by her torpachorean Princesses, MADMOISELLES PERTOLDI and SIDONIE.

For the benefit of all who dine late, and who wish to see the best picture of its kind in London, without having to support its heavy frame, Your Representative takes this opportunity of intimating that this Barbaric Ballet commences at a little before ten and is over in half an hour. Theatre-goers at a distance should accept this notice, and no one who cares for artistic efforts in this direction will consider the evening to have been ill-bestowed on seeing the truly splendid Barbaric Ballet at the Alhambra.

The Management has spared no expense, and I trust that the Alhambra will close its *Whittington* season with a jubilant dance of Shareholders, with *pas seuls* by the Directors to the tune of fifteen per cent., and a new testimonial *bâton* for M. JACOB, the hard-working *chef d'orchestre*.

Your Representative cannot conclude these remarks on the Alhambra piece without noticing the Corn-field Scene in the fourth Act, where the Reapers, the Arochers, and the Peasants dance. In it MR. CALCOTT, the Artist, has suggested a charming idea. He gives us in his landscape a view of an old-fashioned Rectory, or farm-house, commanding an uninterrupted view from all the principal windows of the field where the ballet is going on. How such

a house would let! What advantages might not be put into the description of the Living when the advowson might be for sale! The Rector, shaving in the morning, could see from his dressing-room window the entire ballet; quite proper, I assure you; so that even if the present Licensor of Plays were on a visit at the Rectory, he would not be compelled to pull his blinds down, or to open the window and shout out to them, "Don't do that step! Go home, and lengthen your dresses!" Your Representative thanks MR. CALCOTT for this charming pastoral idea.

The Criterion Theatre has a genuine Comic Opera in *Les Près Saint Gerçais*. It is a better story than that of *La Fille de Madame Angot*, and could yet be, dramatically and musically, improved, were it in two Acts instead of three. As it is, the end of the Second Act is inartistic, and would have been dangerous to the success of a piece less well done all round, and less "goxy" than the *Près Saint Gerçais*. No doubt the music would grow upon the ear; but sparkling, flowing, and melodious as it is throughout, there is not one air which the Public can take away with them at a first hearing,—and thank goodness for that, with recent recollections of *Madame Angot* hummed, whistled, and turned to account on the street-organs.

MADAME PAULINE RITA is a valuable acquisition as a vocalist, but affords another example of the difficulty of finding the actress and the vocalist combined. Charming as a finished singer, she is, at present, a mere amateur in acting. But this deficiency can be, to a certain extent, remedied by careful study, under judicious guidance.

Both for acting and singing it would be difficult to find a better representative of *Friguette* than Miss DUNOIS, while Miss THORNTON and Miss ADAIR are well suited in the darning matron (*Madame Nicole*) and the ill-used nurserymaid (*Toinon*).

MR. BRENNER, who sings the Sergeant's music capitally, is scarcely strong enough for the eccentricities which should mark this part, and make it stand out even more than it does at present. MR. PERRINI and M. LORREDAN, as *Nicole* and *Grégoire*, do their artistic best, in their acting, singing, and dancing, to keep up the go of the piece from first to last; and, as the whole company plays well together, as the dresses are bright and harmonious, the grouping varied, the action well sustained, and the choruses kept well together by the able *bâton* of M. STANTHAUM, the conductor, whose band is occasionally too loud for so small a place, the result is success. Oddly enough, the *Près Saint Gerçais* was a failure in Paris, and has recently been withdrawn. I should attribute this to its lack of catching melodies.

As to the nonsense about this piece being one "at whose performance," as the advertisement, quoting a notice, says, "virtue can cheerfully assist, and at which innocence might readily be present,"—why the plot turns, first, upon the serious flirtation of an elderly married woman with a Sergeant, which the audience enjoys because the husband is rendered ridiculous; secondly, upon a retaliation of the husband, who in his turn makes love to a *grisette*; and, thirdly, the woes of a young servant girl, who at last discovers her gay deceiver in the hypocritical bald-headed tutor of the Prince of Conti. And all this has been modified from the French for the English market. Of course Your Representative sees no sort of harm in these elements of comedy, but to hold up such a plot as the ideal of a moral story calculated to delight innocence, and throw virtue into ecstasies, is all Boah and Bowdler. But no more at present from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

CHANTREY'S BEST MONUMENT.

"Through the demise of LADY CHANTREY, the widow of the great Sculptor, £100,000 comes to the Council of the Royal Academy, the interest to be applied to the purchase of works of painting or sculpture by artists in this country, minus a yearly charge of £500 to the President, and £50 to the Secretary of the Royal Academy."

PRAYERS are facts, and so are pantries:
Sin must be fed, Saints dunned.
Our funds once founded Chantreys,
Now our CHANTREY founds a fund.

Howe'er some coming man try,
To out-carve him or out-cast,
Among the works of CHANTREY,
One will ne'er be beat—the last!

A Hundred to One.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph announces that an indictment has been prepared against MR. ALBERT GRANT, late Member for Kidderminster, charging him "with misdemeanour in connection with the election," containing something like a hundred counts. Let us hope that even these hundred Counts will prove nothing against one Baron.

THE OPENING OF THE FRENCH OPERA-HOUSE.

(Translated from a popular Paris Paper.)



Mistress of the World France indubitably is, but Paris is Mistress of France. To be Mistress of the World is also to be the Home of Civilisation. Paris is therefore the Home of Civilisation. It is good to be great, but is it not better to be civilised? You may not think so, and yet so it is. Do not the owls prefer the Moon to the Sun? And yet the Sun shines more brightly than the Moon. Sometimes! Why not always? Can you answer the question? It is not an easy one. Who says this? Why, the World. The World is Paris. Therefore Paris says so. Paris is right!

There is something greater than Force. Not many things, but something, one thing. Music is greater than Force. The English, the Islanders who live in the Home of Fogs, had a Poet, a Thinker. He—this Thinker—belonged to them whilst he lived, and became the property of the world when he died. It was a grand gift. His name was SHAKSPIERE—WILLIAMS SHAKSPIERE. And what does SHAKSPIERE say about Music? As a Thinker he surely should have an opinion upon the subject; as a Poet he surely must have expressed that opinion in verse? You are right, he has. He says that "Music has force to smooth out the creases of an irritated breast." SHAKSPIERE was right! and so the Mistress of the World has an Opera House. The Home of Civilisation must also be the Home of Music. Grand idea, noble ambition! Paris must have the largest Opera House in the World. You ask "why?" Because the World is contained in Paris. This may seem marvellous. It is marvellous. It is also true!

This grand Abode of Civilisation—of Music—of Music that "smooths out the creases of the irritated breast"—has just been opened. It was an event in a lifetime—in a century. Paris, the Mistress of the World, was accepting a guide. Glorious union of Power and Melody! It was the marriage of Progress and Art! You may say that a marriage often brings sorrow. Well, you should know! But this marriage is far different. The nuptials of Progress and Art can only lead to joy. You may not think so? But let us consider it dispassionately. Who are you?

It was natural that Paris should invite the Remainder of the Universe to be present at the glorious ceremony. Its duty was to follow the lead of Paris. The Remainder was invited. It came joyously; it was flattered; it knew that Paris honoured it by the invitation. And what was this Remainder? Why, Englishmen, Spaniards, Austrians, and Russians. The Germans were not in it, the SHAH was not in it. But then Paris has had enough of the Germans—and the SHAH!

England sent her "high-life." England is very haughty, and her "high-life" is very proud. Those who know London know that the "high-life" live in "Battersea Park" and "Vaux-al-brid-road." The writer of this article knows London. Everything has a head. You say not everything. You are right—you have not a head! England's "high-life" however, has a head. The head of the "high-life" in England is a Warrior. He is more than a Warrior, he is a Sage; he is more than a Sage, he is a Mystery. This Mystery is called the Lor Maire of London. Now the Lor Maire of London came to Paris for the opening of the Opera House. Are you satisfied?

An erroneous report has appeared in the leading London paper. A programme has been published of the festivities with which the Lor Maire was to have been entertained. It was said that the Lor Maire was to be present at a Grand Review, and was to command the French Army! That the Junior Members of his Court were to be entertained by the Jockey Club at a supper! An English paper when writing about France always exhibits the grossest ignorance. This is very unlike the French Press, which is invariably well informed upon English matters. The leading London paper was inexact. *Punch* is the leading London paper. *Punch* was inexact!

The reception of the Lor Maire was grand, was worthy of his dignity. He had a large Cavalry escort to attend him from his

hotel to the Elysée. In advance of the coach rode his trumpeters. This is an old, English custom. In the Land of Fogs it is the fashion for everyone to blow his own trumpet. It was a grand sight this meeting of the two warriors of France and England. Yes, two warriors. The President is practically the Commanding Officer of the French Army, the Lor Maire is theoretically the Head of the London Militia. It was indeed a grand sight! After a few minutes passed in profound emotion, the Lor Maire proudly retired. He re-entered his gold carriage. He had two guards to defend him. They belonged to his household. One of these guards carried a gigantic mace, the other a huge sword. These weapons were very large, so large that they had to be held out of the carriage window. The English have a grand national festival. It is held at Christmas time, and is called "a Pantomime." The mace and sword of the Lor Maire are sometimes seen in "a Pantomime." The Lor Maire returned with his Cavalry escort to his hotel. It was indeed a grand sight! There was an Englishman present who burst into tears, and said it reminded him of ASLEY's. This Englishman seemed to be a man of intelligence.

Alas, all things change! they all pass away! The ceremony is over. The Lor Maire has returned to his island home. Still Paris has an Opera House, has the power (once more to use the words of the immortal SHAKSPIERE) to "smooth out the creases of an irritated breast." This is Good, this is Great, this is Grand, this is Sublime! Nay more, this is Paris!

CLEVERMAN.

BETTERING THE INSTRUCTION.

It is rumoured that KING COFFEE has at last seen the error of his ways in sacrificing human life to his bloody and barbarous "custom," and has promised, if reinstated on his throne, to dismiss his headmen, and conform to the "customs" of civilised life. For this purpose he would visit England for the purpose of ascertaining the speediest method of at once introducing in his Ashantee kingdom:

1. Iron-clad vessels that will turn bottom-upwards in a moderate gale, and carry all hands down with them.
2. Rotten merchantmen, which shall be carefully overloaded and founder or run ashore, at the rate of, say, five hundred in the course of the year.
3. Emigrant ships carrying a large number of "assisted" passengers, together with an assorted cargo of spirits and other combustibles, with boats enough to save, at least, one-fourth of the passengers in case of fire or other sudden catastrophe.
4. Railways with imperfect permanent way, level crossings, old-fashioned and defective rolling-stock, and officials whose underpay is counterbalanced by overwork.
5. Coal and other mines, imperfectly ventilated, in which every facility shall be given for the use of naked lights.
6. Firework manufactures in populous neighbourhoods, and improved means for the freest transport of gunpowder by canals, with carefully planned provision for explosion.

His Majesty hopes that by these precautions, together with the establishment of Fever Hospitals in pleasant suburbs, the general diffusion of public-houses, and other civilised arrangements for rum-drinking and a due assisted immigration of Liverpool roughs and Black and North Country kickers and wife-purrers, he will be able to secure to his people many of the blessings of civilisation, while still ensuring a sufficiently large sacrifice of life to satisfy Ashantee notions. He hopes by this combination of policies to attain a position among civilised potentates, without forfeiting his place among African sovereigns. He will also do his best to familiarise his Chiefs with the constitutional machinery for remedying abuses by Royal Commissions of Inquiry; and in time he hopes for the inestimable blessing of a free and cheap Press, which will give all the effect of picturesque publicity to the most striking and sensational results of the above civilised and civilising institutions.

Military and Dramatic.

SIX,

A PIECE called *Drawing the Line* is being played at the Charing Cross Theatre. Of course the line must be drawn somewhere, so why not at the Charing Cross! I had thought that the good old days of such pieces as *The Battle of Waterloo*, *The Affghan War*, and so forth, had departed for ever; but no, for if there is a theatre now-a-days which succeeds in *Drawing the Line*, it must be with a genuinely good military spectacle.

Yours truly,

QUICK MARCH, Sergeant in the Thirty-First.

Bungalow Barracks.



RECIPROCITY.

(The Arts are borrowing each other's vocabulary—PAINTING has its "Harmonies" and "Symphonies": MUSIC is beginning to return the compliment.)

First Lovely Being (to clever Pianist, after performance). "O HOW CHARMING, HERR LA BÉMOUSKI! THERE'S SUCH COLOUR IN YOUR FORTISSIMOS!"

Second Lovely Being. "SUCH ROUNDNESS OF MODELLING IN YOUR PIANISSIMOS!!!"

Third Lovely Being. "SUCH PERSPECTIVE IN YOUR CRESCENDOS!!!!"

Fourth Lovely Being. "SUCH CHIAROSCURO IN YOUR DIMINUENDOS!!!!"

Fifth Lovely Being. "SUCH ANATOMY IN YOUR LEGATOES!!!!!" &c., &c., &c. [Clever Pianist is bewildered, but not displeased.]

"BETWEEN THE ACTS;"

Or, Spain and the Spanish.

A SCHOOL-BOY so stout, and a Maiden so mad—
She a hag, he a youth in his teens—
T'other day made a match, be't for good or for bad,
ALFONSO THE TWELFTH was the name of the lad,
And L'ESPAÑA the maniac queen's.

Buona-roba and boy gave the lie to the rule
Which says antecedents agree
With their relatives—person and case; for this fool,
With the rags of a beggar, the tastes of a ghoul,
Boasted bluest of blue blood to be.

Few, methinks, sounder heads, stouter hearts, harder health
Than her antecedents could show,
But to turn from their dash to their relative's stealth,
Set her beggar's parade in the teeth of their wealth,
Might be called a mere mockery of woe.

And this school-boy, with hands and with heart still so clean,
Conscience clear of offence as a lamb—
If ever the world, flesh, and devil were seen,
In a foul female Cerberus, crown'd as a Queen,
'Twas in her he'd to blush for as dam!

"But how," said the Boy, "for as mad as you seemed,
So much wits did you e'er come to show,

As to hurl down the idols that gods you late deemed,
Leave the fools that you followed, the dreams that you dreamed,
And kick out SAGASTA & Co.?"

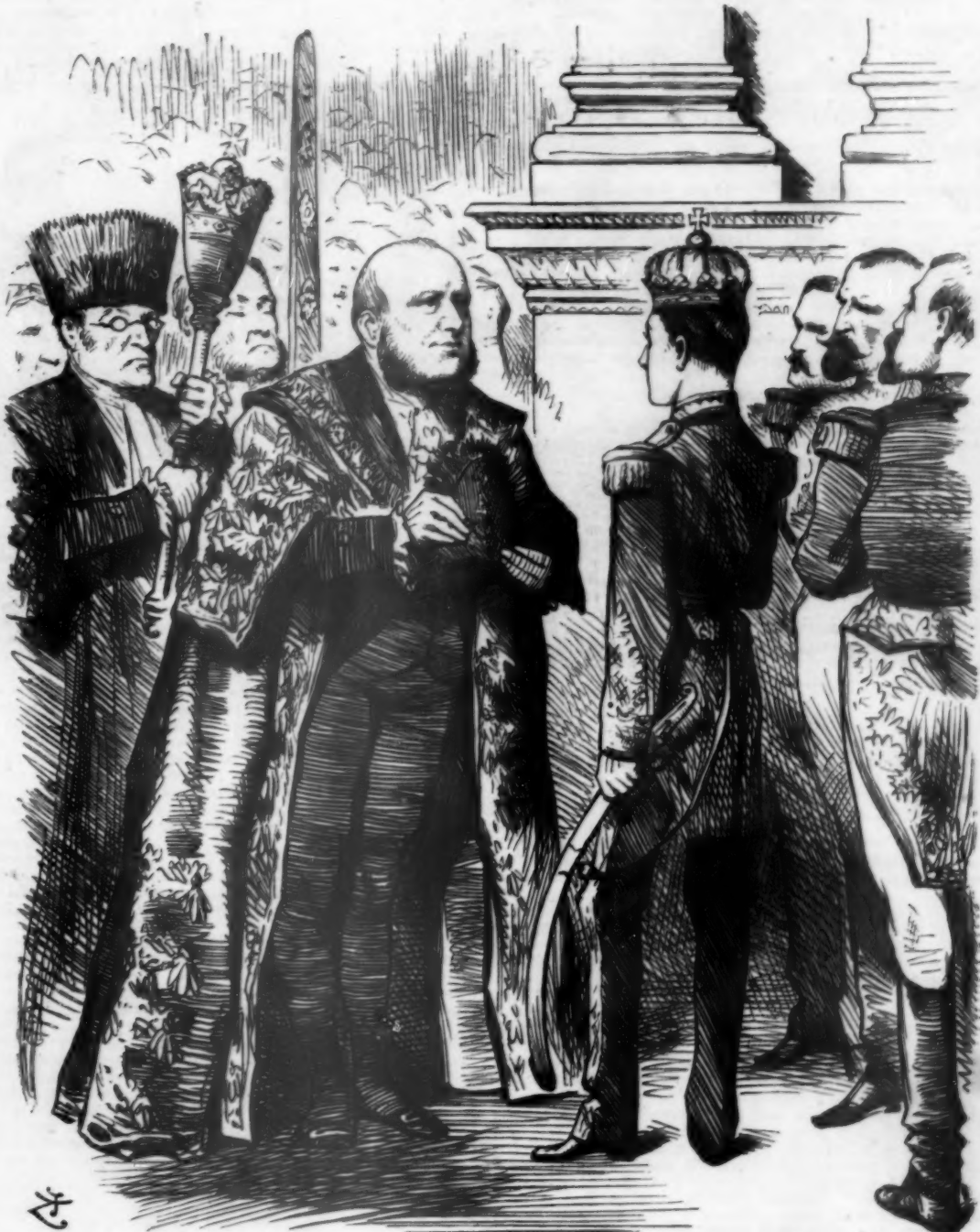
"She!" in scorn cried the keeper,—Armed Force,—who stood there,
With his whip and strait-waistcoat, fair shown,
"Don't think her crazy cured, or her turned head set square,
Poor L'ESPAÑA's still mad as was ever March hare.
It is I you've to thank for your throne.

"How bonds both a curse and a blessing may be
Poor L'ESPAÑA is destined to know:
In the bonds I put on her salvation you see,
Through the bonds she got off bankrupt beggar is she,
A world's warning, a scoff, and a show!"

The maniac looked fierce, but her wrath died away
To dead calm, that strait-waistcoat displayed,
And she crouched and she whined, "Pon my honour, I'll pay—
And get credit—who knows?—to run more ticks some day,
When my 'passives' once 'actives' are made.

"Then come to my arms—be ALFONSO the Brave—
And I'll be thy fair Imogene."
Here the maniac looked wild, and the keeper looked grave,
While ALFONSO, poor boy, scarce knew how to behave,—
When a third party stepped on the scene.

'Twas Le Lor Maire of London—that mythical Lord,
Who had deigned upon Paris to shine,
With herald and trumpeters, sword-bearer, sword,
Mace, flags, running-footmen—in friendly accord
Come England and France to combine!



"BETWEEN THE ACTS."

(At the Opening of the Grand Opera, Paris.)

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON (to ALFONSO THE TWELFTH). "DELIGHTED TO CONGRATULATE YOUR MAJESTY,—
BUT BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. WITH YOUR MAJESTY'S ENGLISH EDUCATION, I HOPE I MAY ASSURE OUR
FRIENDS IN LONDON THAT SOMETHING WILL NOW BE DONE ABOUT THOSE—AH!—'BONDS'!!!"

THEY OF THE LIVING CHURCH—A NEW OF THE



"BUTTERY THE VOICE"

THE TWO MEN, JAMES B. JONES AND JAMES B. JONES, WERE BOTH IN THE LIVING CHURCH—A NEW OF THE
 BUT BROWN IS KNOWN WITH THE MEN'S LIVING CHURCH—A NEW OF THE
 LIVING IS KNOWN WITH THE MEN'S LIVING CHURCH—A NEW OF THE

IN MARSHAL MACMAHON see La République
Bow down to La Cité in STONE!
Had those Grand Op'ra walls, besides ears, tongues to speak,
What State secrets they heard Tuesday night of last week,
And might to the world have made known!

DID ALFONSO to STONE—Yo El Rey to Lord Mayor—
Give a pledge Spain's bad debts in to call?
And if a pledge—what pledge—and whence when and where
Is the money to come, that, betwixt bull and bear,
Like a bone of contention will fall?

A QUESTION OF INSTINCT.



R. PUNCH has received the following letter, which he imagines must have been intended for the columns of one of his daily contemporaries. He begs to inform "A Constant Reader" that this correspondence must now cease so far as he (Mr. Punch) is concerned.

To the Editor.

London,
January 7, 1875.

SIR,

HAVING seen several letters in the papers recently headed "Instinct," will you kindly permit me (with your well-known courtesy) to give a few cases of

instinct that have been brought under my notice during the last few weeks.

When the snow was lying on the ground a fortnight since, I met a small boy in the square in which my house is situated. Leaving a full description of my house to be given in a letter I hope to send to you a few days hence, I continue my story. The small boy stooped down and gathered together several handfuls of the frozen material. This done, he constructed a ball, which, some few minutes later, flew instinctively in the direction of my hat. The snow, I am happy to say, missed me. I now noticed that the legs of the small boy were busily engaged in rapidly carrying him away. A strong impulse immediately seized me to follow the small boy with my umbrella. Can any of your readers inform me if instinct had anything to do with the boy's movements?

The other morning I met a beggar, who assured me that he had eaten nothing for more than four days. As an experiment, I placed a large dish of meat in front of him. In a few minutes the meat had disappeared. Did the instinct of the beggar induce him to devour the meat?

My youngest son, THOMAS (aged eleven), got hold of my watch the other day and broke it. As the accident was my fault (I should not have left the watch on the mantelpiece), I believe that he must have instinctively hidden the case with which I sometimes correct my children. I pause for a reply.

After travelling for nearly a week, both by day and by night, I arrived at a hotel, and went to bed. I had scarcely laid myself down when my eyes closed, and I lost all consciousness for many hours. My Doctor informs me that he has met (during an experience of more than a quarter of a century) with many similar cases of instinct.

As this matter is one of the deepest possible interest, I shall write several further letters on the subject. You have my full permission to publish the papers as they arrive.

In conclusion I may add, that as I am told by the more intelligent of my friends that my correspondence is both instructive and amusing, I very frequently write to the newspapers. In the dull season of the year, my letters seem to be very popular. Once more I would ask has instinct anything to do with the matter?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A CONSTANT READER.

The Butcher's Bill.

Of Railway shares the current price to learn
'Tis but to SLAUGHTER'S* daily list we turn;
But now the Railways, emulative grown,
Make daily lists of slaughter of their own!

* The Secretary of the Railway Share branch of the Stock Exchange.

RITUALISM AT ST. PAUL'S.—Romanism with the LID-OFF.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

I deal with GIPSY CHALVEY, before Witnesses—My Aunt's opinion—Symptoms of a cold.

CHALVEY has a careless jaunty way with him, a sort of take-it-or-leave-it kind of air, and he begins by impressing me with the obligation I am under to him for bringing the cob for my inspection.

"I heard as you wanted something of this sort, so, as I was just passing through, I thought as I'd show him to you. There's Mr. APPLETHWAITE sweet on him, but I fancy as he'll have a better place with a gentleman like you, Sir."

What can I say to this? Nothing. MR. APPLETHWAITE is a substantial farmer, a very substantial farmer, indeed, weighing quite eighteen stone, and able to buy me and my Aunt, MURGLE, and the whole lot of us, and lead us into slavery, if the law of the land happened to permit it.

Happy Thought.—MR. APPLETHWAITE, mounted, would look "sweet on him."

So this remark of the Gipsy's is a genuine compliment, and the more genuine and the more valuable, as coming from a wanderer, a rover like CHALVEY. It's as much as to say to me, "You see, Sir, though I'm only a queer sort of customer myself, yet I know a gentleman when I see one; and bless you, I see one afore me now," meaning myself. I try to steel my heart against the implied flattery, and go at once to the cob's knees.

"O, bless you," says MR. CHALVEY with a laugh, "he's not been down, couldn't throw him down, not if you was to try your hardest. He's a wonder, he is. Do say thing a'most. Jump a rumbreller, or a stick, or anything 'eld afore him; never refuses, and safe everywhere."

"He'd suit me with hounds?" I suggest. I see CAZELL smile. This annoys me, because why should CAZELL see anything ridiculous in my going out "with hounds?" There's nothing ridiculous in my going out without hounds. Then why—but this requires thinking out, and, at the present time, business is business.

"Carry you, Sir!" exclaims CHALVEY, in admiration. "He's the very thing you want, I should say. Only, Sir," here he assumes a resolute air, "if you was to say to me, look here, MR. CHALVEY, here's a hundred pounds to find me a cob as'll carry me safe with 'ounds, I couldn't bring you a better than this 'ere."

MURGLE coughs, nods approval, looks inquiringly at CAZELL, and then shifts his leg, as though he had not, as yet, exactly made up his mind on the subject.

"Strong?" I observe to MURGLE.

"Yes, Sir, he's a strong 'un, he is," replies MURGLE, evidently taking his cue from me. Again he shifts his leg, and coughs dubiously.

Now what I want is that MURGLE, or CAZELL, or both, should pick out the animal's defects. I confess to being pleased with him. And I own I do not see where his faults are. I hate a friend who knows something about it, to turn up afterwards and say, "um, rather down in the fetlock—low in the forehead—seen a good deal of work," and so forth.

Happy Thought.—Ask what's his age.

CHALVEY replies frankly, "Well, Sir, I don't want to deceive you; you can see for yourself."

He means I am to look into the horse's mouth, and judge by his teeth. Certainly mustn't show ignorance; or nervousness.

Happy Thought.—Tell MURGLE to open the horse's mouth.

MURGLE does so awkwardly. I look at his teeth, and down his throat, and at the roof of his mouth as long as the horse will stand it. I don't know what I'm looking at. His teeth appear to have been neglected for some time. My first impulse is to say to CHALVEY, "I rather think he ought to go to a dentist"—however, I know that isn't "horsey," so I say in an off-hand manner. "Well, he's not very young." MURGLE, who, I thought, would have told me exactly, merely coughs, looks more stupid than usual, and says, "No, he ain't not azackly young."

I am annoyed and disappointed with MURGLE. His business is, what is called on the Stage, when one man plays two parts in the same piece, to "double" the Groom and the Gardener. Now, when I want him to come out as the Groom and be horsey, he insists upon appearing in his favourite rôle of the Gardener, and being more of a vegetable than usual. The reverse of this is, that when he ought to be mowing or sowing, he is either cleaning the harness or making a round of his own private calls on other gardeners and a few public-house keepers, which social proceeding he describes to me as "being obliged to exercise the 'oss."

UNDER A HOOD V. OUT OF A HAT.



USSIA has given us a DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH. Will the Duchess give us a charming and comfortable fashion of head-gear for the Russian winter-weather which has followed her for love from her native steppes, and of which we have lately had rather more than a taste? We refer to the "besh-lik," or Caucasian hood with long ends, which, besides

framing the face in the most bewitching of all fashions, and keeping cheeks and ears warm in even Russian temperature, can have its floating ends coquettishly wrapped round the neck, and so do duty for cloud, cache-nez, comforter, boa, tippet, and the *Follet* only knows what other forms and varieties of feminine throat-gear.

Do try, please, dear Imperial and Royal Highness, to introduce the "besh-lik" and in such wintry weather as we have had lately save your sisters by adoption from the flimsy cockle-shells, and miserable muffins, which they are now content to cook a-top of their high-piled hair, thereby not only offending *Mr. Punch's* eye, but laying their pretty faces open to all manner of ills that can assail unprotected womanhood—including all varieties of tic, neuralgia, tooth-ache, face-ache, ear-ache, and the family doctor only knows what less ordinary aches and ailments besides.

As a judge of a horse, or of a horse's age, MURGLE, at this minute, is of as much use as my gate-post.

"Rising five," says CHALVEY, protesting, "that ain't old."

"No," returns that idiot MURGLE, sagely shaking his stupid sheep's head, "he ain't old neither."

Happy Thought.—CHALVEY is aware that MURGLE and myself have as much idea of that horse's age as the man in the moon. So I say knowingly, "Ah, he's more than five."

"Well," says CHALVEY, "there's as much work in him as you'll want, Sir, for the next ten or twelve years. P'raps you'd like to try him."

"No, thank you."

Happy Thought.—Wait until I can do it quietly, without spectators.

CAZELL says, "O, you'd better try him. You ought to try him."

"Would you like to take him over a hurdle in the field then, Sir?" asks CHALVEY.

I should, very much, if I were certain the result would be effective and satisfactory.

"You'd better," says CAZELL, who expects to see an accident, and thinks it funny.

Happy Thought.—CHALVEY can try him himself. I can quite sufficiently judge of him by that.

CHALVEY does try him. MURGLE holds a broom, then an umbrella, and CHALVEY (who actually rides him bare backed!) takes him over both. Cantering, trots, walks, jumps him over a hurdle. All most satisfactory. The Cob is very clever, and will be most useful.

He appears to go so easily over the hurdle and the other things, that I am very nearly trying him myself. But I defer the experiment. I feel somehow that when I've bought and paid for him, and have acquired a right to ride him, that there'll be less chance of my

coming off. I don't know why I think this, but so it is. Possession is nine points of staying in the saddle.

Happy Thought.—Now for harness.

MURGLE says, coughing, that, "Unfortunately the trap 'as gone to be mended that very afternoon, and won't be back afur night."

Will CHALVEY leave the Cob?

No, he can't: very sorry, but he can't. He's off to Sussex this evening, and if Mr. APPLETHWAITE don't have him, he knows a party near Lewes as'll give double the money for him.

"He has been in harness, I suppose?" I ask, not liking to lose the chance of buying such a clever cob as this.

"Has been in 'arness!" exclaims CHALVEY. "Only look at his neck, Sir! If it worn't for them collar-marks I shouldn't be arking the low price I am for him. The hair will grow in time, and it'll come all right. But they must ha' druv him rayther 'ard in some cart or other."

Yes, evidently. There are the marks of the collar. Regularly worn off the hair. No doubt. "He must have been in harness," I say to CAZELL.

CAZELL is sure of it, or how did the collar-marks come there?

Quite so. That's all satisfactory. I really don't care about inquiring as to his soundness. I know what I should say if I were selling him. I look upon all questions as to soundness as mere formalities. The price is the point.

CHALVEY wants twenty-five guineas.

(Not more! I am pleased.)

Happy Thought.—Look frowningly, and shake my head.

CAZELL (bother him) says, "Cheap at the price." He further suggests that I can make my money out of him over and over again as a trick pony, with umbrellas.

"Likewise," chimes in CHALVEY, "for trotting matches."



A REAL HARD CASE.

(THE ROUGH'S LAST WRONG.)

Liverpool Ruffian. "ERR'S A GO!—A MAN 'ANGED FOR KICKIN' HIS WIFE TO DEATH! I SHALL 'AVE TO TAKE MY BOOTS OFF!"

Happy Thought.—Give up literature, and take to trick ponies and trotting matches. Might do a profitable provincial tour, riding the cob myself, and betting on his performances.

CHALVEY expatiates upon the reasons why he has asked so little, and apparently is already on the point of regretting his price, and either taking him away, or adding another tenner to the sum just mentioned, when occurs to me

Happy Thought.—Close with him at once.

Business is business. Cheque on the spot, CHALVEY being in a hurry to get off to Sussex, and having several horse accounts to make up, and being considerably out of pocket by, &c., &c.

He takes cheque and gives receipt, that is, makes a mark to a form which I pen for him, bids us good-day, and MURGLE leads the new purchase to the stable.

"Not dear," I say to CAZELL, as we re-enter the house.

"No," returns CAZELL, meditatively. Presently he says, "I dare say there is a sporting butcher or publican in the neighbourhood who'd make trotting and jumping matches with you. Might get a heap of tin out of 'em."

"Quite enough, too," says my Aunt, on hearing the price. She doesn't like the Gipsy, and hopes we locked the gate and looked round the garden everywhere.

"If it is cheap," she continues, "that man didn't come by him honestly. You may depend upon it that horse you've just bought is stolen."

I am just going to reply somewhat sharply, being annoyed, when I am interrupted by myself sneezing.

"There," says my Aunt, severely, "you've caught cold from standing outside without your hat."

"O! the Roast Beef."

A FOREIGN Nobleman, staying in England this Christmas, and but imperfectly acquainted with the niceties of our language, was horror-struck at being invited to be present at the roasting of a "Baron."

THE ROUGH'S LAST WRONG.

THEY may well say old England is haltered,
I wonder where changes will stop,
Now Bigwigs of the Bench have not faltered
To let us down *this* hawful drop?
Bad enough the cat's brutal correction,
In our gaols should be let to run rife,
Spite of LORD ABERDARE's wise objection,—
BUT A MAN HANGED FOR KILLIN' HIS WIFE!

And in Lancashire, too, where poor fellers
Brass-tipped clogs have the habit to use;
Where families is crowded in cellars,
And the corner-men look down on shoes.
How's a family's 'ead to keep order,
Or put down aggravation and strife,
If a few broken ribs is called murder,
AND A MAN HANGED FOR KILLIN' HIS WIFE?

Now I axe, is an 'ome worth a copper,
With them 'Spectors and Boards free to come?
Is wives wives, as you mayn't fetch a topper
With a stick not so thick as your thumb?
There's spoons as wants law for the dumbest
Of dumb things, 'tis true, on my life;
But of all starts, this last start's the rummest,
A MAN HANGED FOR KILLIN' HIS WIFE!"

A VARIABLE SYMBOL.

A PROPOS of the difficulty of learning English, MR. MEIKLEJOHN says, in an interesting letter published in last Saturday's *Times*, that "the symbol *ough* is translated into sound by us in eight different ways." We believe he might have said in nine at least. It does duty for *oh*, *ow*, *uff*, *off* or *ouff*, *up*, *ow*, *oo*, *o'*, and *a*. As to the *a*, witness Marlborough, Scarborough, &c., which latter is pronounced by everybody so as to rhyme perfectly with "Barbara."

The following example we believe embodies all possible varieties of this Protean syllable, and may prove useful to tutors and governesses, independently of its own modest merits as a narrative:—

"A rough-coated, dough-faced ploughman strode, coughing and hiccupping, thoughtfully through the streets of Scarborough."

Doesn't this sound quite like the beginning of one of JAMES's novels? (All rights reserved.)

GORILLAS AND GHOULS.

THE last journals of DR. LIVINGSTONE contain some interesting particulars relative to the Soko; a species of Gorilla, in point of intelligence apparently the chief of its race—the archmonkey. Morally, in one respect at least, this anthropoid ape appears to have considerably the advantage of his human neighbours, the Manyema people. The Manyema eat the Soko, but the Soko does not eat them; they eat one another: the Soko eats no flesh whatever, but is a pure vegetarian. Yet the Soko has teeth which he can use for fighting purposes, "he bites off," says a *Times* reviewer, "the toes and fingers of his human assailants and then devours them." Is cannibalism, then, the outcome of a higher degree than the Soko's in the scale of development—a stage distinctly human? This question may, or may not, perhaps be answered by MR. DARWIN, at his convenience.

No Baseless Fabric of a Dream.

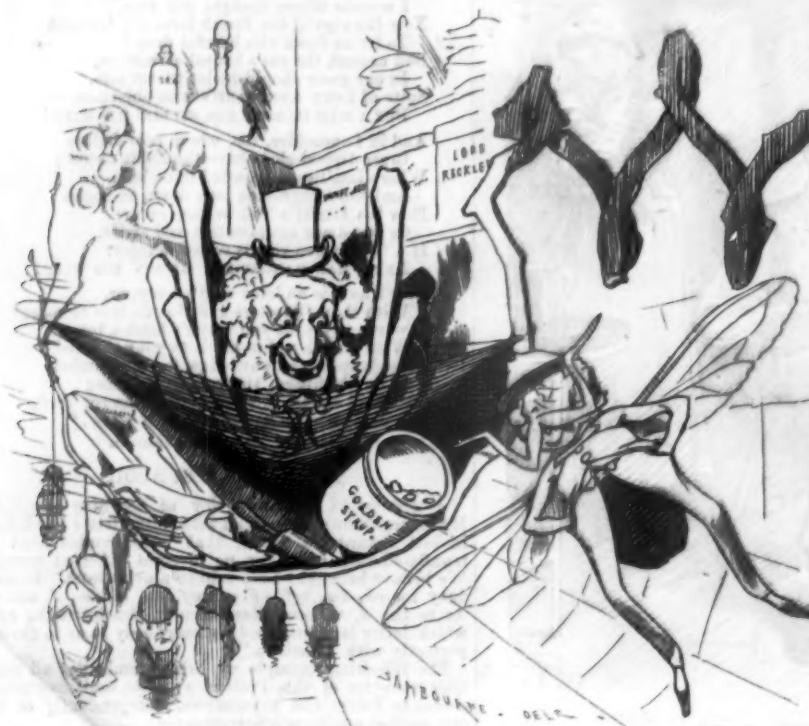
PRINCE ALFONSO when at the Theresian College, Vienna, is stated to have formed a close friendship with many of his comrades—"Speaking to them rarely, but confidently of his accession to the throne." Not improbably his companions may have treated these expectations of the Prince's as so many castles in the air—mere *Châteaux en Espagne*, which, however, at the present time, seem likely to turn out more substantial structures than such edifices usually prove to be.

A Questionable Quotation.

"One can never help enjoying *Temple Bar*."—*Guardian*.

So says an advertisement in last week's *Pall Mall*. We should doubt the fact—particularly between five and six, in one's drive home from business in the City.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.



ILL you come into my parlour?"
Said the Spider to the Fly,
"I've some beautiful Old
Masters,
And some sherry really dry.
O! don't let yourself be worried
By the want of ready tin,
In my parlour, at your service,
There is plenty. Pray walk in.

"With a friend so much respected
As yourself, young Mr. Fly,
Well, I'd scorn to think of profit,—
I love helping—on the sly.
Name your figure—say a thousand—
On obliging you I'm bent—
Third in cash, two-thirds in sherry,
Int'rest, fifty-nine per cent.!"

II.

A LITTLE old man of High-tum-tee
Wanted a clerk, and so he took me.

He paid me no wages the first year or
second;
The third year it was I ought to pay him,
he reckon'd.

That little old man's growing steadily
rich,
And won't feel distressed if I die in a
ditch!

III.

I HAD a little husband
I kept beneath my thumb,—
When he wanted many things
I only gave him some;
When he said that *all* were his,
I quickly made him see
That all of his were mine, while all
Of mine belonged to me.

CORONACH.

(From the New Forest.)

SHE is gone, MOTHER GIRLING,
She is lost to the Forest;
No more shaking or skirling,
When the need was the sorest!
There's none dare disturb, hurt,
Or worry the Quakers,
But, except Mr. HERBERT,
Who's a kind to the Shakers?

The hand of the bailiff
Was down on their bacon,
Their brandy and ale, if
'Twas there to be taken:
The feed for their cattle,
The swedes for their pottage;
Left them Winter to battle,
Turned out of their cottage.

Hard: but int'rest from Heaven
Never mortgagee staid for;
And Faith is a leaven
Won't raise bread unpaid for.
For Providence *don't* range
His facts for the thriftless,
And the world's order *won't* change,
To shift for the shiftless.

"Prayer is work." "Owe to no man"
Are laws of our Maker,
Spite of creed of the Roman,
Or craze of the Shaker;
Of Church blessing or banning,
Or shaking or skirling,
A strong faith in MANKIND,
Or weak trust in GIRLING.

ANATHEMA ESTO!

A CIRCULAR letter with reference to the opinions on the controversy touching the Vatican Degrees expressed by Mr. HENRY PETRE, of Dunkenhall, has been addressed by DR. VAUGHAN, titular Bishop of Salford, to the Roman Catholic clergy of that Papal diocese, commanding them to refuse the sacraments to Mr. PETRE unless he admits "the power of the Church to make definitions of faith, and accepts in like manner the definitions actually made and promulgated in 1854 and 1870." Will Mr. PETRE give in? Not, perhaps, until excommunication shall have had the like effects on him to those it produced on the Jackdaw of Rheims. To the foregoing injunction is added the following menace:—

"Should any priest act in contravention of this command, he will be *ipso facto* suspended from the use of his faculties."

What a fool, then, some people may say, the priest will have made of himself! Not such a fool, perhaps, as those who believe all that Mr. PETRE questions. Is it not rather they who, by prostration of their intellect, have suspended themselves from the use of their faculties?

Welcome Announcement.

PERHAPS the most pleasant item of the last week's news is the announcement that—

"There was a full supply of house coals at the coal market yesterday. Business was exceedingly dull, the tendency of the prices at the close of the market being decidedly downward."

The dulness of business can only have been equalled by the liveliness of Paterfamilias at such good news.

FOLLOWING THEIR NOSES.

WE read a report of whales running ashore on the Orkney Coast last week. They were of the bottle-nose kind, and probably followed their noses, tempted by the free flow of "het-pint," a very tempting new year's tipple, largely indulged in north of the Tweed.



TALLEYRAND REDIVIVUS.

Epicurus (dining at his Club, is surprised at the presence of his domestic Green-grocerial Waiter). "ER! WHAT! WHY, IS IT YOU, WARTS! WELL, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE GETTING ON!"

Warts (unmoved). "THANK YOU, SIR, YEMME, WICH I'VE 'EARD SAY 'THE MAN AS CAN WAIT, IS THE SUCCESSFUL MAN,' SIR. [Becomes a Licensed Victualler, and dies rich!]

STUDY FOR THE ACADEMY.

VISITORS to that delightful annual, the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, will save themselves much helplessness, confusion, and prevarication—particularly those to whom their companions may turn for information about such of the pictures as need explanation—by learning beforehand a few facts, historical, biographical, mythological, topographical, poetical, literary, and dramatic, bearing on the various paintings which have not the advantage of telling their own story in titles as beautifully brief and simple as "A Thistle," "A Landscape," "Portrait of a Lady in a Ruff," "An Interior," and "Two Sheep." Indeed no one should dream of visiting the Exhibition now open at Burlington House, and plunging into the expense of a Catalogue (bound, with pencil), unless competent to answer such a proportion of the following questions as would satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners.

Give a summary, with dates, of the historical incidents on which are founded the pictures entitled the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER and the Watergate of Calais; the Marriage (in high life) of STRONGBOW and the PRINCESS EVA; the Slaughter of the Suitors of PENELOPE; the Wreck of the *Minotaur*; the Sleeping Beauty; and the Last Sleep of DUNCAN.

Why is such familiarity taken with the name of that admirable landscape painter, MR. JOHN CHROME, as to cause him invariably to be called "Old Chrome"?

Relate (with dates) all you can remember about JOHN KNOX, POLLY PEACHEM, ARCHBISHOP LAUD, MR. TICKELL, the DUCHESS OF SAVOY, WILLIAM TELL, ST. SEBASTIAN, LORD CASTLEREAGH, the EARL OF STRAFFORD, CUPID and PSYCHE, the ABBÉ GRÉGOIRE, QUEEN MARIANA, the MARQUIS OF MONTROSE, SARAH MALCOLM, CAPTAIN ROCK, MRS. GIBSON the dwarf, DOGE LEON LOREDANO, PHILIP THE FOURTH, EDWARD THE SIXTH, the EARL OF ESSEX, the MELIAN NYMPHS, the MISERS GAINSBOROUGH, ST. LOUIS OF FRANCE, and WRIGHT OF DERRY.

Show your intimate acquaintances with Spanish history by stating

whose son and grandson the Infante DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS was, and by tracing his relationship to the DON CARLOS of our own times. To go from grave to GAY, who was the composer of the music of the *Beggar's Opera*?

Who wrote *Orlando Furioso*, and what scene in that successful burlesque is portrayed in Dosso Dossi's picture?

Where are the Yare, Whitechurch, Wanstead, the Falls of Tivoli, the Mouth of the Thames, Boscastle, Macon, Carreg-Cennen, Dedham, Rhyl, and Poringland?

How is canine sagacity illustrated in the story of the dog who saved the DUKE OF RICHMOND (not the present Conservative Leader of the House of Lords) from being murdered—in Gallery No. 2. (N.B.—Here a little invention will be venial.)

Give quotations (not to exceed fourteen lines) to illustrate the Play-scene in *Hamlet*, the Banquet-scene in *Macbeth*, the examination of the recruits before *Falstaff*, *Shallow*, and *Silence*, the Disenchantment of *Bottom*, the Eve of St. Agnes, the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, *Kitely* and *Dame Kitely* (DR. JOHNSON'S *Every Man in his Humour*), and the Interview of WERNER and the EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

Explain and give the derivation of "Pollard Oak," "Anchorite," "La Tricotense," and "La Marchande de Légumes."

Give the correct pronunciation of FRA Bartolommeo, Hobbema, Ruysdael, Mierevelt, Jan Claasze Rietchoof, Brauwer, Mieris, Mantegna, Vandevelde, Velasquez, Zegers, and Zurbaran; and explain Lo Spagnoletto, Andrea del Sarto, and the origin of the names of Ghirlandaio, and Tintoretto.

What was CAYTON's connection with the Press?

Are you not of opinion that descriptive tablets on all the frames would be highly desirable?

IN GOOD COMPANY.

ON his return to London from being present at the great sight in Paris, the LORD MAYOR, with peculiar appropriateness, gave an account of his visit at a dinner of the Spectacle Makers.

A BUMPER AT PARTING!



AREWELL!

Can it be that the time has come for that saddest of sad words?

"Ergo ahi dabit ipse rudem (si nostra movebunt Conalia) et vitæ diversum iter ingredietur, Ad pugnam qui rhetoricâ descendit ab umbrâ!"

Or, if *Punch* may paraphrase JUVENAL,—

Will he who, from Llandudno's calm retreat,
Late burst, at once, on battle and defeat,
Will he, though HARCOURT gird, and GRANVILLE

pray,
Himself the Leader's truncheon fling away?

Still in his prime of power, unbent by years,
Renounce the joy of battle with his peers,
Unmoved by *Punch's* counsel or his prayer,
Nor to his realm relinquish name an heir?

Can such a transmigration indeed be true—from the battle of the Benches to the battle of the Books, from Politics to Polemics, from HANSARD to HOMER? Yes! He has chosen—and set us all asking, as CICERO asked POMPEY, but without his irony, "*Tam bonus gladiator rudem tam citò accepti?*"—Can such a fighter take his discharge so soon! With RUSSELL still politically combative and controversial, still sensitive to a party raw, still hot over the memory of a party defeat and proud in the recall of a party triumph, at eighty-three! With DISRAELI, only ten years younger, still in the Head-Master's Chair, still wielding the Head-Master's birohen sceptre over his Tory pupils and subjects—GLADSTONE throws up the leadership of the Liberals at five years over the three score!

It cannot be true that time has done this, nor can we see in it the force of that destructive "tide in the affairs of men," which has swept away so much good work—washed out all traces of so much gratitude.

Can it be that W. E. G. has found Pen a pleasanter or more potent weapon than Tongue—capable of being used with more leisureliness in its aim, more precision in its stroke, more profit in the triumphs it secures? But there are so many possible contributors to the *Contemporary* of translations from *Homer*, even of translations as bad as W. E. G.'s of the speech of *Achilles* last year; so many who could have set the Churches by the ears on the Vatican Decrees, and so few who can

"Wield at will the fierce democracy"

which shares between it the Benches of the House of Commons; so few who can unite in a party-firm men and minds so far apart as DILKE and ACLAND, BRIGHT and GRANVILLE, RYLANDS and LUBBOCK, PLAYFAIR and PETER TAYLOR; so few under whom all that call themselves "Liberal" can be content to serve and sink their differences; so few we can all be proud of; so few at whose feet defeated enemies can lay their colours without shame!

But if the retrospect saddens, what is *Punch* to say of the prospect? "Follow my Leader" was a game hard enough for some of the livelier Liberals to keep the rules of. But "Choose my Leader" . . .! What are those skittish and skipping spirits likely to make of *that* game? And when our ALEXANDER—even if he have passed his ring to GRANVILLE—has made no sign to guide the choice of his successor! But that successor must be found. "*Le Roi est mort!*" Whose name is *Punch* to couple with his "*Vive le Roi!*"?

THE FIRST PINCH.



THE FIRST PINCH.

Every Cabinet Minister is supposed to be "up to snuff," and the final test of competency for the post is the power of inhaling, without stertoration, three pinches of that potent compound of British rappee, Scotch high-dried, and Irish black-guard, which makes up "The Cabinet Mixture"—the secret of whose amalgam is passed, under seal of an awful oath of secrecy, from the Senior Messenger at the First Lord's Office in Downing Street, on his death-bed, to his successor.

Upon the contents of this box is based that esoteric Cabinet language in which the destinies of the nation are discussed and decided—and which is also transmitted, by an unbroken tradition, through channels hid from the ken of the outer world—from Prime Minister to Prime Minister.

"And now, my Lords and Gentlemen," said the RIGHT HONOURABLE B-NI-M-N D-SR-LI, after the usual compliments of the season, "What is to be 'OUR FIRST PINCH'?"

He paused for a reply.

"Reducing the Irish Judicature to reasonable dimensions," said my LORD C-TENN.

"Squaring Secular and Spiritual in our schools," observed the DUKE OF R-CHM-ND.

"Finding me a decent amount of work to do," said LORD M-LM-SR-RY.

"Making both ends meet, with a decent lap over," sighed the RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ST-FY-ED N-ETHC-TE.

"Defining a *bonâ fide* traveller," blurted out the RIGHT HONOURABLE R. A. CROSS.

"Keeping one's temper with PRINCE —," said LORD D-R-BY, when he was promptly pulled up by the first bar of the popular song, "O No We Never Mention Him," hummed significantly by the RIGHT HONOURABLE B. D-SR-LI.

"Framing a Constitution for Fiji," murmured my LORD C-EN-RV-N.

"Filling the tub of the Danaides," groaned the RIGHT HONOURABLE G-TH-RNE H-RDY.

"Reframing a native Army," rapped out the MARQUIS OF S-L-SR-RY.

"Balancing a big English Navy against a small German," murmured the RIGHT HONOURABLE W-ED H-NT.

"Teaching my Post-Office pupils, in the lower classes, to mind their letters, instead of writing them," pautively whispered LORD J-EN M-NN-RS.

Then followed a silence, broken by the RIGHT HONOURABLE B. D-SR-LI.

"All Pinches, my Lords and Gentlemen, and some of them hard enough, I have no doubt; but none of them entitled to the place of 'The First Pinch.' That proud position is reserved for the difficulty I have to propound, 'Carrying on the duties of Her Majesty's Government with the headship of Her Majesty's Opposition in Commission'—and for that Pinch we have to thank the RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE!"

A LINGUISTIC LIFT FOR DR. LIDDON.

DR. LIDDON is in want of a preposition to express the sense of a word. Would his purpose be answered by the combination "Pseudontrasubantepostobininterultracitrasextra-intraubtersuperstantiation."

V. MEN WANTED! R.

WAR OFFICE. Intelligence Department.
85, Fleet Street.

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH presents his compliments to those this Circular may concern, and begs to inform them that the British Army, which the Field-Marshal has the honour to supervise, is greatly in need of Recruits. He would add that the evidence taken before the Recruiting Commission proved that the want of respect shown by civilians to her Majesty's uniform had a great deal to do with the Army's loss of popularity. The Field-Marshal would further point out:—

1. That the intellectual training of Soldiers is now a matter of paramount importance, and that the Privates of many Regiments can compare favourably with civilians as regards education.

2. That through the exertions of H.R.H. the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, Recreation Rooms and Libraries have been established in all the Barracks, with the object (an object that has been attained) of fostering refinement in the ranks.

3. That, during the recent series of Autumn Manœuvres, the Armies in the Field have gained golden opinions from all with whom they have come in contact.

4. That most Soldiers, when they leave the Service, are found to be admirably adapted to fill the positions of clerks, railway-guards, policemen, and other posts of importance and responsibility.

5. That a Colour-Sergeant is a Non-Commissioned Officer in command of some sixty or a hundred men, who has been promoted after many years' service in the ranks, in recognition of zeal, cleverness, and good conduct.

Having made these observations, FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH is forced to record his deep regret:—

1. That a Magistrate speaking from the Bench should have thought proper to inform a Recruit that to join the Army was to take a false step in life, which might possibly entail the breaking of his parents' hearts.

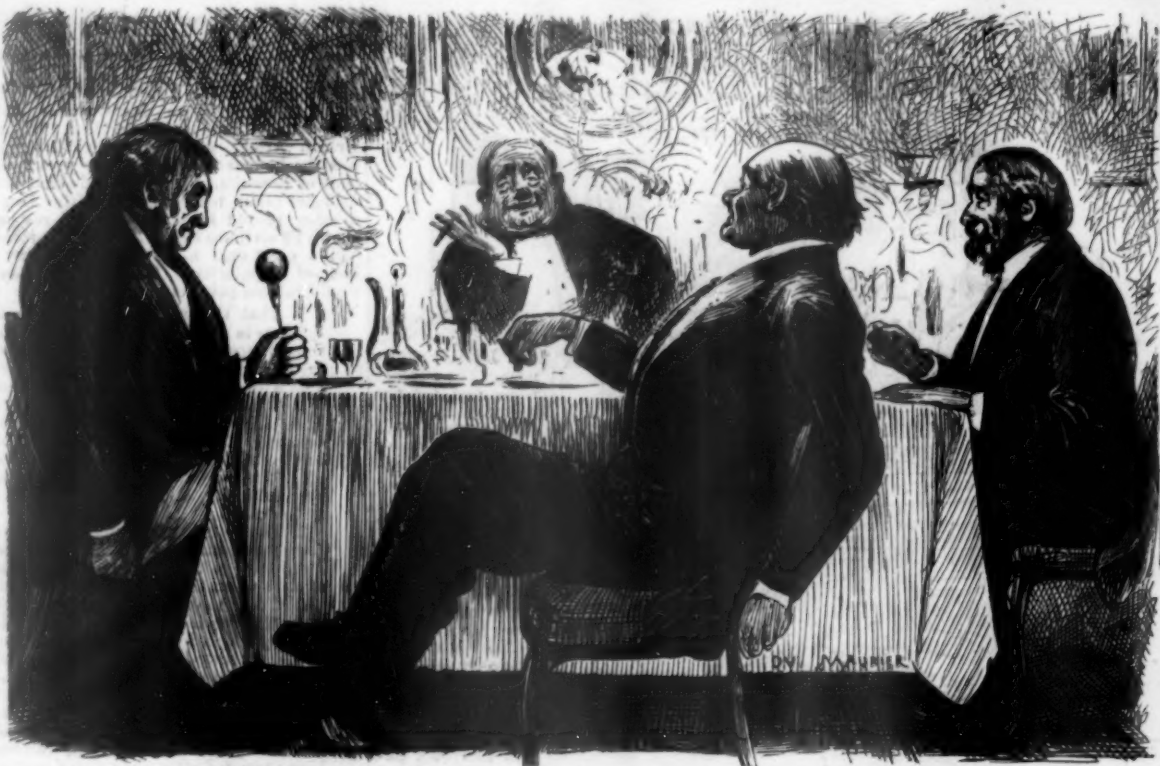
2. That a Non-Commissioned Officer should be refused admission to the best seats in a place of public entertainment because he (the Non-Commissioned Officer in question) happened at the time of purchasing his ticket to be wearing the should-be honoured uniform of Her Majesty the QUEEN.

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH consequently feels it to be his duty to issue the following orders:—

1. In future, City Aldermen, in their official capacities, will refrain from making remarks calculated to bring the Army into ridicule, hatred, or contempt.

2. If any regulation exists preventing soldiers in uniform from appearing in the better seats of places of entertainment, the rule in question must be immediately abolished.

In conclusion, FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH is strongly of opinion that recruiting will continue to remain slack until the difference existing between the social conditions of the British Soldier in the present, and the Negro Slave in the past, is thoroughly understood and admitted by the public in general, and the people to whom this circular is addressed in particular. It must be remembered in future that the Livery of Her Majesty is worn by warriors, and not by flunkies.



CRUEL!

SMITH (usually a shy, reserved, and silent man) tells a rather long, but otherwise entertaining, story, about an Orange, which meets with great success.

Brown (when the laughter and applause have subsided). "BRAVO, SMITH! CAPITAL, OLD MAN! BUT, I SAY, YOU TOLD IT BETTER ONE NIGHT AT JONES'S, A FEW MONTHS AGO!"

Jones. "No, no! WHERE HE TOLD IT BEST WAS THAT MORNING WE BREAKFASTED WITH YOU, BROWN, SOMEWHERE ABOUT THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR BEFORE LAST!"

Robinson. "AH, BUT DON'T YOU RECOLLECT THE WAY HE TOLD IT AFTER THAT SUPPER I GAVE YOU FELLOWS AT EVANS' IN 'FIFTY-ONE'? HOW WE DID LAUGH, TO BE SURE!"

THE LAST SONG OF A SAVAGE.

'Tis all for a misfortun' I'm condemned for to be 'ung,
As a warnin' and example to all Roughts both old and young.
'Twas brought in wilful murder because my wife did die
Just through my havin' kicked her—that's the honly reason wy.

I kicked her like I'd kicked her full many a time afore;
I kicked her just as usual, I thought, no lees nor more,
And only two days runnin'; but my ill-luck was such
One kick at last I give her as turned out a kick too much.

I do declare I never did intend to take her life,
But safe within an inch of it purposed to kick my wife,
Atakin' good care always short o' murder for to steer,
And 'opin' hof the gallus by that means I should keep clear.

In pint of law I thought the crime of murder was intent.
Exactly not for to commit that much was what I meant;
So, therefore, when another's life it was my haim to spare,
To make me forfeit pay my own is wot I calla unfair.

I truly do repent the hextry kiek I did bestow,
Or too much wigger unawares wot I flung into my toe.
Had I but know'd, I'd ne'er ha' kicked my wife completely dead,
To let myself in for the doom wot has 'lighted on my 'ed.

'Twas constant drink as brought me to the customary state
Wot caused the fatal haccident it grieve me to relate.
I was drunk the day I kicked her; I was also drunk the night.
When I kicked her the next mornin' I'd not yet got sober quite.

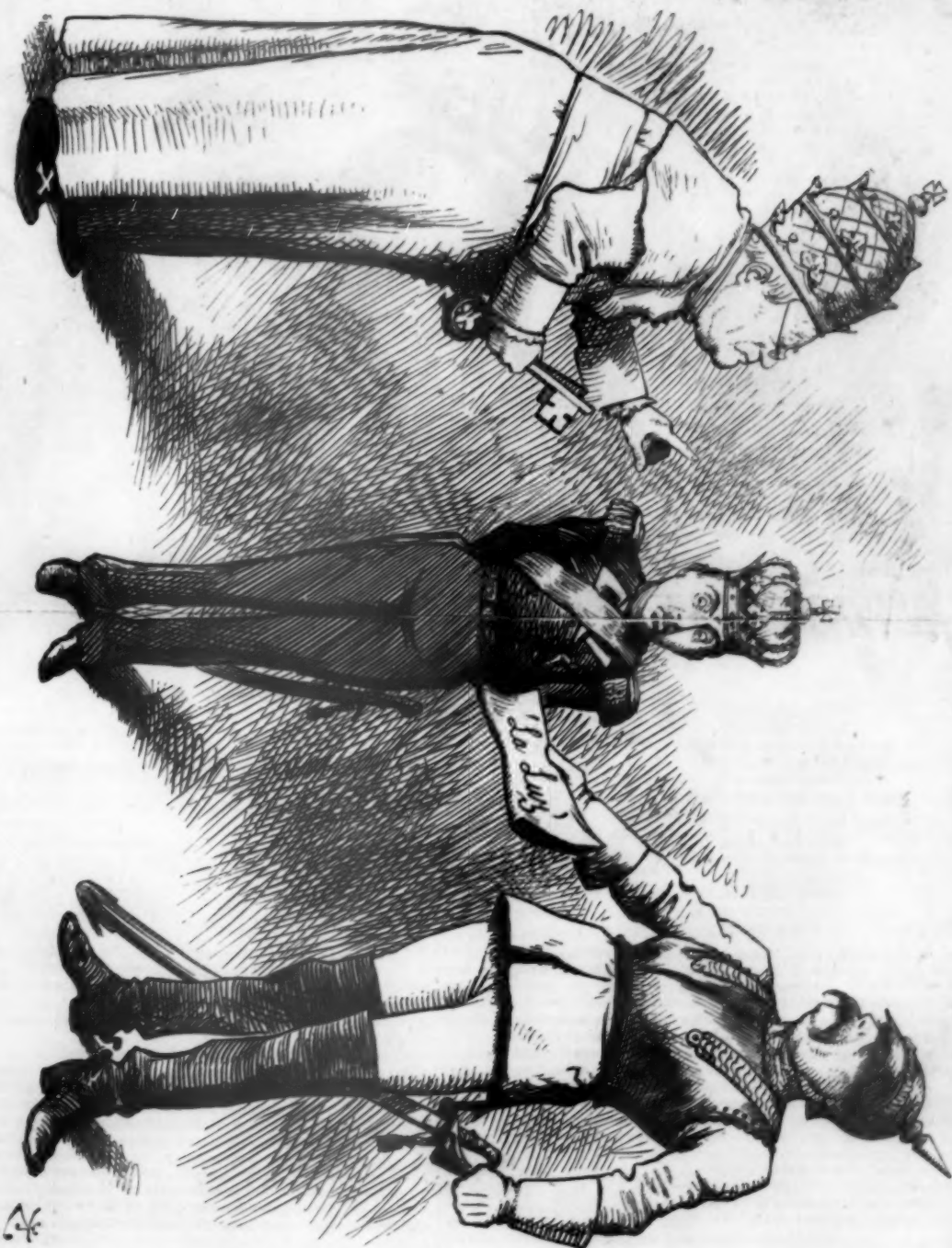
The cause of hall was the means I got excess of drink to buy;
The wages of the Workin'-Man, witch of late has rose so high:
We obtains increase of hincome to enjoy more drunken lives,
And we strikes agin employers, and we goes and kiks our wives.

My pals, to rescue all of you from my untimely end,
Reduction of your wages I should strongly recommend.
Then you won't get drunk, like I done, and kick your wives too
free,
And 'ave to hexpiate your offence upon the gallus-tree.

Liddon's Mycology.

CANON LIDDON has been driven by MONSIEUR CAPEL to disclaim certain doctrinal statements occurring in Ritualistic books of devotion as "fungi." A mycologist would perhaps like to know what particular fungi the Canon means. As the statements in question are rank Popery, it may be suggested that they are all so many varieties of the *Boletus Romanus*. Of course CANON LIDDON cannot regard them as common mushrooms, or any other sort of esculent fungi, and, if he were a stanch Protestant, would class them with the *Russula emetica*, the *Amanita verna*, the *Lactarius torminosus*, and the other poisonous toadstools.

A CUSTOMER FOR MR. RICE.—A Chinamaniac in the country writes to ask if the Big Bed of Ware is of Worcesterahire or Staffordshire, and if it is likely to be put up to auction when the Babes in the Wood have no further use for it?



"BETWEEN TWO FIRES."

"PRINCE DOMINICK has intimated to the new Spanish Government that its recognition by Germany must be conditional on the withdrawal of the suspension of the two suppressed Protestant Journals, and the reopening of the closed Protestant Meeting-House." "The new Government has refused to accede to this demand, and renewed the Xunio's commission at Madrid, it was under the assurance that the old ecclesiastical and educational supremacy of the Holy Church would be restored."—*News and Correspondence from Spain.*

THE THREE LIPS.



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NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.



PIE sat on a pear-tree,
A very shrewd Old Pie,
Watching the little boys and girls
To school go gravely by.

"These boys," he said, "will mostly be
Concoited little prigs;
And I'd rather have girls in frocks and curls,
Than in Doctors' gowns and wigs."

II.

O RARE HARRY PARRY,
If ever you marry,
Be sure you don't marry a fool
Who's cram-full of learning,
And constantly burning
To turn your home into a school.

Ethetical notions
And psychic emotions
Are apt to be bores in a wife;
Remember Minerva
Was left to preserve a
Sad celibate state all her life.

III.

LITTLE JACK HORNOR
Sat in a corner,
Seeking for reasons why
The circle and square
Are just what they are,
And can't be aught else if they try.

When, after thinking
Days without winking,
He had not found the reasons why,
From his seat he arose
And cocked up his nose,
And said, "What a wise boy am I!"

IV.

JACK SPRAT
Could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
This way went SPRAT,
His wife went that—
Both crooked ways, I ween.

To Church JACK went,
As he was bent;
His wife she went to Mass;
That they fell out,
Was just about
What soonest came to pass.

MATTER AND ACCIDENTS.

In one of the letters lately addressed by MONSEIGNEUR CAPEL to the *Times*, the subjoined definitions are quoted from a work whose author was the late Dr. NEALE, advanced Ritualist. The Monsignore adopts them as a "clear exposition" of a dogma—with which Mr. Punch has nothing to do. In themselves, however, they are simply statements concerning science, a subject which is quite within the province of Mr. Punch:—

"All matter is divided into the accidents and the substance. Accidents of matter are those which make a thing appear to be what it is. Substance is that which makes a thing to be what it is. The accidents remain; the substance is changed."

Now Mr. Punch begs to submit the following questions to MONSEIGNEUR CAPEL, or anybody else who thinks he can answer them.

If substance is that which makes matter to be what it is, then is substance anything else than power? And then is not the substance of matter immaterial?

Are accidents of matter absolutely and invariably those which make a thing appear to be what it is? Do not certain Doctors, including Doctor CAPEL, on the contrary, most strenuously maintain that accidents may possibly, and occasionally do, make a thing appear to be what it is not?

What are the substances, respectively, of a piece of bread and a piece of beef? Is there any such thing as a simple substance of

either? Are not the only known or conceivable substances of beef and of bread certain substances supposed to be elementary, principally carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen? What difference is there between bread and beef other than that of the chemical and mechanical arrangement and relative quantities of those substances in the beef and in the bread? If bread is converted into beef, as through being eaten by an ox, what change from bread to beef takes place besides the decomposition of the elementary substances of bread and their recombination in the form of beef?

Is not the science which divides matter into substance and accidents as above defined, science of the same character as that which once divided it into four elements, earth, air, fire, and water? Lastly, as to the accidents of matter, has matter really any accidents at all, except those which it is liable to meet with, such as the breakage of cups and saucers, glasses, dishes, plates, windows, heads, limbs, ribs, collar-bones, and all the other various casualties too numerous to mention, which are wont to befal, annoy, exasperate, hurt, or damage, men, animals, and things.

Something Like a Work of Art.

CANOVA's is a name famous in Fine Art, but of all CANOVAS' works where is there one to be compared with the re-erection now in progress under the auspices of that famous name at Madrid, with the title of "Government ousting Anarchy."



A RARA AVIS.

Jones. "WHO IS THAT GIRL ALL THE MEN SEEM SO ANXIOUS TO BE INTRODUCED TO!"

Brown. "O, THAT'S MISS PYNKE. WONDERFUL WOMAN, SIR!"

Jones. "WHAT HAS SHE DONE?"

Brown. "NEVER WRITTEN A NOVEL, OR CONTRIBUTED TO A MAGAZINE!"

PUNCH TO THE KING OF SIAM.

FAIR greeting, Courteous Cousin mine. You are the King of Siam, And *Punchius Rex* the mighty, monarch of Fleet Street I am. No need, I'm sure, of further ceremonious introduction, For *Punch* is doubtless known and read with rapture and instruction

As constantly in far Bangkok as 'tis in near Balmoral. I (let us, Cousin, drop, *pro. tem.*, the old Imperial plural.) Read with pleasure, whose expression cannot be too pronounced, That very friendly letter signed by BHASHAKARAWONGSE. (I hope, with all my heart, that I have spelled and scanned precisely

The something prolix name of one who turns our tongue so nicely.) Effulgency! your proffer is enlightened as 'tis handsome, And from the courteous Sovereign of a distant Eastern land, some Who think themselves much nearer to the civilised meridian Might take a profitable hint. "Twould tax an Art Ovidian To sing the metamorphoses these demiurgic Sciences Have wrought with all their wizard spells and wonderful appliances.

But Science, Cousin Siam, your true Cosmopolite is; And wide as Nature in its sphere its broad benignant flight is, And, like that often quoted "touch of Nature," kins us truly From here to distant Siam, as from there to farthest Thule. Much enered at for its proiness, but with its own Romance, it Has just been watching warily Dame Venus at her transit; And is about to send a stoutly-armed but peaceful legion, To circumvent the icy guards of the circumpolar region. *Punch* favours undertakings of this brave and blameless genus, And, though he's heard some hints that slippery Sol and tricky Venus

(As might have been expected) have been plotting to befog us, And in a maze of merely bogus calculations bog us,

Yet, spite of solar shifts, or interlunar plots and pranks, it Is plain that Science means to win at last. KING PUNCHIUS thanks it.

And now, by way, no doubt, of an agreeable variety, The pundits of our Royal Astronomical Society, And other learned bodies, have made up their minds to follow The little game that's coming off 'twixt Dian and Apollo. With Camera, and Spectroscope, and FOUCAULT'S Siderostat, They mean to keep an eye upon the point the pair have crossed at; And solve the secrets,—stiffish stuff for long and learned papers,—Of chromosphere and corona, of spectra, beads, and vapours. *Punch* warmly wishes them good speed. And now, most courteous Cousin

Of Siam, comes your amicable offer—worth a dozen Palavers or State protocols, as genuine links to bind us And put the bad old days of white exclusiveness behind us. *Punch* promptly drinks your royal health in a stoup of right good Stingo.

And though our people may not understand each other's lingo So well as we might wish perhaps, yet genuine love and liquor Are of no land or lexicon. It makes the blood run quicker To think that Saxons may drink *hael* as far as far Chinese land, With such a brick as you must be, Lord of the Siamese land! *Punch* wishes his observatory (fixed so much farther west Than Bangkok's latitude) allowed *himself* to be your guest: But he must keep his perch, although with sympathies sporadic, For Nature's Nobs (*you'll understand*), must not be too nomadic. No doubt, in that particular, we are but brother yokemen, Yet be assured that Britons, through their very first of spokesmen, Return you hearty thanks. Accept? By Jove, they'd better do it Or certain swells shall hear of it. Good DE LA RUX would rue it If such a chance were slighted, and 'twould be a trifle comical If asinine punctilio ruled in matters astronomical. But *Punch* has not the slightest doubt the Royal men of Science Will be but too delighted to remit a prompt complianee



DIAGNOSIS.

"I CAN TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM, MY GOOD FELLOW! YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM AGONY!"

AGONY? WHY, THAT'S JUST WHAT THE FOMER MEDICAL GENT HE TOLD ME! I ONLY WISH I'D NEVER BEEN NEAR THE PLACE!"

With such right Royal bidding. May each Wise Man from the West, Who finds himself so lucky as to be your welcome guest, Resolve that one eclipse at least shall ne'er dim British brightness, Eclipse of English courtesy by Siamese politeness.

WHY I GO TO CHURCH.

FEMININE REASONS.

BECAUSE the REV. VOLUBLE COPE intones so delightfully, and looks so interesting and emaciated, and preaches such delightfully high sermons—and so sweet and short too.

BECAUSE the little boys in white surplices chant so angelically—and one somehow feels it all so delightfully wrong and Roman Catholic.

BECAUSE my bonnet is the loveliest in the village, and it is a duty to show the country girls what a really tasteful thing in dress means.

BECAUSE one likes to look at other peoples' bonnets and dresses; and nothing but seeing could make one believe what execrable taste most English girls have!

BECAUSE CHARLIE is sure to be there, with that inevitable white flower and fern leaf in his button-hole (the ridiculous fellow!), and Mamma will probably ask him home to lunch.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL FREE-FIGHT.

WHEN will Clericals settle
Clash of Church-pot and kettle,
To the tinkle of cymbals emphatic?
The dogmatic free-fight,
At no time too polite,
Is fast growing cat and dog-matic.

Fed with Ritual oil,
Cleric fires counter-coil
Round the Church-pot, high-bubbling their mid on;
CAPEL hoping that first
It will boil, and then burst.
If by Law's stress it must keep its Lid on.

NESTOR-NEWMAN now claims
To pour oil on the flames—
Patristic, plain, pure, preter-human:
While Rome, half-acknowledges,
Masks him cross GLADSTONE's lance—
GLADSTONE—impas congressus to NEWMAN!

Brutus fulmin forth flashes
In clerical clashes
Of in-com-pen-dence-out-stantiation:
And its senseless sounds rattle,
Till, tired of their brattle,
Both the Churches one gives to cremation:

And admires the wise Bishop,
Who, when asked to help dish-up
GUNNEY's Bill by a vote hot and hearty,
Replied he was quite
Off the cards for a fight,
Being booked for a snug garden-party.

Better sporting at hockey,
Or spooning at croquet,
Or flirting, or fan, or lawn-tennis,
Than 'twixt High Church and Low Church,
Breach-widening for No Church,
"Sufragis, linguis, et penis."

FESLER, DÖLLINGER, SCHÜMANN,
MANNING, CAPEL, and NEWMAN,
GLADSTONE, LIDDOX, both Churches' free-fighters,
In his garden could Punch,
But once gather at lunch,
Disarmed of pens, books, robes, and mitres—

His Sense, Wisdom, and Wit,
For them some clue would hit
From their mace, fenced by dogma and creed in,
And his garden they'd own,
Had a right to be known
As a genuine Garden of Eden!

HURR WE GO "UP, UP, UP!"—The most successful example of "Legitation"—the *Daily Telegraph*.

Because I want to see how my Christmas decorations look.
Because it's Sunday, and it would look so strange to stay away.

MASCULINE REASONS.

BECAUSE CANON MANLEY is safe to utter some home-truth from the pulpit which nobody dare say out of it, and one likes to see how awfully scandalised the old fogies of both sexes are safe to be at it.

BECAUSE one feels curious to ascertain to what lengths of rot old BOSHVILLE can go in the pulpit.

BECAUSE one likes to see how near that young RUBBICK can get to Rome without actually crossing the Rubicon.

BECAUSE, unless I go to-day, the opportunity may be lost, as—if one is to believe my Liberationist neighbour, old JAWKINS—the Church is safe to be disestablished, if not next week, next year at latest.

BECAUSE one likes to set a good example.

BECAUSE one catches glimpses of all the pretty girls in the parish.

BECAUSE most respectable people go.

BECAUSE I really should like to believe in something or other, only I haven't time to decide for myself what that something should be, and a fellow might get a lead at church some Sunday, perhaps.



DISCERNMENT.

Young Lady (who has missed "The Meet"). "DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE HOUNDS ARE, ROBINS!"
 Old Keeper (compassionately). "Y'ARE JUST TOO LATE, M'DE,—THE GENTLEMEN BE ALL GONE!"

AN ANCIENT CLERK.

LAW.—WANTED by a CLERK with (twenty years' experience), a permanent SITUATION. Advertiser is acquainted with Conveyancing, Accounts, Book-keeping, and the General Routine of a solicitor's office; also competent to conduct magisterial business in the occasional absence of the principal. Aged ninety-three, married; salary moderate."—*Law Times*.

THIS venerable gentleman must have discovered the Elixir of Life, and in the most unlikely place for it—an attorney's office! At ninety-three he still seeks a permanent situation! He ought, certainly, to be an authority on "long leases" and "life interests." But of all the undesirable "tenancies for life," we should have imagined a managing clerk's stool in an attorney's office about the most untempting. The application is all the stranger as the applicant's experience of similar situations only extends over twenty of his ninety-three years, so that he must have been sixty-three when he began office-work. Perhaps his sense of right and wrong was already too strong to be shaken, or his sensibilities were so blunted by age that he did not feel any conscience-prick from the work he must have had to do.

Memo.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* informs us that a Form of Prayer is to be read out on the launching of Men of War and a Service specially compiled for the purpose by His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. We understand that Woolwich Infants are in future to be christened, torpedoes to be sprinkled with holy water, gunpowder to be blessed by the ton, and shells by lots of fifty.

DON MOT.

(To be read *Sardou-nically*.)

QUELLE bonheur pour la race humaine—
 A Paris on supprime *La Haine*!

THE MAN AT THE HELM.

Saturday, January 16.

TO MR. PUNCH.
 SIR,—What do I read in the Spanish correspondence of this morning's *Times*?

"With all possible allowance for the flattery which, like Providence, doth 'hedge a King,' so long as he is fortunate, there seems to be good evidence in all the sayings and doings of ALFONSO THE TWELFTH, as reported hitherto, to induce one to believe either that he is led by very wise instincts, or that he is most prudently advised."

"Prudently advised" is it? Bedad, I believe you!
 Look at this, a few sentences farther on—

"The Prince's Manifesto on his birthday, the happy words spoken by him, or at least attributed to him, in his intercourse with his friends and with strangers, and even the letter of thanks addressed to the President of the Ministry of Regency himself, come before the public under the inspiration of CAÑOVAS DEL CASTILLO and of those whom this wary counsellor had placed by the Prince's side, among whom we hear of one MURPHY, who has been DON ALFONSO's tutor, and who, in the quality of the young King's gentleman de chambre, is his constant attendant."

There you have it!
 MURPHY's the man!
 Hurroo for Old Ireland!

Yours,

BRYAN O'LYNN.

A Fact for Darwin.

"A FACT for DARWIN!"—where, pray, can one see
 Of Man's Development a proof completer?—
 By his Infallibility Decree
 PETER's Successor has out-Peter'd PETER.

THE SUN AND THE ASTRONOMER-ROYAL.—Light and AIRY.



"LE JEU NE VAUT PAS LA CHANDELLE."

Old Gent (having had to pay twice). "BUT I'M POSITIVE I HANDED YOU THE MONEY! IT MAY PROBABLY HAVE DROPPED DOWN THE SLIT IN THE DOOR!"

Conductor. "SLIT IN THE DOOR!—WELL, 'TAIN'T LIKELY I'M GOIN' TO TURN THE BUS UPSIDE-DOWN FOR SIXPENCE!"

KILLING NO MURDER.

THE following curiosities have not yet been added to the Catalogue of the British Museum. *Mr. Punch* is happy to be able to supply the deficiency:—

A Windowless Tank.—This extraordinary apartment is devoted to the use of the Superintendent of the Printed Book Department and his staff. It is lighted by sky-lights. According to the best medical testimony, the air of this horrible place becomes actually fetid on winter afternoons, being tainted by the breaths of the twenty or thirty employees who work therein. According to the same authority, the amount of sickness among the junior assistants is alarming. Several have died, several are suffering in health and are justly alarmed as to the ultimate effects. The late *MR. WARREN* (so says the *British Medical Journal*) complained repeatedly on their and his behalf. He received neither sympathy nor redress. At last his medical man visited his room, and condemned it. *MR. WARREN* renewed his complaint, and quoted his authority. The *British Medical Journal* has been informed that the answer he received was—"How dare you bring a medical man into the Museum without leave of the Trustees!" After a long time, consent was given to a window being cut in the wall of the room in which *MR. WARREN* sat. This got rid of the foul air a little, but it let in killing draughts of cold air. *MR. WARREN* went on complaining for a time, then despaired, and slowly sank. His strength, originally good, became lowered. He caught cold after cold, got a cough, and was at length laid up. Pleurisy, pneumonia, bronchitis, came in turns. He had not strength to shake them off, and so died at the early age of thirty-eight, looking more like forty-eight, leaving a widow and two children. His predecessor in office, *MR. DEUTSCH*, used to predict his own death, and say, "When I die, there will be something done." It will thus be seen that this windowless tank is not only one of the greatest curiosities in the British Museum, but in the whole of the civilised world. N.B.—*Mr. Punch*

recommends the acceptance of a clerkship in the Printed Book Department as an excellent substitute for suicide by drowning, charcoal, or strangulation.

The Heads of the Printed Book Department.—Very curious Heads indeed. According to the *British Medical Journal* the tradition of these gentlemen has been for many years past to repress complaints on the score that they (the Heads of the Department) feel no bad effects themselves from the vitiated air to be found in the cellars devoted to the use of their subordinates. N.B.—*Mr. Punch* begs to point out that the room used by the Heads of the Printed Book Department is a private one with an open fire.

The Readers in the First Floor Gallery.—Remarkable specimens of endurance. The air breathed by these enthusiasts is very trying. It causes throbbing of temples, chill of hands and feet, and is frequently provocative of nausea. If a window be opened to relieve these symptoms, cold draughts produce colds, rheumatism, and other unpleasant maladies. N.B.—*Mr. Punch* begs to state that the Readers in this gallery belong chiefly to the class of misguided persons who, often for a very poor pittance, devote their time and energies to the instruction and amusement of a generous and indulgent British Public!

The Board of Trustees.—By far the greatest curiosity in the National Collection. Besides the claim to this distinction which may be based on the fact that for many years, in spite of numerous applications, the Trustees have paid no sort of attention to the representations that have been addressed to them through the Public Press, or other non-official channels, this title is surely due to the Museum Board on the score of its composition. It consists mainly of some of the highest and hardest-worked officials of the kingdom, who yet find time to superintend this great National Collection of Literature, Science, and Art; and of family-trustees, who because their ancestors once cared for Letters or Arts enough to bequeath treasures of one or the other to the British Museum, are still considered to have a hereditary claim to share in its management.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.



ING, sing, what shall I sing?
Of Lawyers' wigs and
gowns,
Of costs, costs, and still
more costs,
And shillings charged
as crowns!

Sing, sing, what shall I
sing?
Of one sane bird who
saw
That, play, play how you
may,
To win is to lose, at Law.

II.

Boys and girls, come out to play,
Kriegspiel is the game to-day!—
Bring your books and bring your brains,
Boys and girls, and plan campaigns.

III.

ROBIN-A-BOBBIN was scarcely ten,
But knew enough for a score of men;
His sole delight was going to school,—
Yet was ROBIN-A-BOBBIN next door to a fool.

OVERWORKED AND UNDERPAID!

(Dialogue between two Episcopal Labourers in the Vineyard.)

First Labourer. I don't know how it may be with you, brother, I know I am worked to death. Revision meeting this morning; Rubrics' Committee this afternoon; Total Abstinence platform on Tuesday; chair of the Borriobooloogha Shirt-extension and Introduction of Pocket-handkerchiefs Association Dinner on Wednesday; the dear DUCHESS OF OMNIUM's morning-party on Thursday; and on Friday a rush into my diocese for two confirmations in the course of the day, and to get to LORD REREDOS's, half a county's breadth from the second, in time for five o'clock tea! Killing work, brother. They'll miss us, perhaps, when they've used us up in this frightfully improvident and unfeeling fashion!

Second Labourer (sighing). Let us hope we may have some leisure after Government has increased our numbers!

First Labourer. Let us hope so (facetiously). If the Government improve our position, the Liberationists will say we owe it all to the Labourers' Union.

Second Labourer (in the same tone). We're like them in one respect, at least. We also have an ARCH at our head.

First Labourer (following up the joke). Two—CANTERBURY and YORK! Ha! Ha! But I mustn't keep the Revision Committee waiting. Good morning! my dear Lord!

Second Labourer. Good morning, my very dear Lord.

[Exeunt severally.]

"Here Feel we but the Penalty of Adam."

As You Like it.

MR. ADAM, the Liberal Whip, has been called on to call a meeting for the choice of a Liberal Leader. Strictly correct and appropriate. ADAM, ought to have a great deal to do with naming the first man—of Her Majesty's Opposition.

A CALL TO CLERICALS.

"If the Clergy could establish effectually a 'sort of general pastoral relation' with the men and women of their parishes—with the fathers and mothers—they might safely leave the children to take care of themselves."—*Times*.

PERCHANCE 'tis too much to expect the young elves
We call children to take perfect care of themselves:
But all will agree that our hard-working Clerici,
If they quite forgot questions of Ritual and Heresy,
By stooping to conquer, might leave in the lurch
The zealots who'd fain disestablish the Church.

What use are their diatribes brilliant and bitter?
What use is their ecclesiastical glitter?
If the sermon that soothes, and the costume that pleases,
Too often unite with behaviour that freezes:
The Parson or Layman whose life's Christianity
A short cut has found to the heart of humanity.

Of a parish the Church is the natural centre:
But if there are some who that building won't enter,
'Tis easy enough, if you'll just condescend
To be human, to show them the Parson's their friend.
He stands above wealth, nor need stoop to the door
Of toilers like him, and oft hardly more poor.

In Lay, high or low, let the Parsons own equals,
And the Church need not fear any sinister sequels.
Let the School-Boards administer discipline brechen
To the well-chosen part of the rustical urchin,
While the Rector or Vicar becomes—what's now rarish—
The very best friend of all ranks in his parish.

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD PROVERB (*vide* RUDERY v. SAMPSON).
—Tell truth, and—pay the damages!



A STEP FARTHER.

HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Horse can't go out—I can't—It's cold—The new Jon and his friends.

As the rain comes on suddenly, and the trap has not yet returned from being mended, the new horse can't be tried. I ask MURGLE "why the trap went to be mended." He answers, "Well, you see, Sir, it shifted itself like; it 'ud ha' come down all a one side soon, it would."

Suddenly I find that I am not well.

I know it myself. So does my Aunt. Only she does not consider it in so serious a light as I do. She sets it down at once to "a cold." "I told you what it would be," she says, "you would go outside that gate to talk with that man CHALVEY, without putting anything on your head, or round your throat, and so you've caught cold."

Her remedies are, feet in hot water at night, hot rum before going to bed, and "jump into bed directly you've drank it, and keep yourself well covered up." This, I admit, is admirable as far as it goes. I don't know how far the rum goes, but that depends upon quantity.

Besides, I tried this remedy once, and not being accustomed to spirits, least of all rum, and finding it uncommonly nice, I took three doses of it, one after the other. On this occasion I certainly kept myself well covered up at night, for I found myself in bed with my boots on in the morning. *My cold had gone, however.*

So as my first attempt at a medical note-book, to be entitled, *Every Man his own Doctor*, specially suitable for this time of year, I put down

Happy Thought (for receipt).—Go to bed with your boots on. Also don't wind up your watch at night. I didn't. And what's more, I don't exactly know how or when I got into bed. I mention these details because they must form part of a cure for a cold: as most certainly I was cured.

The above too is a recipe for getting up with a slight headache the next morning; but this does not detract from its value as a remedy for removing a cold. I forgot to mention, though this will be understood by a careful perusal of the foregoing remarks, that the patient must begin by drinking plenty of rum, hot and strong, *before he takes his boots off.* Otherwise, he'll never get to bed in his boots, and this I consider to be the most important item in the cure.

However, as I said before, and as I feel now, I am not well.

I haven't exactly got a headache, and yet I am not free from headache.

I haven't got a regular cough, and yet I am not free from an irregular cough. The cough is horribly exasperating for one minute—twists me about till I feel like a limp corkscrew—not that this can convey any idea to anyone of my particular sensation, so I will say, as I do to BOODELLS, who happens to look in (being in the neighbourhood), that I experience a sensation like what I can imagine a chicken would feel whose neck had been only half wrung, and who had been left on a lawn to revive as best he could.

BOODELLS is not much of a fellow to come and see you when you're ill. It is not that he is exactly unsympathetic, but he has always had everything you've got now, himself, a long time ago, and pretends to make nothing of it.

He is full of how he treats himself when he is taken just in the same way. He says to me, "My dear fellow, you give way so. Why, I have a cough for more than half the year, twice as bad as what you've got now, and I never lay up for it."

Then I don't believe that his was ever half or a quarter as bad as mine, or he wouldn't be here now to tell me of it. BOODELLS would have been done for long ago. I tell him that I suffer agonies at intervals. He won't believe it, because he doesn't see me pale, emaciated, and writhing on a bed of sickness.

I am sitting before a fire in my armchair, and (I admit it—I can't help admitting it, much as I regret it) looking uncommonly well. That's the worst of me; however ill I am, I invariably look well, and always look better, and feel better, too, when a Doctor comes, just at the very minute when I really do want to give him a specimen of how bad I can be. And why does a Doctor—I mean my Doctor—always come at meal-times just as I'm sitting down to be comfortable?

You can't, I mean I can't, suddenly lie back helplessly in an armchair, pale and gasping, in a broadened dressing-gown and a shirt open at the collar (like LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH at a bedchamber reception) when there's a steaming out off the joint with vegetables and a decanter of Claret before you. You can't say, "O, Doctor, I'm so ill" in the face of such a luncheon, or a late breakfast of similar dimensions. You must feel that to do so would irritate him into sending you the nastiest draught he could make up, and, so to speak, giving you something to be ill for. A sort of practical black draught joke on his part, in return for being taken away from his dinner, or his luncheon, or a day's outing somewhere, by a false alarm. I don't think that doctors, as a rule, would be revengeful. They are among the few people to whom I would subscribe for a testimonial.

I tell BOODELLS that I have no appetite for breakfast.

"Bah!" he returns, quite contemptuously, "why I haven't known what it is to make a breakfast for years."

"Yes," I object, rather pettishly [I feel it is pettish—N.B. Make a note of this for my new book, *Queries of Humanity*, vol. 1., under the head of "Small Causes"—Why provoked by nothing, &c.? *big subjects*], "but I am accustomed to eat a large breakfast, and when I fall off, it must be serious."

"Nonsense," returns BOODELLS, "you've only got a slight cold, and are bilious. I dare say you over-ate yourself one day."

Now I am annoyed. Because if there is *one* thing which I have not done it is to have over-eaten myself.

Happy Thought.—Not worth replying to. Silence speaks contempt. The advantage of being a little distance from town in a real country place (such as is ours where my Aunt's cottage is situated) is that, when you are ill, your friends can come out to see you, and spend an hour or so with you.

BOODELLS said, when he arrived, that if I didn't mind he'd stop to dinner. I was delighted, and said "of course." But if he's going to talk so unsympathetically I really should be glad if he went away, unless he is going to alter his tone. Odd though, this sort of quarrel, or little difference with him, has made me feel decidedly better. I have been irritated, and this has roused me.

It is annoying to be better when you've sent post-cards to friends to come and see how ill you are. I expect MILBURN and CARRILL: also the Doctor. If they all arrive and find me not only quite well, but having a lively row with BOODELLS, they'll think I'm a humbug. They won't consider that it's only a momentary flash in the pan (so to speak) and that next minute I shall be worse than ever. They'll simply say, "O, you're all right!" Even Jon himself would have lost patience in the same situation. [On reconsideration, if his friends had come in and found him having a row with another friend, of course Jon would have already lost his patience: so that that parallel, excellent as it appeared at first sight, won't stand. Add this as a note to my *Queries of Humanity*, under the head of Jon.]

COMFORT FOR LIBERAL COMMONS. (*In time of W. E. G., late "parent, guide, philosopher, and friend."*)—A FORTER-father.



"OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNifico!"

(A fascinating young Irish Lady, with a lovely brogue, is warbling characteristic popular ditties in the Neapolitan dialect, encouraged thereto by the consciousness that her enraptured audience doesn't know a word of even ordinary Italian.)

Enthusiastic Youth. "How awf'ly beautaf'ly your sister sings, Mr. O'Dowd! How awf'ly vividly she recalls to one's mind the—A—THE—THE CHIAJA, you know,—AND VESUVIUS—AND—THE DEEP BLUE ITALIAN SKY!"

Mr. O'Dowd. "Ah! thin doesn't she, sor! Ye've been in Italy, sor!"

Enthusiastic Youth. "A—A—A—N—N—NO!"

Mr. O'Dowd. "No more have Oi!—No more has me sistur!"

FOLLOW MY LEADER.

We have found the missing Liberal Leader, whom the National Education League, the Liberationist Society, and the Nonconformist Extreme Left are in quest of.

It can only be MESSRS. MASKELYNE and COOKE'S PSYCHO!

"Psycho," says their advertisement "is a dynamic mystery;" that is, "a mystery of power." What "mystery of power" can be like the position of a leader expected to combine the power of his place with the absolute submission which the Liberal Left wing insist upon?

The advertisement goes on to describe "the seat" of this mysterious automaton, which is said "to isolate it from the stage and all visible connections." Just the seat wanted for the Leader of these Leader-leaders. One that isolates him, to all appearance, from the stage or platform of his nominators. He must not be visibly in connection with Educational Leagues or Liberation Societies or Permissive Bills, or other organisations of the nature of strings or wires to set or keep him moving. And yet he must be as completely under the control of these forces, as little Psycho is really under those of his clever wire-pullers.

"Although purely mechanical," continues the advertisement, "Psycho obeys the command of the audience."

Could there be a better description of that combination of apparent independence and freedom of will with absolute submission to the directing powers, which these Leader-makers insist on in their partisan Chief?

Read the resolutions of the late Nonconformist meetings, and Mr. DALE's letter, and you will see what an essential to their notion of leadership is this abject submission, and how independence is indicated as the most fatal disqualification for the post.

Yet though purely mechanical, and obeying the commands of the audience, "the powers" of this wonderful puppet, we are assured in the same sentence "are unlimited." Exactly the apparently impossible combination wanted in a Liberal Leader, as indicated in the Resolutions and Correspondence already referred to. The party is quite ready to yield the most loyal obedience to any chief who will begin by absolute obedience to it.

Lastly, we are informed that "Psycho's movements are caused by a secret intelligent force." So must be those of the required Leader. Secrecy is the very soul of the force that claims to control him. To lay bare its springs, and thereby give the opportunity of gauging them, would be to destroy them.

If the Force is intelligent, as well as secret, so much the better; but intelligence is an accident, and hardly even a likely accident, as the last few days have taught us. Altogether we fail to find a candidate for the Leadership, according to the requirements of MESSRS. DIXON, CHAMBERLAIN, DALE and Co., with anything like the claims of "Psycho."

To Mr. Arthur Chappell.

(On his incomparable Monday Popular Concerts.)

I THINK, as the Hall of St. James' I enter,
Were there many such Chapels, I'd turn a Dissenter.

"SYNONYME SEPTENNAIRE."

THE Parisian Correspondent of the *Times* maintains that the DUC DE BROGLIE, and not MARSHAL MACMAHON, is virtually ruler. No wonder the Septennate is rapidly becoming an Im-Broglio.



“GOOD-BYE!”

D-SH-LI. “SORRY TO LOSE YOU!—I *BEGAN* WITH BOOKS; YOU’RE ENDING WITH THEM. PERHAPS YOU’RE THE WISER OF THE TWO.”



A QUESTION EASIER ASKED THAN ANSWERED.



RESPECTED PUNCH,
SIR,—What a
variety of Ranks
we find in the
British Army!
There is "Sub-
stantive" Rank
and "Brevet"
Rank, "Local"
Rank, "Tempo-
rary" Rank,
"Honorary" Rank
and "Relative"
Rank, "Non-Com-
batant" Rank
ranking with
"Combatant"
Rank, but junior

of that rank except for choice of quarters,—if you think I am a rank impostor, Sir, read "Hart" for yourself. But notwithstanding all these gradations of rank in our Army—many of them held by very old files indeed—what I would ask you is, Where is *THE Rank and File*?

I pause for a reply, and keep BUREAU on the "guinea stamp" for a future occasion.

Recruiting Department, Jan. 1875.

I am, Sir, &c., &c.

LEAFY BARKER.

ANTI-PROCRUSTES.

"He was not going to be as unreasonable as to judge every man by a set of Procrustean standard. He could make allowance for men who were not protected by the external circumstances of their lives against intemperance as he was himself. It would be nothing less than a scandal and disgrace if anyone heard of him (the Bishop) being drunk. He did not mean to say that he did not enjoy a friendly glass of wine at the hospitable table of the Chairman (Mr. WINE) that evening; but Mr. WINE would have been ashamed of him, and he would have been ashamed ever to see Mr. WINE again, if he had so far forgotten himself at his table as to take glass after glass of wine after he had taken as much as he could with safety. But it was not everyone who could sit down, as he had done that evening, where there were so many of the best comforts. All men had not the same protection that he had. At his own home he had a library of books and various ways of occupying his leisure hours in the evening. He did not go home to a one-roomed house, and find his wife undressing the children, or perhaps finishing off the lingering details of the day's washing, voting him rather a bore, and wishing him to make himself scarce for an hour."—BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

"A BISHOP drunk! Terrific scandal
For Liberationists to handle!
And yet a Bishop likes to dine,
And excellent is WINE's port wine."

For this home-truth thank BISHOP FRAZER,
Speaker of sound sense, and no paraser—
Of all the drunkenness we rue,
Worst part to cheerless homes is due.

You, my Lord, having lectured sinners,
Come home to suggest of snug dinners,
Sped with mild jests, decorous laughter,
Crowned with your daughters' music after.

In the dull pelt of rainy weather,
Rare volumes, bound in Russia leather,
Light up the gloom for you with glow
From the great lights of long ago.

With a wise tolerance you look
On those who've ne'er been brought to book;
On lives of all work and no play;
Homes, where 'tis always washing-day.

To check those who, so driven, drink deep,
You do not to compulsion leap,
By the short cut and sharpened claws
Of WILFRED LAWSON's wilful laws.

Sound sense not one of lay monopolies
You prove, my Lord of Cottonopolis;
To whom abuse of malt and hops is
Not crime's brief abstract or synopsis.

Who know the way one fire to smother,
Nine times in ten 's to light another:

Till the good flame puts out the bad,
And the sane pleasure ousts the mad—

Till, alatern changed to pattern wife,
Home takes the place of public life;
And self-respect, can read and think,
And, wonder what 's the joy of drink.

A GOOD WORD FOR A GOOD CAUSE.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to the British Public, and begs to call attention to the position of HENRY LAMONT and JOHN HOOPER, the two most miraculously preserved of the crew of the *La Plata*. HENRY LAMONT is unable to sleep without the strongest narcotics, and when awake, is subject to sudden fits of fainting. The legs and feet of both the sufferers are so swollen and painful, that neither can hope to gain a livelihood by their own exertions for many months to come. Under these circumstances Mr. Punch has no hesitation in informing the British Public that a *La Plata Survivors' Fund* is open for contributions, at MESSRS. HERBES, FARMER, & Co., Bankers, 16, St. James's Street.

NED HAULYARD.

(With Apologies to the late MR. DUNDY, and Compliments to MR. PLIMSOLL, M.P.)

THE wind was fair, the sea not high,
The sunshine bright, and blue the sky;
As the o'erladen vessel weighed,
NED HAULYARD sung, or rather said,

"A Sailor's life 's no life for me;
He takes his duty tremblingly;
The winds may whistle, he can't sing,
Because the load-line's not the thing."

Quick—shorten sail: the gale comes on;
The worn old canvas rends—is gone!
The deck-load, loose, drifts to and fro,
And NED sings on his watch below,
"A Sailor's life 's no life for me—
Duty ain't pleasure—not at sea!
If wind gets up, a chap can't sing—
Deck-loads and old sails ain't the thing."

"A leak! a leak!" the word is past;
"Six foot 'f the well, and rising fast!"
"Turn up all hands!" see HAULYARD jump,
And growl, while cargo chokes the pump,
"A Sailor's life 's no life for me;
He takes his duty grudgingly;
If winds can whistle, he can't sing,
'Cause why?—The pump-gear ain't the thing."

But ill-found ships find 'neath the wave
For selves and owner's sins a grave:
Poor NED, preserved with a few more,
Sings, as in rage he steps ashore,
"A Sailor's life 's no life for me;
I've had enough of the salt sea:
To MUSTER PLIMSOLL's tune I sing,
Our Merchant Service ain't the thing."

Very much Wanted.

LEADER. Wanted, in a Nobleman's and Gentleman's Family, where a permanent "Whip" is kept, a thoroughly responsible person to take the place of Leader. He must be circumspect in his policy, temperate in his language, and understand, in all its branches, the art of making himself generally popular. He must be a member of the Church of England, but on religious matters his views must be strictly moderate. The terms will be Liberal, and the highest political and social references will be required. For all further particulars application to be made immediately at the Reform Club. A fine opening for a young man of high rank, tact, good manners, and amiable character.

ON READING AN EMINENT FRENCHMAN'S VIEWS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

OUR English critics their dull wits keep straining;
When "Enter TAIN!"—and all is entertaining!

CITY AND ARCHITECTURAL.—The proper height of a *Times* "Money" column—above suspicion.



VAULTING AMBITION.

MR. MUFF'S MARE RUSHES AT HER FENCES, AND STOPS—MUFF GOES ON.

THE BRITISH BOOT.

A NEW NATIONAL SONG.

AIR—"The True British Brute."

O THE proud British name 'tis a glory to bear,
So suggestive of all that is manly and fair!
The brave British Flag we have flaunted unfurled,
Till that bright bit of bunting's the "bore" of the world!
And who has been ever yet found to resist
That modern Thor's hammer, the true British fist?

But now we must sing
Quite a different thing,

Long the lord of the seas and the pride of the Ring,
Let JOHN BULL, with the world and his wife at his foot,
Lift a psalm in praise of the stout British Boot!

"There's nothing like leather!" We used to proclaim
That the knife was a sin—the *scarate* was a shame.
Our foes to chastise, or to chasten our wives,
What so manly and frank as a right "bunch of fives,"
Shot straight from the shoulder? We've altered all that,
We stick, and we kick—in despite of the Cat!

No horn'd epidermis
So hard and so firm is,

For "nobbling" our wives,—such the delicate term is,—
As the thick leather sole, with stiff "uppers" to suit,
Of that sweetest of weapons, the stout British Boot!

Are our spouses remiss? We'll their memory jog
With a brisk application of Lancashire clog;
That is better than manual punches or "fibs"
To smash in and settle importunate "ribs"!
Effective enforcer of marital rights,
Companion and backer in "five to one" fights!

Our old British pluck
Has decidedly struck,

In enlisting your service, a new vein of luck.
Pint-pot, knuckle-duster, and PAT's oaken "shoot,"
All pale in thy glory, thou stout British Boot!

British pluck! Why, of course we're the bravest of men,
We bulldoggy Britons! With tongue and with pen
We've been telling the universe *that*, for so long!
In each patriot speech, and each national song,
What a theme it has been for self-soaping and bounce!
Yes, we know our unique fighting-weight to an ounce!

'Tis a militant land,
And we keep in our hand

By thumping our women and weaklings. That's grand.
And not only *our hand* we'll keep in, but *our foot*,
By a liberal use of the stout British Boot!

Unmanly? Pah! Out on such sugary stuff!
JOHN BULL is no "molly"; he's best in the rough.
Your "chivalry" means, as a matter of course,
Just depriving a chap of the use of his force.
Nature favours a fellow with vigorous muscles,
To give him the pull of the women in tussles.

Legs sturdy and thick
Were intended to kick,

(We are learning that lesson in time double quick.)
And, as toes may be tender, we'll furnish each foot
With the rough's *vade mecum*, the stout British Boot!

There are fools who aver that the chap is a cur
Who'd admonish his wife with a kick or a "purr";
That the Cat is a creature too good for the dog
Who would smash his wife's ribs in with brazen-bound clog.
Most absurd, for all Britons are brave, and the kick
Is becoming their favourite militant trick.

We must alter our song,

"Hearts of Oak," true as strong,
Have monopolised chorus and cheer far too long.
Let us sing, let us shout for the leather-shod foot,
And inscribe on our Banners "The Stout British Boot!"

SOMETHING LIKE A MOVE (in the Spanish game).—King to his
own square: *Cheque*—to everybody!



A MINT.

"I WISH I WAS A PUDDING, MAMMA!"

"WHY?"

"'CAUSE I SHOULD HAVE SUCH LOTS OF SUGAR PUT INTO ME."

NOTE FOR DR. NEWMAN.

It may be hoped that Dr. NEWMAN's reply to Mr. GLADSTONE's pamphlet will satisfy Mr. GLADSTONE, and not only him, but likewise LORD CAMOTE and Mr. HENRY PETER. In answering the attack of the ex-Premier, Dr. NEWMAN will probably be found to have poured a quantity of oil on the troubled waters which it has raised. That is to say, if the PORE will vouchsafe to endorse his answer. Infallibility itself alone can authoritatively explain itself. Dr. NEWMAN, although Doctor Doctissimus, is still merely a private doctor. Perhaps, then, if may please His Holiness to certify the explanations of Dr. NEWMAN, and consecrate his oil.

But Mr. Punch must say that he would not stand having his own infallibility explained away as Dr. NEWMAN has explained the PORE's. If Punch were the PORE, and could not read any more than he now can between Dr. NEWMAN's lines, he would, with all his admiration for the skill exerted in composing them, simply excommunicate their author for his pains; at least, as soon as he would LORD ACTON.

But that is neither here nor there. Regarded from a purely critical point of view, Dr. NEWMAN's vindication of Roman Catholic loyalty is replete with his usual charms of style, which render it delightful reading for any thinking person, how widely soever he may dissent from the premises of the writer's dexterous argument. It is a work which not only ought to lie upon every gentleman's table, but might also be a companion to the boudoir of any lady with reasoning powers and a taste for serious subjects.

To suggest the alteration of so much as a single word in a writing of Dr. NEWMAN's would be, for any living mortal, the height of presumption. Mr. Punch has, nevertheless, not the slightest hesitation in proposing for the consideration of Dr. NEWMAN and his readers the replacement of one little monosyllable by another in the following passage:—

"BASIL, on the Imperial Prefect's crying out, 'Never before did any man make so free with me,' answered, 'Perhaps you never before fell in with a bishop?'"

Mr. Punch ventures to suggest a conjectural emendation of the text quoted, of course exactly, by Dr. NEWMAN. For "Perhaps you never before fell in with a bishop," suppose we read, "Perhaps you never before fell out with a bishop." Surely it was rather when

anyone fell out with a bishop of the fourth century that the bishop would be likely to tell that person his mind!

ELM F. WILLOW.

I'd sooner hear about cremation
Than SHYMOUR HADEN's innovation;
'Cause why the former is a matter
Much more unlikely than the latter:
Too sure of 'arrowin' parties' feelings
In practice for to 'urt our dealings.

Besides to urns from coffins turnin'
Would still leave room for profits earnin'
To whosoever was their makers,
Which that might be the undertakers,
Who likewise could their business vary
To stonemason and statuary.

But "earth to earth" enclosed in wicker,
That earth may turn to earth the quicker,
And not, while slow it decomposes,
Infect no persons' 'ealth and noses,
Would soon reduce the undertaker,
Lor' bless us! to a basket-maker.

This talk of change from helm to willow
Have cost me many a sleepless pillow.
The cry is likewise "No more leaden
Hair-tight enclosures for the dead 'un."
Suppose sich shabby alterations
Consented to by mean relations!

Why, next they 'll fancy cosses able
To do without the plumes of sable,
Which neds so noble over 'earses.
Then more to save survivors' purses,
Mutes, scarfs, gloves, 'atbands soon 'will
foller,

And fast-class funerals be thought 'oller.

Some advocates the introduction
Of boxes of a light construction.
Says 'twould do that for which they ask it
As fully as a wicker basket;
Spreadin' decay without infection;
To which I have the same objection.

Yah! who 'd inter friends that's well off in
A deal shell—a mere pauper's coffin,—
Would show, so stingy and 'ard 'earted,
No more respect for the departed;
But cut down funeral expenses
On sanitary false pretences?

Don't say that them in oak as slumber
Continue addin' to their numbers;
Pie'nin' their neighbours' hair and water,
While our line profits by the slaughter:
That friends, with funeral costs o'er-laden,
Calls for this plan wrote up by HADEN.

No—it's the want of faith and feelin'
With all old institutions dealin'
First on the Church it made assault,
Now it attacks church-yard and wault!
The babes that's in our bosoms warmed
No more 'll see "funerals performed!"

Well Named.

By help of the Court Circular we follow
With great interest the movements of the
GRAND DUKE SERGE, fifth brother of the
DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH, now visiting
our island. "SERGE" does not sound a
particularly Imperial name, but how appropriate to a brother of our own Russia
Duck!

SUGGESTED CHANGE OF NAME (in view of
recent events).—Footpaddington.

AN INCORRIGIBLE INFANT (now admitted
everywhere ?)—Europe in ARMS.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

THE resignation of Mr. GLADSTONE of the Leadership of the Liberal Party, in order that that eminent Statesman may be able to devote the remainder of his life to peace and quietness, having given rise to many rumours, *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in making the following announcements:—

There is no truth in the report that KING ALPHONSO will immediately abdicate the Throne of Spain, with a view to completing the studies he recently commenced at Sandhurst.

There is no truth in the report that MARSHAL McMAHON intends to give up the Presidency of the French Government, in order that he may become qualified for a Commission in the Prussian Army.

There is no truth in the report that PRINCE VON BISMARCK will resign the Imperial Chancellorship of Germany, so that he may be appointed Private Secretary to COUNT HARRY ARMIN.

There is no truth in the report that MR. ALDERMAN STONE purposes retiring prematurely from the office of Lord Mayor of the City of London, in order that he may give his undivided attention to the production of a new French Grammar for the use of Schools.

There is no truth in the report that MR. WHALLEY is about to retire from the Representation of Peterborough, in order that he have leisure to devote his energies to the preparation of an Essay upon the OXON Trial suitable for publication in either the *Tablet* or the *Catholic Standard*.

There is no truth in the report that DR. LIDDON will soon cease to be a Canon of the Church of England, in order that he may become a "big gun" in the Theological Establishment presided over by MONSIEUR CAPEL at Kensington.

There is no truth in the report that MR. SAMUEL PLIMSOIL, M.P., will retire from Parliamentary agitation, in order that he may become a partner in a firm of rather "unfortunate" shipowners.

There is no truth in the report that SIR WILFRID LAWSON will

shortly relinquish the position he at present holds in one branch of Public Life that he may become the managing director of a famous distillery.

There is no truth in the report that the Board of Directors of the Great Western Railway Company are about to resign office in order that they may become the founders of a new Accident Insurance Association.

There is no truth in the report that MR. CHATTERTON, of the Theatres Royal, Princesses, Adelphi, and Drury Lane intends to retire from theatrical management that he may have time to publish an elaborate pamphlet in defence of the London music-halls.

There is no truth in the report that LORD JOHN MANNERS will retire from the Post Master Generalship in order that he may be able to accept the Chairmanship of the Civil Service Agitation Committee.

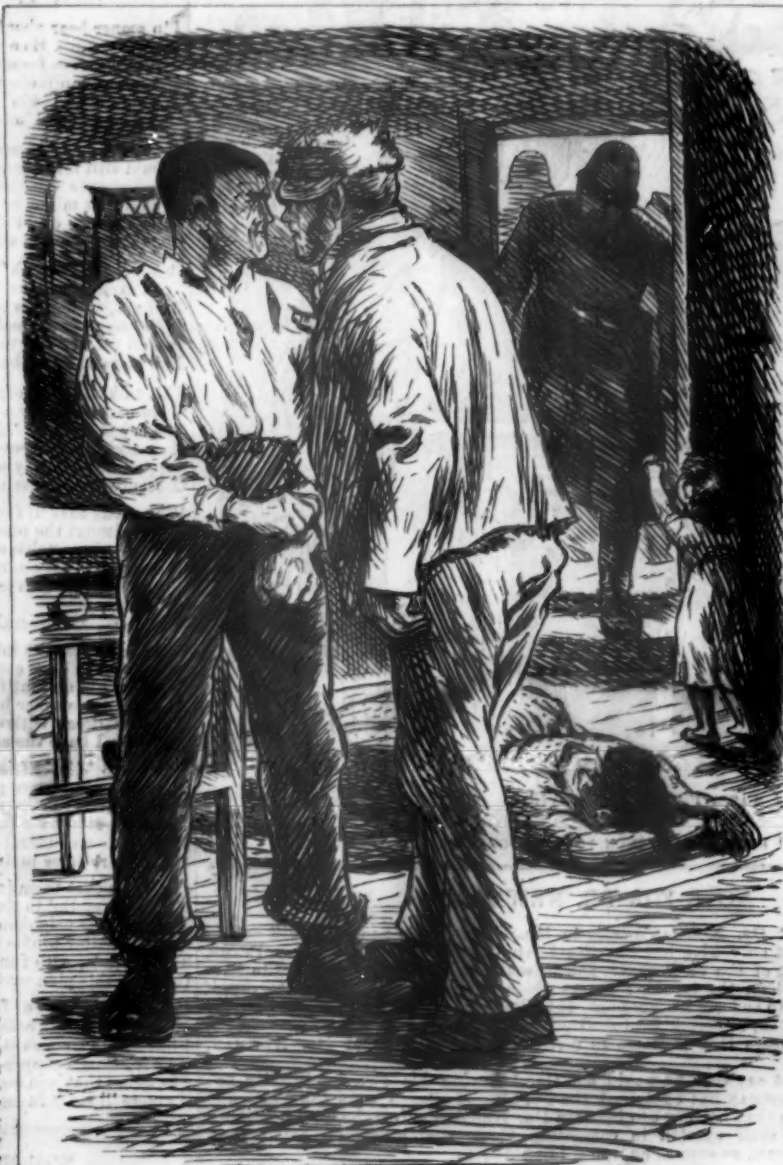
Lastly, there is not the slightest vestige of truth in the report that MR. DISRAELI, at the opening of Parliament, will relinquish the Premiership in order that he may give his cordial co-operation to MR. GLADSTONE in the task (so difficult to a veteran statesman) of speaking to nobody and doing nothing — except writing!

Plus de Manche!

THE Tunnel under the Channel is to be an accomplished fact, money, machinery, human and horse-power, the pluck of England and France, and the bottom of the Straits of Dover permitting. A convention is concluded between English and French Companies for driving the preliminary drift-way, and the requisite Bill is to be laid before the Chambers at once. "Sic vos non vobis," M. THOMÉ DE GAMON suggested a Channel Tunnel five-and-thirty years ago, and was

pooh-poohed as a dreamer. He is still living, in old age and poverty. Then the idea of tunnelling the Channel was voted all gammon, now it is "only a question of money." Poor old M. GAMON may say, "I did not Gammon? I have been out-Gammoned!"

FEMALE THEOLOGIANS.—"Caroline Divines."



"A MERE TRIFLE."

First Liverpool Rough. "I SAY, BEEL, WHAT'LL THERE GIT FOR THIS 'ERE?"

Second Liverpool Rough (who has beaten his Wife within an inch of her life). "FOIN O' TEN BOB MAYER, SAME AS 'AD FOR WALLOPING THAT JACKASS, THOUGH AN'VE GIVEN IT TO 'ER SMARTER-LOIKER!"

LEADING AND MISLEADING.



Is't that JOHN BULL more wise has grown,
More wary as he has waxed older,
Or that your ancient cunning's flown
Of hard straight hitting from the shoulder?

Liberals, of Church-cloth or Dissent's,
Round the old flag we hoped you'd rally;
And lo, upon Establishments
From Fox's Fort a Quaker sally!
Stray sheep we thought you would have fired
With wisdom to select a shepherd,
A cowed host with new hopes inspired;
And lo, we have the Church black-peppered!

As cold as cold-drawn oncor-oil,
Fall your invective, and your sneer,
Save where, to apathy a foil,
Speech too strong finds too ready ear.

JOHN BULL, in ter-
pid ears you
blow;

The age of mira-
cles is past.

The walls of the
Church-Je-
richo

Totter not to
your trumpet-
blast.

The Brums may muster lunge to shout,
Though they must be hard whipped for
frothing;
But outside Liberals ask, in doubt,
Is't they or you that have learnt nothing?

Were there no fractures to rejoin,
No sheering retrospects to turn to,
No prospects of good work to point,
No nearer fields of fight to adjourn to;
No impudent cooks' combs to cut,
No weak and wavering knees to brace up,
No doors upon defeat to shut,
No failures to their founts to trace up?

But you must prove BRIGHT can be dull,
And in the wrong sense wake Dissent,
Waving, in vain hope to rouse Bull,
The red rag of Establishment.
Discord's sour apple throwing down,
Twixt Church and Chapel ground that
grows,
Bidding Dissent crack Church's crown,
And Church fists smite Dissenting nose.

Not that Church isn't oft stiff-necked,
Uppish and offish, cold, exclusive,
Split here and there 'twixt sect and sect,
Still your deduction is delusive;
While second-best is to be had,
Doubtful improvements wise men shun.
Whose common sense votes Church so bad,
That't would be better were there none?

There runs a tale how Knight with Knight
Fought on a point each scorned to yield,
Whether 'twas or, or argent bright,
Blazoned a certain target's field.
They fought, they fell, but ere they died,
Some kind friend brought to them a
Sergeant-
Of-Arms, who showed them the one side
Of the shield or, the other argent.

So with Church charge and counter charge—
Of dirt-pies flung of old stale dish-
ups—

'Tis but the two sides of the targe,
Turned, one to BRIGHT, one to the Bishops,
"White and all White," the Bench discerns,
Where "Black and all black," BRIGHT
can see;

Neither the piebald target turns,
In "truth on both sides" to agree.

A GROWL FROM THE ZOO.

The Gardens, Regent's Park,
Jan. 22, 1875.

WORTHY MR. PUNCH,

We write to you as the literary representative of our dear friend and relative the Great British Lion. We have to complain, Sir, of the conduct of the Council of the Zoological Society. For some years it has been perfectly well known to Naturalists that the space afforded to us for recreation in the Gardens adorned with our presence is utterly inadequate to our requirements. One of our number, some little time since, got hold of a fragment of an old copy of the *Pall Mall Gazette* (it was thrown to him as a covering to a stale bun), and what did he read in that fragment? Why, this—that many of the lions' skins presented to one of your National Museums were found to be worthless, because the original owners of the skins in question had died from the effects of want of proper exercise in the Zoological Gardens, in which they had been exhibited to an admiring public!

Well, Sir, we hoped that something was at last being done for us: there were rumours in our dens to that effect. Hope, however, told a flattering tale, as you will see by the following extract from a newspaper we found artfully concealed in the peel of an orange:—

"The Council announced to the meeting that they had entered into a contract with Messrs. J. SIMPSON AND SONS, builders, for the erection of a new lions' house in the Society's gardens, which they trusted would be completed and ready for the reception of the animals by the 1st of November next."

Why the 1st of November? Surely we need not wait until that distant date for the necessary alterations.

Really, Sir, it is too bad. Even that miserable impostor, the Northumberland House Lion, has now comfortable quarters in Isleworth, and yet we (if the present inclement season of the year be taken into consideration) are literally "left out in the cold!" If you would kindly persuade a deputation from "the Council" to wait upon us *chez nous*, we think we could easily convince these very dilatory persons that we are very angry with them indeed! GURROO-owl!

THE LIONS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

University College of Wales.

"THE half-yearly meetings of the Governors of this College were held at Aberystwith last week. LORD ABERDARE was unanimously elected the first President of the Institution."—*Times*, January 27.

AN *Alma Mater* in Welsh hat and habit!
It won't be ABERDARE's fault if she fails;
Let TAFFY, while he toasts his native rabbit,
Toast, too, the University of Wales.

Nor only toast, with men and means assist her,
And send her students, sharp wits and well strung;
And prove, if Dublin be "the Silent Sister,"
His *Alma Mater* has both brains and tongue.

New Lights for Old Ones. A new Anglican Ecclesiastical story, by a Canon of St. Paul's, author of *A Liddon and his Wonderful Lamp*.



JUICE OF THE GRAPE. (P)

Youth, "GRAN'PA, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF 'GLASS OF PORT WINE FROM THE WOOD'?"

Gran'pa (Gentleman of the Old School). "LOGWOOD, MY DEAR BOY, NOW-A-DAYS! LOGWOOD! LOGWOOD!!"

THE COLOUR-SERGEANT'S COMPLAINT.

THERE are some who like the sable coat,
Some to the blue are wed,
But of all the coats to wear, I vote
For the QUEEN'S own glorious red.
Where, a riddled rag, St. George's flag,
Endured the battle's brunt,
Where shot and shell the deadliest fell,
The redcoat was still in front.

And wherever I go, among ladies soft,
Or gentry frank and free,
I think, as I bear that flag aloft,
None dare look down on me!
And I feel, with the red coat on my back,
And the glorious flag I bear,
That while the two to each other are true,
They both can go anywhere.

But I have lived to find I'm wrong:
There's one place they can't go—
That's to West End stalls and music-halls,
In the five and three shilling row.
And London's Managers can boast
What no foe has done to do—
Keep out Old England's Rank and File,
And her "Non-Commissioned" too!

Now, there's red Guards and blue, and black-guards too.

But I hold it for a shame,
Red blue and black to clap all on a back,
And call 'em all the same.
Though there's ALDERMAN CARDEN, the London beak,
Thinks that delivering letters
Is the work for decent lads to seek,
And that Postmen are Guardsmen's betters.

Now I fail to see why it should be
So much worse a thing to do,
To earn QUEEN'S bread as Guardsmen in red,
Than as letter-carriers in blue.
But while to soldiers in uniform
Stalls and Boxes are 'taboo'd,
BULL may well feel wroth at the sight of red cloth,
And CARDEN to it be rude.

THE ROYAL SPEECH ANTICIPATED.

THE Royal Speech may be expected to open with an expression of regret at the re-assembling of Parliament having by some strange inadvertence been fixed for a Friday, and with a hope that so ill-omened a commencement may not exercise a prejudicial influence on the progress of legislation and the conduct of public affairs.

A graceful reference will in all probability then be made to the retirement of the Leader of the Opposition, and words of kindly condolence offered to the Prime Minister on his recent attack of gout.

Our relations with Foreign Powers will next be represented as most amicable and delightful—the enlightened liberality of the KING OF SIAM in inviting our astronomers to visit his dominions for the purpose of observing the forthcoming total eclipse of the sun being noticed with appropriate expressions of approval. The unsettled state of parties in France, the conflict between the civil and ecclesiastical powers in Germany, the critical turn of affairs in Spain, the immense armaments of all the great Continental Powers of Europe, and the enthusiastic reception accorded to DEPUTY GARIBOLDI by the people of Rome, will be severally reviewed and freely handled.

The principal domestic events which have occurred since Parliament was prorogued in the autumn will then be touched upon—due prominence being assigned to the visit of the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs to the city of Paris, the efforts made by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to purify the stage and elevate the drama, the scientific expeditions despatched from this and other countries to observe the Transit of Venus, the admission of the Fiji islands into the bosom of the British family, the visit of BISHOP COLEMAN, the publication of recent ecclesiastical and theological letters and pamphlets, and the provision of smoking carriages by the Metropolitan Railway.

Then will follow the paragraphs invariably addressed to the House of Commons alone, bearing on the revenue and estimates. A recommendation to devote a portion of any surplus there may arise

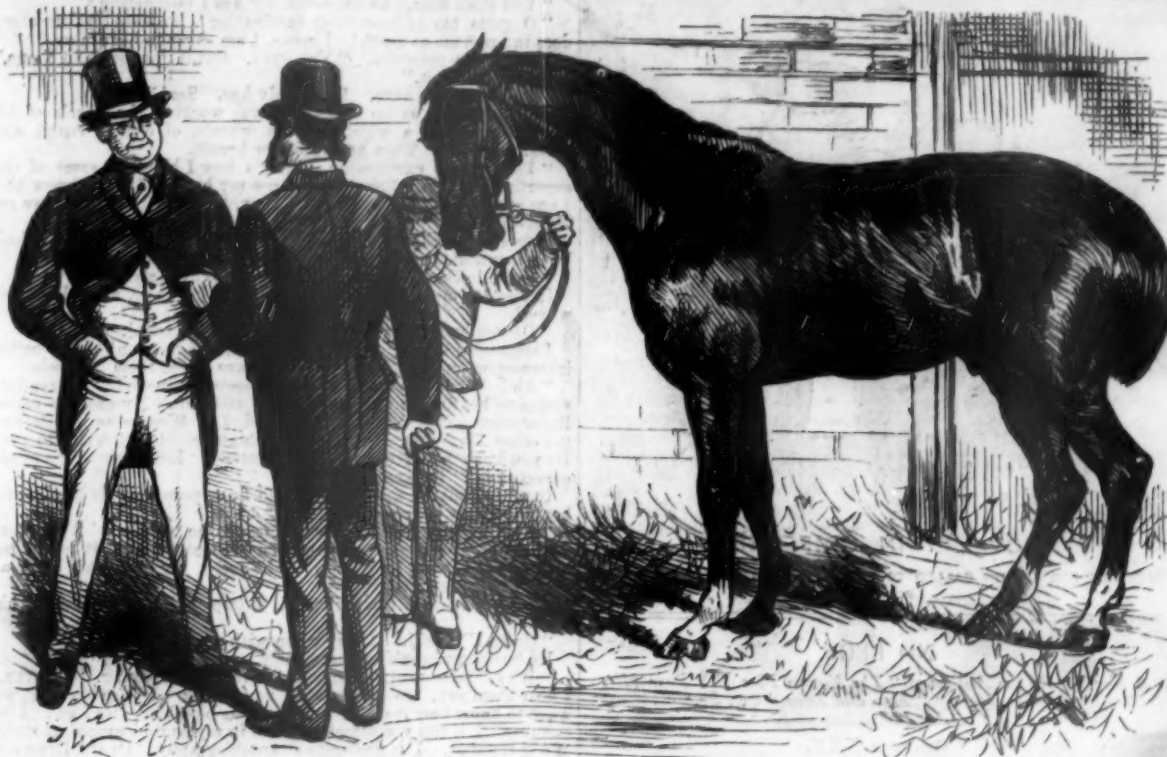
of income over expenditure towards throwing open the Tower of London free, at least one day in the week, and encouraging, by a liberal grant an improved system of National Cookery amongst the middle and humbler classes, may be looked for at this stage of the Speech.

A statement of the more important Ministerial measures in preparation or contemplation will succeed. Parliament will be invited seriously to address itself to the question of the removal of Temple Bar. The vigorous encouragement of oyster-culture will be pressed upon its notice. The condition of the streets after heavy rain or snow will be shown to demand instant attention. The growing rapacity of lodging-house keepers at our marine and inland watering-places will form the subject of an immediate restrictive enactment; and the necessity of giving masters and mistresses some protection against their domestic servants will be strongly enforced. Should the state of public business justify their introduction, other measures will be brought forward during the Session for stimulating and developing the artistic and scientific culture of the entire adult population of these islands, for beautifying and embellishing our large towns and cities, for laying down noiseless pavements in busy thoroughfares, for exercising some control over gas, water, and railway companies, and for bestowing on the three or four millions of people who compose what is called "London," the benefits of proper municipal government.

The Royal Message will probably conclude with an earnest appeal to all parties to abstain from useless speeches, and to forego familiar quotations.

Well Named.

FROM MESSRS. SMART AND CROFTON'S very interesting vocabulary and grammar of the English Gipsy tongue (just published by MESSRS. ASHER), we see that the intelligent Romanies have christened Lancashire the "Peero-dillin-tan," which, in their tongue, means the "foot-giving (i. e., kicking) country."



A FINAL CAUSE.

Customer (who wishes to return a Horse he has lately bought): "HE'S KICKED THE CARRIAGE INTO LUCIFER MATCHES, AND NO ONE DARES GET ON HIS BACK. WHAT HE WAS MADE FOR, I CAN'T THINK!"
Dealer. "TO SELL, I SHOULD SAY."

Charles Kingsley.

BORN AT HOLNE, DEVON, JUNE 21, 1819; DIED AT EVERSLEY,
 HANTS, JANUARY 22, 1875.

BORN in green Devon, nursed by her blue sea,
 His heart, fed on her fairness and her fame,
 Beat true to out-door life and nature free,
 And thrilled to great deeds of our English name.

If Saxon e'er was Saxon to the core—
 In hate of wrong, in trustfulness of right,
 In strong man's sympathy with strength, nor more
 In good man's love for good, as in God's sight—

This man was Saxon; Saxon too his love
 Of wild things and wild sports by wood and wold:
 To ride, shoot, speak the truth, he ranked above
 Most arts, as did the Persian chiefs of old.

Out of a youth unfettered, frank, and free,
 Came swift strong manhood, not without the storms
 That clear the sky, if they stir up the sea
 To level barriers and give shores new forms.

His faith in good, his trust in God's great ends,—
 Or so he deemed them,—urged him fearless on,
 Through tracts of strange thought and new toil, while
 friends
 Frowned on the rashness that so wild had gone.

Not knowing what true needle, lead-line, chart,
 Guided him, sounding on his trackless way,
 Till in their fealty to that manly heart
 Destroyers learnt to build, scoffers to pray.

He felt, and told, the ferment of our life;
 Showed the same leaven swelling, fast and far,
 In later Egypt's Alexandrine strife,
 New faiths with old creeds then, as now, at war.

He raised strong Saxon HERWARD from death,
 In his grey shroud of mist from mere and fen;
 Called up the England of ELIZABETH,
 With DRAKE and RALEIGH, chiefs of Devon men.

Led us from Western combs to tropic isles,
 Where giant cosmic forces have dwarfed man;
 Taught us to trace, in Nature's frowns or smiles,
 At home, abroad, signs of an all-wise plan.

Life, teaching, preaching, all tuned to one key,
 Of cheerful trust in God and hope for men;
 Of faith that Earth more near to Heaven would be,
 If from no height gained we fall back again.

A Churchman stanch, yet whose church-door stood wide
 For Christians of all creeds to enter in.
 A village Pastor, though on every side
 His flock ranged far as voice or pen could win.

Lightly let who will rate a life so sped,
 Of sympathies so sweeping, faith so wide,
 England has juster measure for the dead
 As she stands mousing at his coffin's side,

And notes how short the life so well employed,
 Its thread cut mid-way fifty and three score,
 And counting all he felt, toiled, loved, enjoyed,
 Scarce grieves to think his cup can hold no more.

CANON LIDDON'S "FUNGLE."—Sham pinions for flying to Rome with



NOVELTY IN COIFFURES.

SUITABLE FOR LADIES CALLED TO THE BAR (AS THEY SOON WILL BE, OF COURSE).

NO LEGS.

A Novel. By the Author of "The Frozen Finch," "Poor Miss Thoroughfare," "Man and Deep," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

Working Out a Mystery.

I STARTED to my feet. Whenever I used my feet in his presence—poor misshapen being that he was—I felt as though guilty of some gross unkindness.

"Sit down," said DEXTERINUS TWISTER, quietly.

I sat down, and, drawing my shawl over my shoulders, recovered myself a little.

"Look at me!" he said. "I am like necessity. At all events, I am necessary to you. How am I like necessity? I will tell you. Not as the mother of invention. No. But as having No Legs. *Necessitas non habet legs.*"

"You hinted," I said, "at your suspicions. Excuse me if I seem to imply that, in your unfortunately crippled state, you have—"

He caught me up at the point where I hesitated, and finished the sentence.

"I have nothing to go upon, you would say?"

I nodded affirmatively.

"You are right," he replied. "I have nothing to go upon. I have no legs. Yet I have good ground for my suspicions. Suspicions can travel where legs can not. Now tell me, do No Legs suggest No Body?"

"Your words point at somebody," I answered. "At whom?"

"In my anxiety I stooped forward suddenly, and brought my marble brow in sharp contact with the mantelpiece.

"You have hit it!" cried the strange creature. "You are a wonderful woman!"

I admitted this. He was speaking the truth. So far I owned to myself that he could be trusted.

"Whom do you suspect?" I asked.

*Foot Note by the Editor. — In compliance with the Author's wishes we publish this one chapter only. In justice to him we extract it from the middle and most interesting part of the story. Our agreement with the Author was, in the first place, for a purely original story; secondly, we were not bound to publish it unless we liked it; thirdly, we were in no case bound either to return his manuscript, or to give him any special honorarium; as he having "left it to us," we offered to take the Novel at our own valuation. The Author has, in our opinion, failed to fulfil the primary condition. Here he joins issue with us, and appeals to the Public. Being in possession of his MS., of which he has no second copy (so unbusinesslike of him not to have kept a duplicate!), we have determined upon forestalling his possible publication. We request our readers to judge for themselves, and tell us if (as the question of originality is involved) they haven't read something uncommonly like it, written by a pretty popular novelist, in the pages of an illustrated weekly contemporary. We say no more; we can say no less.

"You shall hear," he answered. "Am I fascinating?"

"O quite too indescribably fascinating! Proceed! Your story does interest me so much! I mean, I am eager to hear more."

"Good," he returned. "You shall. But, at present, No Name."

"I have read it."

"Of course you have. Everybody has. See!"

He started off as he spoke, and was working the wheels of his chair, flying like a whirlwind (on wheels, of course) round and round the room. Then he paused for breath.

"There!" he exclaimed; "that's how I blow off some of the superfluous steam. That's how I use my hands. Do you know how I use my head? You shall see. Now, heads or tails? Up we go. Heads it is."

Before I could stop him he had thrown himself out of his chair head-foremost, and was now walking upside-down on the floor.

"I can do this on my head," he cried, exultingly.

In another minute he was back again in his chair, a hand on each wheel.

"Do you know what these are called?" he asked.

I suggested timidly that, for my part, and for want of any better information on the subject, I should have called them "wheels."

"Ah! but the names of the wheels, I mean!" he replied, snapping his fingers joyously. "I'll tell you. My chair is called Reputation. One wheel is christened *The Woman in White* and the other *No Name*. On these I push along. I will write to you. Do you know how I commence my letters? Look here!" he cried, cheerfully; "TWISTER'S fun!"

In an instant he was down on the floor, poised on his hands, and hopping about the room.

"That's how I begin my letters!" he shouted. "My dear CLARENDA, 'this comes hopping' you are quite well as it leaves me at present. Don't be alarmed!" he cried, regaining his chair as nimbly as he had quitted it.

Seeing him in a quieter mood, I implored him to resume his narration.

"Go on!" I said. "Pray go on with your story."

He burst out laughing maliciously.

"Why," he replied, "that's what every one's saying. 'TWISTER,' I hear them say, 'do get on with your story. It's so exciting, we want to know how it ends: as quickly as possible.' Ha! ha! I'm cunning. I'll tell you something else in my Autobiographical style. We'll try that. I'm first-rate at autobiography. Or the Dramatic—I'm admirable at the Dramatic. Now, all in to begin. Part First: Dramatic Style—'Curtain rises. Scene, &c., &c. Dramatis Personæ, &c., &c.' Saves a lot of trouble. Did it most effectively in the *New Magdalen*. Part Two: Autobiographical Style—'I crossed the hall, &c., &c. I saw him, &c., &c.' Also saves a lot of trouble. Part Three: in Police-witness-box Narrative Style—'Yes. Do you ask me if I saw her veil lifted? I answer, No; I did not. Did I follow Miss CRAYSTOCK? No; I did not.' Also saves heaps of trouble. Then I can do the Diary Style—'What a day we have been having! LADY LEMPER came at two. She took off her gloves to eat a peach. Could I believe my eyes? Was it indeed the lost diamond that I saw gleaming on her white forefinger? Evidently I must be careful!' Come! give your preference a name. I'm first-rate at all. This style, two-and-six!"

The old madness seized on him again. He took up a pen, flourished it wildly, dipped it into the ink, and began writing furiously.

I crossed the threshold while he was still writing. I was fearful lest he should finish a chapter in five minutes, and insist on reading it to me.

In another second he was going round the room again, first on his head, then on his hands, shouting out, "TWISTER'S fun!"

It was the last I saw of him. At the door the Cabman touched his hat. He had been waiting six hours.

"My dear child," he whispered, "what is the matter?"

Note.—And here ends this chapter. What was the matter and the point of the story, the Author professes to show in his next. But we have pledged ourselves not to give the Public any more at present. Should any fearless speculator like to make a bid for the MS. *in toto*, he can call at our office, and the terms can be settled.

"Union is Strength."

STRENGTH with a vengeance—strength to cut its own throat and its adversary's. See the present proceedings of the South Wales Miners' Union and Masters' Association. Within a few days it will be war—to the knife and fork—between Capital and Labour over all the coal and iron districts of South Wales. Civil war—deadly civil!

EPITAPH ON THE LATE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

ALL China mourns the loss of one so young
In speechless sorrow—she has lost her TUNG.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

SCENE—A Secluded Spot near an Institution. TIME—11 P.M.

CHARACTERS.

A Philanthropic Lecturer, a Stranger, a Policeman, and the great Mr. PUNCH.

The Stranger (soliloquises)—



MY eyes, if that ain't a good 'un! Fust chop, I call it. Why there will be a chance for a cove that's lagged now-a-days. A prison, under them proposed regulations, will be quite a pleasant place! Stop! ere's a gent a-coming! Law bless us, it's the Lecturer 'isself! Well, business is business, and it can't be elped. (Looking right.) And ain't it awkward—a Peeler over yonder. Well, I must try to keep the gent a chattering until the Peeler moves away. (Enter Lecturer.) Good evening, Guv'nor.

Lecturer. Good evening. [About to move away, when the Stranger stops him.]

Stranger. Axes your parding, Guv'nor; but wasn't you a lecturing to-night about the treatment of them there criminal classes?

Lecturer (gratified). Yes, my good friend, I was.

Stranger. No offense, Guv'nor; but I couldn't get in to 'ear wot it was all about.

Lecturer (surprised). No! Dear me, that's strange. You could not get in! I saw a large number of vacant benches.

Stranger. If I didn't think it would be a troubling you too much, Guv'nor, I would ax yer to tell us what it was all about. (Aside.) When will that there Peeler move 'isself off!

Lecturer (again gratified). I am sure I shall be delighted to give you a brief précis of my address. First I observed that I considered prisons unnecessary.

Stranger. Right yer are, Guv'nor! When a cove gets lagged, 'ow can 'e attend to what I may call 'is purfessional dooties?

Lecturer. Of course we must be ready to find human nature defective. We know, by observing the formation of the brain, that some men are, so to speak, born with dishonest tendencies. We cannot expect all men to be equally honest.

Stranger. In course not, Guv'nor.

Lecturer (pleased). You speak with much intelligence. Permit me to offer you a cigar. (Searching his pockets.) Why where can my case have got to?

Stranger. I am sure I don't know, Guv'nor. You was a-saying that some men 'ad "dishonest tendencies." Law, yer surprise me!

Lecturer. And yet so it is. Now I contend that prisons under the old system have never cured men of innate dishonesty. I would make goals (if I were forced to use them) a sort of substitute for "home." I would have my prisons luxurious—there should be libraries, pianos, billiard-rooms.

Stranger. And a skittle alley, eh, Guv'nor?

Lecturer. Well, scarcely the last, my good friend. You see, my object would be to accustom my prisoners, or, rather, as I should call them, my guests, to refinement, so that in time they might become themselves refined. I would treat garotters and wife-beaters with particular kindness.

Stranger. Quite right, Guv'nor. Live and let live—that's my motto. Why, a poor chap would starve unless 'e picked up a bit 'ere and there, wouldn't 'e? And I saks anybody 'ow could a cove really enjoy 'isself unless 'e put on 'is boots now and then, when so be 'e wanted to 'ave a little talk with 'is missus?

Lecturer. I do not think you quite understand me. I thoroughly and heartily disapprove of garrotting and wife-beating, but I believe that both vices may be cured by kindness. Still, when I think of the brutality with which some poor women are treated by their husbands, the tears rise to my eyes, and—(searching his pockets)—Why what has become of my handkerchief?

Stranger. Seip me Bob if I know, Guv'nor. (Aside.) Drat it! When will that there Peeler be off?

Lecturer. I would establish a Club on West End principles. I would belong to it myself, and, when my brother Members saw how well I looked in my new patent leather shoes, I am sure that heavy hob-nailed boots would go out of fashion. There is nothing like a

good example, my dear Sir, take my word for it. But, dear me! it is getting quite late. I must be going. (Searching his waistcoat-pocket.) Why, what has become of my watch?

Stranger. 'Aven't a notion, Guv. P'raps you lost it at that there meeting! A rum lot goes to them there meetings. (Aside.) The Peeler's off at last. Now for it! (Aloud.) And what, Guv'nor, would you do with the garotters?

Lecturer. My dear friend, I would remember that they were men and brothers. I would— (Suddenly.) Why, you villain! You have got your hand in my coat-pocket!

[Struggle: instantaneous appearance of a life-preserver. Exit the Stranger, rapidly.]

Lecturer (slowly recovering). Why where am I? Money—watch—handkerchief—everything gone!

Enter the Great Mr. PUNCH hurriedly.

The Great Mr. PUNCH (assisting the Lecturer to rise). My dear Sir, my very dear Sir, what is the matter?

Lecturer. O, Mr. PUNCH, I met a scoundrel who robbed me while I was talking to him, and then—

The Great Mr. PUNCH (sympathizingly). I see, I see. My dear Sir, pray take my arm. I saw the struggle, but could not arrive in time to save you. He was too quick for me, but I heard his last question. Perhaps you would not mind answering it. He asked you what you would do with garotters. What would you?

Lecturer (without hesitation). I would give them for every offence a hundred strokes with a cat-o'-nine-tails, added to fourteen years (at least) of penal servitude!

The Great Mr. PUNCH. My dear Sir, permit me to congratulate you. You not only speak with excellent good sense, but, moreover, you talk like a man of feeling!

[Exeunt the Great Mr. PUNCH and the Lecturer arm-in-arm. As the scene closes in, the Stranger reappears, attended by the Policeman.]

THE TRUE LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

If the men can't agree who their foreman shall be,
And their prospect of concord seems shady,
I propose, for a change, though the remedy's strange,
They consent to be led by a lady.

On the Woolstack or Throne, it is very well known,
Old women have oft cut a figure;
And we need not search far, through the Bench, or the Bar,
For traces of similar vigour.

Now if these can succeed, though accoutred indeed
In man's own conventional dress;
Young leaders, who wear the true gowns of the fair,
Must achieve a more brilliant success.

If what leaders require is a tongue that can't tire,
And the power to keep up their pecker,
Who so fit to be there, on the left of the chair,
As the gay and vivacious MISS BECKER?

MRS. ANDERSON'S skill for each national ill
Would provide an effectual plaster;
MRS. CRAWSHAY with weight would conduct a debate
On "Relations 'twixt Servant and Master."

Or, as factions divide the small hand on our side,
And our plans are at sixes and sevens,
We might carry our schemes, 'twixt opposing extremes
By a Middle-march, led by MISS EVANS.

If our eyes should discern that, by some lucky turn
Of the tide, our opponents were shaken;
Why, the Flood, if we had one, might best by MISS BRADDON
To their speedy confusion be taken.

When Divisions impend, and the angry Whips send
To each Club for their squads of supporters,
Why, who of us all, if MISS THOMPSON should call
Out the Roll, would be missed from his quarters?

But if discord befel, and we wanted, to quell
All rebellion—DILKES, HARCOURTS, or OGDENS—
A tongue that could twang, and a hand that could bang,
Why, give me, for choice, MRS. PROGRESS.

So thus, though the Sex may our judgment perplex,
So fit is each Miss and each Madam,
'Twill be funny, indeed, if we cannot succeed
In finding an Eve for our ADAM.

TO CHORAL SOCIETIES REQUIRING AID.—Apply to the "Singer" Manufacturing Company.



A SAVING HUSBAND.

"GEORGE, DEAR, DON'T YOU THINK IT IS RATHER EXTRAVAGANT OF YOU TO EAT BUTTER WITH THAT DELICIOUS JAM!"
 "NO, LOVE—ECONOMICAL! SAME PIECE OF BREAD DOES FOR BOTH!"

"THE BOW OF ULYSSES."

(See Cartoon.)

"THEN, with a manly pace, he took his stand;
 And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.
 Three times, with beating heart, he made essay;
 Three times, unequal to the task, gave way:
 A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd:
 And thrice he hoped, and thrice again he fear'd:
 The fourth had drawn it. The great sire with joy
 Beheld; but with a sign forbade the boy.
 His ardour straight the obedient chief suppress'd,
 And, artful, thus, the suitor train address'd:
 'Oh, lay the cause on youth yet immature!
 (For heaven forbid, such weakness should endure)
 How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,
 Retort an insult, or repel a foe?
 But you! whom heaven with better nerves has bless'd,
 Accept the trial, and the prize contest.'"
 POPE'S *Odyssey*, Book xxi.

"Earth to Earth"—for Mispronouncers.

A REVEREND Gentleman lately published a work on Cremation, which he called *A Cremation Prelude*. The impression, conveyed by the title, that this was a musical work, may be confirmed in the minds of some people when they hear that it has been followed by a composition on the same theme by HA(R)D(N).

Motto for "Greville's Diaries."

(With apologies to DR. JOHNSON as Author of GOLDSMITH'S *Epitaph*.)

"NULLAM fere co-svorum vitam non tetigit: nullam tetigit quam non fœdavit."

ADVANTAGEOUS OPENING.

WANTED a Coachman for Her Majesty's Coach, Opposition, now running on the road to Downing Street, the late Driver being about to be placed "Elsewhere." He must be a first-rate Whip, able to drive a team of bolters and jibbers, and who will see that all take the collar together, and don't pull in different directions. He must be a man of great tact and infinite soft sawder, in order to appease the wrath of old women, whose apple-stalls it may be necessary to upset. He must be able to secure public patronage by bold assertion and unlimited cheek, and eventually he must manage to overturn or drive off the road the Government Mail now running. No salary at present, but great future prospects. A genuine opening for an enterprising middle-aged gent. Apply at the Opposition Coach-office.

Strike and Starvation.

You South Wales Colliers, wont to feed
 And drink at ample rate,
 Best to your Masters' terms accede,
 Before it is too late.
 Their furnaces they'll by-and-by
 Blow out unless you do;
 And blown-out furnaces imply
 No more blow-out for you.

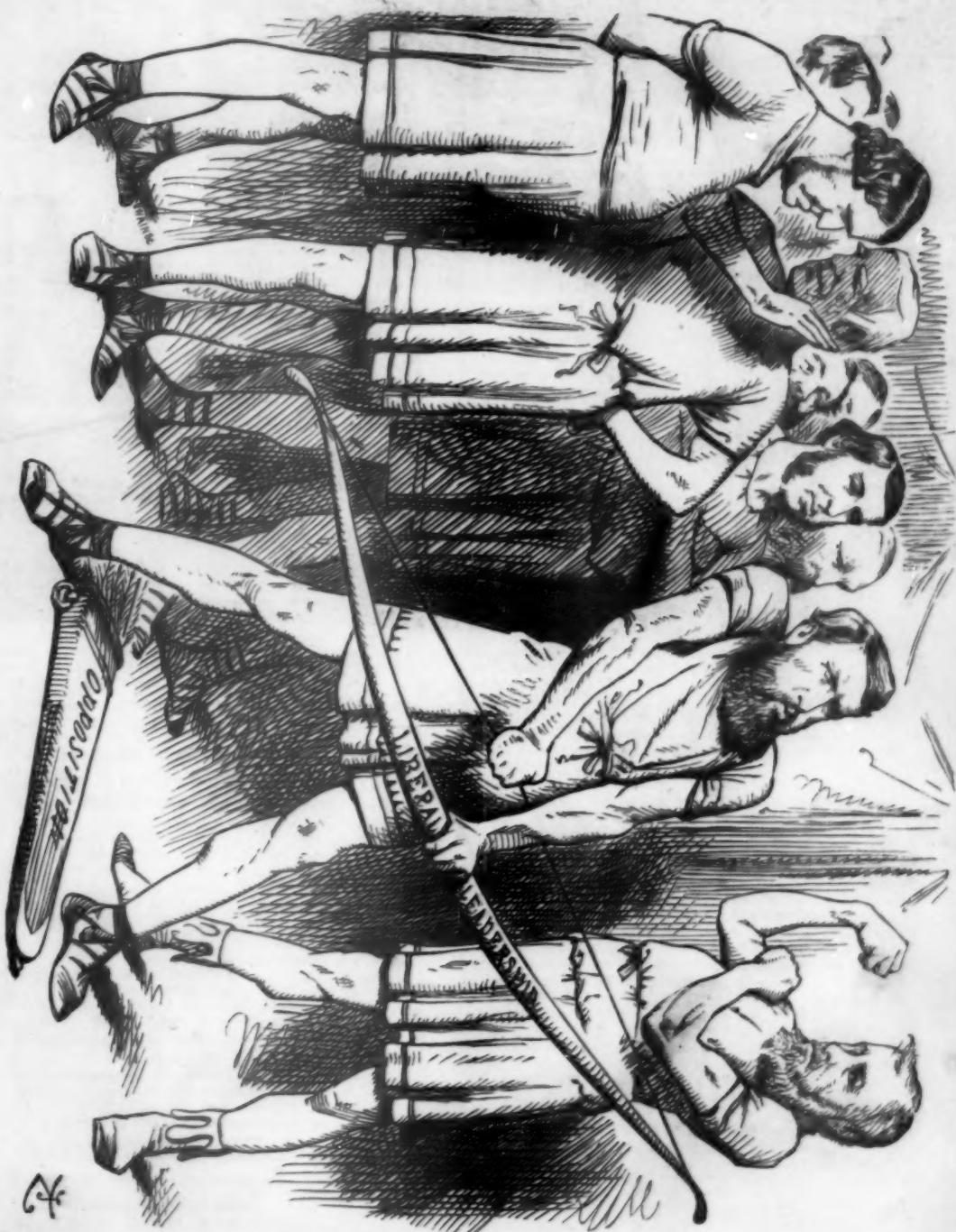
Rule, Germania!

THE *Times* informs us that, of "iron-clad cruisers of the strongest type, Germany will, in the present year, have seven built against five of our own navy." The *Pall Mall Gazette* is of opinion that—

"The Germans have too many irons in the political fire to give exclusive attention to any one of them."

But very soon, unless we get beforehand with the Germans, will they not have too many irons in the water, too?

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—FEBRUARY 6, 1875.



THE BOW OF ULYSSES.

"WHO NOW CAN BEND ULYSSES' BOW, AND WING
THE WELL-AIMED ARROW THROUGH THE DISTANT RING?"

THE BOY OF THE YEAR



THE BOY OF THE YEAR

THE LIBERAL LEADERSHIP.



sources, the best and most handsomely bound standard authors, the rolls and journals of Parliament, family archives of priceless rarity, and private documents not generally accessible to the public eye.

The office is of considerable antiquity, probably as old as the Chiltern Hundreds; but it is sufficient for our present purpose to note that for several days in the reign of one of our later EDWARDS there was the same uncertainty at the Clubs, about the next occupant of the post, as we have just experienced. (See HOLISHED, MATTHEW PARIS, FROISSANT, HARRARD, &c.)

The post is not hereditary, and a younger son may aspire to it, if he can lay claim to the genius of CHARLES JAMES FOX, the eloquence of EDMUND BURKE, and the wit of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, or any one of them.

There is no salary, or uniform attached to the office, and no allowance for coals, candles, or gas. Its perquisites and privileges are enveloped in a cloud of precedents; but it is understood that the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition can claim large paper copies of all Blue Books and parliamentary papers, and is entitled, if not by statute, certainly by immemorial usage, to the undisturbed occupation of the first seat on the front bench on the left hand of the SPEAKER. He may also look forward, with as much cheerfulness as he can assume, to seeing his Portrait Model, advertised and placarded as among the most recent additions to MADAME TISSANDT'S Exhibition.

Full evening dress is *de rigueur*, except at morning sittings, or when the House is in Committee; but white kid gloves need not be worn, unless the Mace is on the table.

The post is one which demands many and varied qualifications in the occupant—eloquence, tact, temper, business habits, wakefulness, patience, courtesy, a good cook, a sound digestion, and a fund of quotations from the poets of antiquity (Homer, Horace, Virgil, Quintus Smyrnaeus, &c.), Pope, Goldsmith, the *Rejected Addresses*, and the Poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin*. There is no limit as to age, but candidates must be over twenty-one, and under the grand climacteric. A married man is usually preferred *ceteris paribus*.

When once the Leader has been selected, he may retain the post as long as he pleases; but on the receipt of a round-robin signed by a quorum, expressing dissatisfaction with his policy, or his metaphors, or his cook, he is bound to resign or provide a substitute.

Every Wednesday during the Session, the Leader of the Opposition is expected to give a dinner to twenty of his party, attired in full Court dress. To prevent any suspicion of partiality or undue favour, Members are invited in exact alphabetical order. The Whips are present alternately. If the Leader is married, his wife throws open her *salons* later in the evening, without opposition.

Resignation of his post is followed by a seat in the House of Lords, if the Leader has been created a Peer; if not, by retirement into private life and quiet enjoyment of the country, surrounded by his books and his bees.

THE CHAUNT OF THE CROCODILE.

A Song for Saurians—biped and otherwise.

I GRUB in my slime, and I cheerily sing—

Though I may not appear the most lyrical thing

In the round of Creation,

Still song's my vocation,

And I've quite syren powers of vocalisation—

But the mud is so soft to my elegant form,

And the air is so bland, and the sun is so warm,

That a Sybarite Saurian blind to the charm

Of this softest of slime and this rank vegetation,

N the little-known subject of the responsible post of Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, we have thought it our duty—uninfluenced by party bias, and unmoved by political prejudice—to collect all the available information from the most unimpeachable traditional

Must be foolish indeed, and as sldgety, quite,
As yon crass hippopotamus venting his spite
On the innocent reeds. Ah! that plump little Nigger
Was toothsome. It's true that he might have been bigger,
But so choice a *bonne-douche* does not always turn up,
When a Cayman's sharp set, and desirous to sup,—

There's a great deal of waste in Creation!
That's a thought that has often come into my head,
A text on which truly a deal might be said:
There is much in this world that requires explanation!

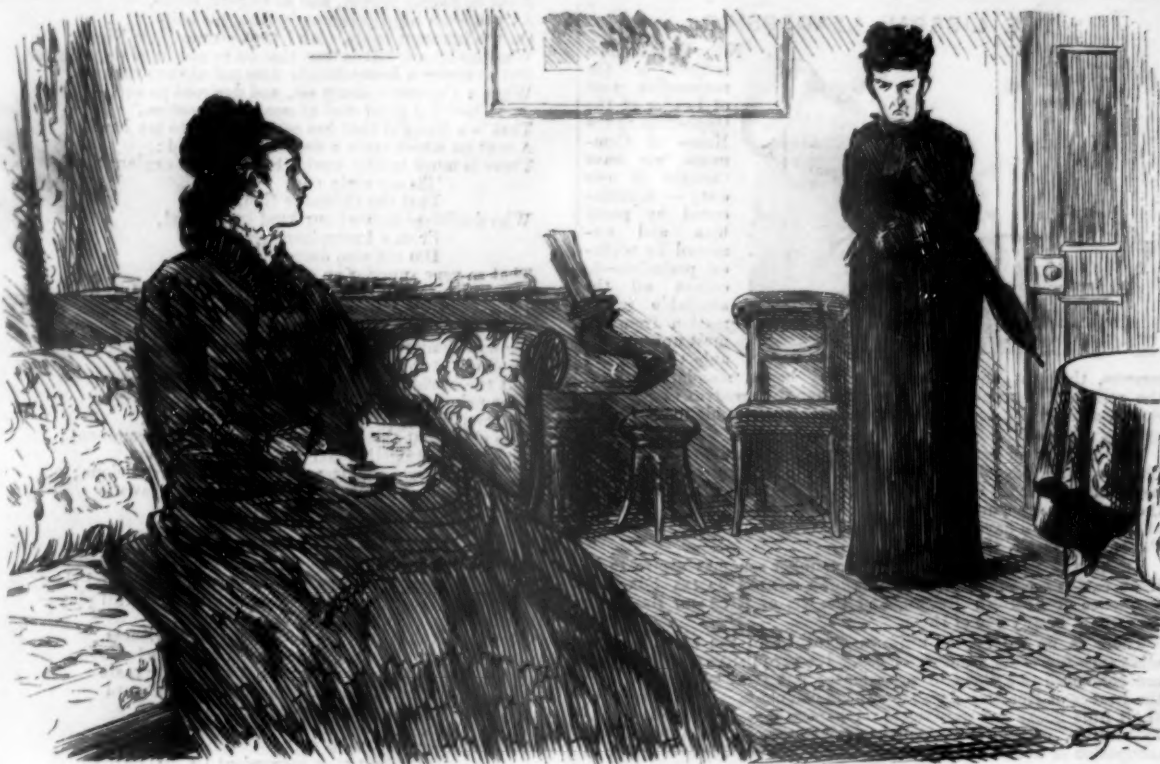
'Tis certainly odd,
That the Crocodile God,
Who doubtless created our kind by his nod,
From a Protoplasm-poa,
Did not also decree

That so very superior an order as we
Should be worshipped and fed by inferior creatures,
Like monkeys and men, whose ridiculous features,
So destitute wholly of Saurian beauty,
Shows submission to us is a matter of duty.
No doubt it *was* so in the days long ago;
But the world's out of order, and e'en Alligators,
Like princes and priests, stand in terror of traitors.
If Providence truly meant us to be dominant,
It is clear that these Men are becoming too prominent;
They grow altogether too proud and ambitious,
Whereas, as mere matters of food, they're delicious;
And surely one glance at our teeth and our jaws is
To any believer in ultimate causes

A positive proof
That in Cosmos's wood
Men must have been shaped for our special behoof.
Our teeth were made sharp just to crunch them, and they
Were made bony, yet toothsome, to give teeth full play—
A sample, I'm sure, of correlative fitness.
To which MR. DARWIN would gladly bear witness.
And then, look again, in the matter of waste!
What a—— Well, let us say what a *singular* taste
Must that ruler have had, who could be so absurd
As to call into being a flower or a bird!
Though—ahem!—stop a bit—
From this general "*non fit*"

I must really except that convenient tit,
Who serves as a Volunteer tooth-pick to me.
But flowers! by old Nilus, I never could see
The use of a lotus; it's not good to eat,
And its smell, I am sure, is disgustingly sweet.
It is quite out of place, this ridiculous bud,
In the Crocodile's heaven of sunshine and mud.
Beauty?—nonsense and stuff—'tis a fetish barbarian;
All Saurian Science is Utilitarian.
Though critics disdainfully level that term at us,
'Tis the genuine "*note*" of the breed pachydermatous.
Ah, me! for that dear dead diluvial time,
The right golden age of our Cayman chronology,
When the whole of Creation was water and slime,
And Saurian ethics required no apology!
Talk of *Progress*, indeed! That's all fiddle-de-dee!
'Tis becoming unpleasantly certain to me
That the jolly old days are as good as departed.
However, no need to be dull or down-hearted.
The *status quo*, doubtless, will outlast my time;
And while there are Niggers, and plenty of slime,
And an excellent appetite is not a crime
To be punished by summary iron or lead—
(I strongly object to a shot through the head);
While those plaguy Britons are not so darned quick
With their LIVINGSTONES, STANLEYS, and BAKERS (Old Nick,
In the form of a Crocodile, catch them, say I!)
And Governments do not too earnestly try
To abolish that excellent system of slavery,
I'm really haunted by little misgiving
As to my being able to pick up a living.
That last pickaninny was truly most savoury—
Wish I knew where to drop upon just such another,—
Dear little black boy, had you ever a brother?
Well, here goes—Woo-o-o-h, ooah!
There, that's nice and soft—S-g-u-o-o-s-h!
What a comfort there is in a luke-warm mud-douche!
But Love's a delusion, and Beauty is hollow!
From swallow to wallow, from wallow to swallow,
That's the true summer life for a Cayman to follow!

MR. P.'S ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE FALLING IN LOVE.—Fall out.



WEIGHT FOR AGE.

Lady (to Candidate for Parlour-Maid's place). "THIRTY, ARE YOU? THAT IS A LITTLE OLDER THAN I SHOULD HAVE WISHED—"
Young Person. "PERHAPS, M'M, 'UNILIATION O' SPIRIT WOULD COMPENSATE, M'M!"

VIVISECTION AND SCIENCE.

A Conversation. BROWN (M.R.C.S.) and JONES.

Jones. You saw the report, Doctor, in the papers, of the application made the other day to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in order to get it to interfere with vivisection, as practised in medical schools? Do you go with it?

Brown. I believe it dictated by humane feeling.

Jones. What do you think of vivisection?

Brown. I consider it a way of torturing animals for which there is much to be said.

Jones. Indeed! How would you like it practised on yourself?

Brown. Not at all. Neither should I like being knocked down and "pithed," bled to death, boiled or skinned alive, stuck on a hook for live-bait, torn and shattered with gunshot, or hunted to death. And as a man and a surgeon, if I were forced to choose, I would, at least, rather be tortured for science than for sport. It might console me a little to think that my pangs would be compensated by some advantage to my fellow-man.

Jones. A philanthropic idea, Doctor. Still is not vivisection very cruel?

Brown. Not necessarily. What is an operation—say for aneurism—but vivisection of the human subject? And, but for vivisection, would there have been any operation for aneurism? Human suffering, immensely more and worse than all that animals experience from vivisection, is caused by war. But to object much to war on that ground is voted sentimental. War, on the whole, is supposed to benefit the human race. So does vivisection.

Jones. Is that really so?

Brown. In a measure. As a means of experiment, vivisection helps to advance operative surgery. Also physiology—though not so much as many people suppose. It assisted BELL's great discovery respecting the nerves; but many experimenters are not Bells—any bigger than to be fit for a fool's cap. Inferences should be very cautiously drawn from the effect of mutilations of uncertain

precision; for example, those practised on the brain and nervous system, under disturbing conditions.

Jones. What do you say to this (*produces pamphlet*) illustration of practical vivisection from the *Handbook of the Physiological Laboratory*? (*Reads*):—

"RECURRENT SENSIBILITY.—This can only be shown in the higher animals, the cat or dog being best adapted for the purpose. The method adopted is:—The arches of one or two vertebrae are carefully sawn through, or cut through with the bone forceps, and the exposed roots very carefully freed from the connective tissue surrounding them. If the animal be strong, and have thoroughly recovered from the chloroform and from the operation, irritation of the peripheral stump of the anterior root causes not only contraction in the muscles, but also movements in other parts of the body indicative of pain. On dividing the mixed trunk the contractions cease, but the general signs of pain or sensation remain."

Brown. To a non-professional mind the description appears cynical. But so would the detail of any surgical operation. However, I grant you, vivisection should be always as much as may be mitigated by anaesthetics, and be minimised to the very lowest possible degree.

Jones. Is that done when it is advertised as part of the surgical course at the various hospitals. For instance (*reads*):—

"ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.—Ophthalmic Surgery. Students will perform the operations on *animals' eyes*, and (opportunities permitting) on the dead subject."

Brown. Suppose you had to undergo an operation on your eye. Would you not like to know that the operator had tried his hand on some living eye before? And would you have him to begin with a human eye? Vivisection can only be minimised by being systematically taught. Otherwise, repetition would result from failure, and torture would be aggravated by bungling. I think the demand for some restraint on vivisection just. But how is the law to fix it—how to determine to what extent it is, or is not, necessary? It strikes me that this is a question that would best be left to be decided by the heads of our profession, who could frame regulations thereon for the guidance of its members which they would,



"BRING UP A CHILD," &c.

Ethel. "I WONDER WHY ADAM AND EVE WERE TURNED OUT OF PARADISE!"
Jack (the Squire's Son). "P'raps THEY SHOT A FOX!"

doubtless, duly respect. And if they did not, there is a gentleman of my acquaintance who would very soon make them. I need hardly say that I allude to my humane, benevolent, redoubtable, and puissant friend, *Mr. Punch*.
[Colloquy terminates.]

ANOTHER EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS.

THE winter display at the Royal Academy having proved very attractive, it is in contemplation to organise a rival exhibition of a similar character. In this instance the collection will be composed of venerable persons, instead of ancient paintings. Should the idea come to anything, the following eminent "Old Masters" are pretty safe to have prominent places in the very best rooms of the building.

GENERAL SIR HECTOR PIPECLAY, G.C.B., &c. &c. *Celebrated Warrior.* Aged eighty-five. Size, five feet four inches long by three feet broad. Believes in stiff stocks, and prefers the Brown Bess to the Martini-Henry. Recognises no battle of more recent date than 1815, and considers *MOLTKE* a very flippant youngster full of new-fangled notions. Can not understand why recruiting should flag when the inmates of Her Majesty's gaols are at the service of the nation. Is of opinion that the Service has long been going to the Dooze. Would hang all the newspaper fellows during a peace, and shoot 'em, by Jove, in the time of war. Hates civilians; and reads nothing but the supplements to the *London Gazette* and the *Monthly Army List*.

ADMIRAL SIR DRAKE WOODENHEAD, G.C.B., &c. &c. *Naval Worth.* Aged ninety-three. Size, five feet seven inches long by eighteen inches broad. Believes confidently in the Wooden Walls of old England. Thinks that as *VISCOUNT NELSON* won the Battle of Trafalgar aboard the *Victory*, an iron-clad can never be of any real service in a sea-fight. Believes that the Cat should be constantly administered to all ranks junior to that of a Second Lieutenant. Would be prepared to take the chief command of the Channel Fleet, at five minutes' notice, on the condition being granted that he should have the right of yard-arming any, or all of the civilian Lords of the Admiralty in cases of necessity. Never writes, and for many years has forgotten how to read.

VIVA L'ITALIA! VIVA GARIBALDI!
 VIVA IL RE!

VIVA L'Italia! Not to zero
 Has sunk thy light heart's flame,
 While it has worship for a hero,
 Though old, and poor, and lame.
 Let loose tongue wag, or idle pen,
 Sound at the core, thou priestest
 The single-heartedest of men,
 And so, p'raps, the unwiseest.
 For Rome he spent himself, his wife;
 Well Rome for him may wear a
 Heart on her sleeve, who gave her life—
 The old Lion of Caprera!
 And never was more welcome roar,
 Than when, with Lion voice,
 In face of Italy he swore
 Faith to the King, her choice.
 Bitter thoughts from him he can fling—
 Mentana, Aspromonte,
 Gaeta's cell—to Rome and King
 Returning, *and sponte*,
Italia Una, fair and free,
 Blesses her noblest seion,
 Stooping her fond head to thy knee—
 Caprera's grey old Lion!

The Bottle Conjurer Outdone.

PUNCH's excellent old, ever young friend, *GEORGE CRUIKSHANK*—*Esq. perpetuus*—has put forth a second edition of his "Bottle," about half the size of the first issue, but from the original etchings. It is, in fact, a pint instead of a quart bottle, but the lesser contains as much flavour and spirit as the larger measure. *GEORGE* beats the original "Bottle-Conjurer." He has put himself first into a quart, and now into a pint bottle! Bravo, *GEORGE*!

CAPE DIAMONDS.—Far above RUBRY'S.

SQUIRE JOHN BROADACRES, until 1832 M.P. for the County of Clayshire. Politician and Land-owner. Aged eighty-four. Considers that the nation has never recovered from the abolition of Protection. Ascribes to the introduction of Free Trade the following evils, Fenianism, Home Rule, Garotting, Wife-kicking, Gout, and the Pope. Would hang in a body without trial the whole of the Trade Unionists. Regards *MR. DISRAELI* as a rank Radical, and *EARL RUSSELL* as the Representative of Advanced Republicanism. Hates machinery and chemistry, and believes in old-fashioned farming. Thinks that labourers' cottages were incapable of improvement in 1825. Writes long letters to his great grandson upon the subject of family etiquette, and reads with much diligence the back numbers of the late *Morning Herald*.

ABERNETHY PILLBOX, Esq., M.D. &c. &c. *Famous Surgeon.* Aged ninety-one. Thinks that every disease should be treated either with the lancet or the knife. Has no belief in anaesthetics, or any such cowardly quackery. Believes that a patient should be told the most painful facts in the bluntest possible language. Claims the entire pauper population for the Hospital Dissecting Room. Writes daily never-to-be-published letters to the *Times*, and regards the *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal* as the curses of the profession.

GARRICK SHAKESPEARE DRYDEN JOHNSON GROWLER, Esq. *Well-known Tragedian.* Aged eighty-seven. Believes that no piece worthy of production on the boards has been written since the *School for Scandal*. Has never known a man who could play the part of *Romeo* as it should be played under the age of fifty, with the single exception of himself—he assumed the character for the first time when he was only seven-and-forty. Thinks that a line of blank verse should take, at the least, five minutes in delivery. Has never heard of *MR. HENRY IRVING*, but thinks he remembers the name of a young beginner called *MACGRADY*. Is quite sure that the mirror held up to nature should be made of magnifying glass of extra power. To explain his meaning with greater conciseness, he is quite prepared to play a round of his favourite parts at either the Lane or the Garden. However, if he undertook this task (an extremely arduous one) he would, of course, expect a sufficient consideration.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.



UMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,
To his nurse proving he never could fall.
The height of the wall being *plus so-and-so*,
His centre of gravity being placed low,
It followed—as A is to B, C to D—
His nurse had no cause for anxiety,
Since a body so placed—if it tumbled at all—
Not downwards, but upwards, must certainly fall.
Humpty Dumpty to this point of proof had come, when
He came down such a bang, he ne'er got up again!

II.
ONE misty, moisty morning,
When the weather was cold.

I saw a man stand shivering,
Thinly clad and old.

LITTLE PERRY PARKINS
Told the reason why:
That man with Laws of Science
Had neglected to comply.

Had he followed known rules
For generating heat,
We should not have seen him
Shiv'ring in the street.

III.
HUSH-a-bye, Baby!—
'Tis naughty to cry,
Because Cambridge problems
Ma won't let you try.

Be a good Baby,
And lie still in bed,
Your nice conic-sections
Placed under your head.

Go to sleep, Baby.
And, if he won't cry,
Mamma a new algebra
Baby will buy.

MR. PUNCH ON EXACT SCIENCE.

MR. PUNCH has been requested by a Committee of learned men to lay down a few absolute axioms in Exact Science. He has appointed PROFESSOR MACFILE, F.R.H.S. (Fellow of the Royal Hysterical Society), to prepare a preliminary report on this momentous question. The Professor reports—

1. The more absolutely true a Proposition is, the more universally will it be disputed.
2. A Principle is a thing to be departed from.
3. A Point is that which has no magnitude. This is the point on which Tories and Liberals invariably differ.
4. As true history is entirely scandal, a *Mémoire pour Servir* is better than HALLAM's Constitutional disquisitions, and GREVILLE's Diaries than EARL RUSSELL's Recollections.
5. Lawn Tennis can always be played with a net; and pretty girls (like poachers) usually have nets concealed on their persons.

6. It is possible for theologians like MONSIEUR CAPEL and CANON LIDDOX to weary the Public while they wallop each other.

7. "Who is to lead the Liberal Party?" is an absurd question until you have solved the problem—Where is the Liberal Party?

8. To covet your neighbour's daughter is not prohibited by MOSES (or AARON) unless she is ugly or poor.

DR. PUNCH, Chancellor of the University of Fleet Street, is of opinion that this is quite enough from the learned F.R.H.S.

Odious Comparisons.

It was once written—

"As London to Paddington,
So PITT is to ADDINGTON."

It is now suggested—

"As MOSES to DAME PARTINGTON,
So is GLADSTONE to HARTINGTON."

OIDIUM THEOLOGICUM.

Brown (the morning after a wet dinner).
Diocese o' Sodor an' Man? Done anything 'bout that. Think feller's more likely to die o' seas o' "Sodor an' B!" O, dear, what a head I have!

HINTS FOR MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS HAPPY RETIREMENT.

DISESTABLISH—

Any Church you happen to encounter.
Any Oak tree that looks obtrusively like a fine old English forester.
Any Whig that talks like a Tory.
Any Tory that talks like a Radical.
Any School-Board that objects to the use of the birch.
Any School-Board that has a member who cannot read HOMER, and translate lyrical English into Latin leonine verse.
Any duffer who thinks he can write on theological questions to the *Times*.

Any one who wants to explain the Transit of Venus to the happily ignorant Public.

Any one who plays Whist at his Club every afternoon, and explains why he lost that grand *coup* in his final rubber.

Any one whose idea at Billiards is to put his opponent in "balk."

Anybody who thinks MR. DISRAELI is tired of governing England.

Anybody who cannot understand the incomparable wit and wisdom of the famous sage whose name will be found coupled with that of a sage almost as famous in this double acrostic:—

They both are charmingly unique—
The English greater than the Greek.

I.
A common diet for the nursery.

II.
A trap of which I've recollection.

III.
A verifying word that's cursory.

IV.
A metric foot.

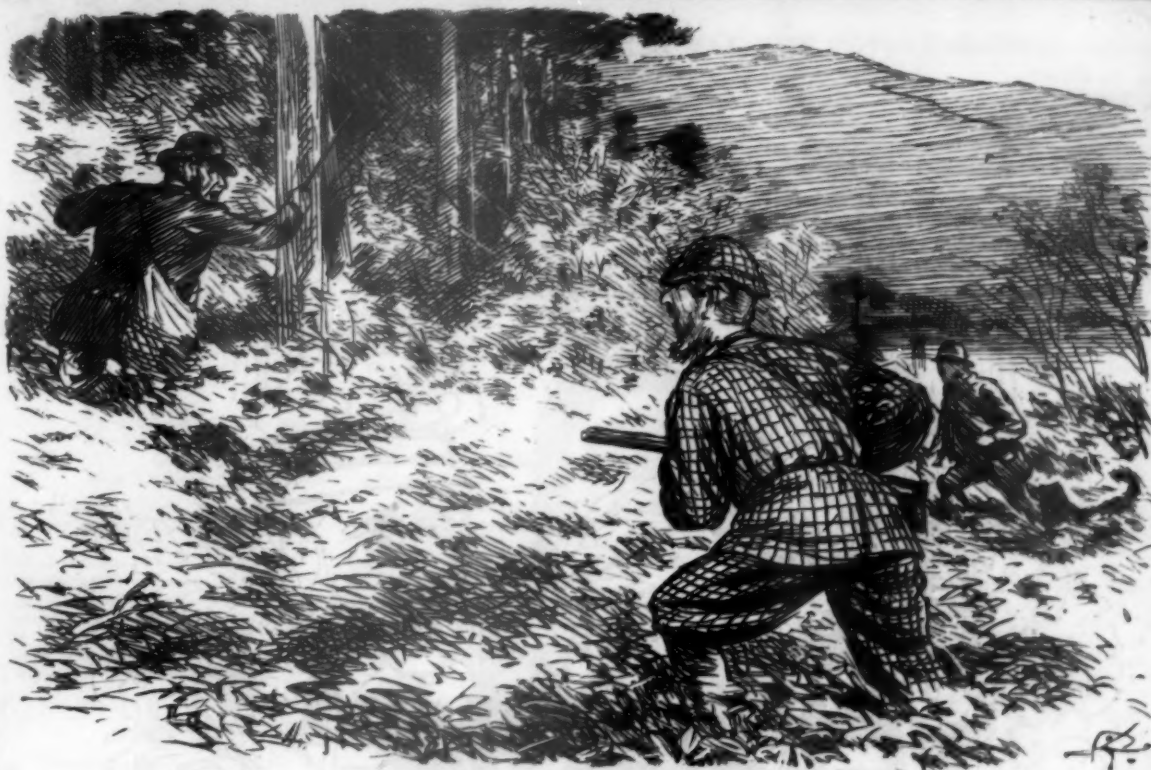
V.
An interjection.
Anybody else who is at all in the way.

DIFFERENT REMEDIES FOR DIFFERENT DISEASES.

THERE has been talk of uniting Liverpool and the Isle of Man in one Sec. No wonder the Manxmen protest. The needs of the two places are quite different. The Isle of Man cats have no tails. Liverpool wants cats with nine tails.

A SUGGESTION.

WHY not establish one central Police-Court for the hearing of Cab cases only, and make Mrs. PRODGERS its perpetual Stipendiary?



ALWAYS NAME YOUR BIRD.

(Sportman and Keepers beating the hill near Loch Fushie, Woodcock expected.)

First Keeper (to Second ditto, loudly), "HULLO! MÄO! MÄ-A-O!!" Sportman (excitedly), "MARK! MARK WHAT?"
Second Keeper, "MÄO-FARLANE, SIR!"

THE ZOO AND THE MU.

(A Historical Parallel. Respectfully dedicated to the Trustees of the British Museum.)

WOULD you know why the Monkeys died off at the Zoo,
Though Directors did all that Directors could do,
And called in physicians of eminence too?
Come list, while *Punch* states the case briefly to you.

It could not be for want of enough of good food;
They feasted on all that caged quadrumans should,
On apples and carrots, as much as they would,
Nuts, any giv'n quantities—more than was good.

They had plenty of room too for taking their flings,
And all sorts of perches, rope-ladders, and swings,
For Léopard feats and incredible springs,
In which legs, arms, and tails did the office of wings.

When the sunshine was warm and the weather was fair,
They'd a large summer cage open free to the air,
Round which pretty nurse-maids loved well to repair,
With their juvenile charges, at *Sinise* to stare.

When the cold weather came, they were shut up in glass,
Through which no breath of air was permitted to pass;
And as Monkeys are creatures who make their own gas,
Ammoniacal compounds were sure to amass.

Soon, though Monkeys are cheerful, and all doleful dumps shun,
They were seen to turn mopish, their games, swings, and jumps
shun;

And, at last, proved their keepers' entire want of gumption,
By dying, in batches, of rapid consumption.

Yes—in batches the Monkeys dropped off at the Zoo,
Sorely puzzling the keepers, and scientists too;
Till MITCHELL grew mournful, and BARTLETT looked blue,
And WOMBWELL, when asked, replied "Blest if he knew."

DOCTOR ARNOTT consulted, thought ere he replied,
Came, saw, sniffed the cages, their atmosphere tried,
Weighed the evidence well, *pros* and *cons* on each side,
Then pronounced 'twas for want of fresh air the brutes died!

OF ARNOTT's opinion with nail and with tooth
Some Directors fell foul—said that, even if sooth,
A physician was bound to have wrapped up the truth
In terms scientific, abstruse, and uncouth.

But the less scientific Directors replied,
Facts were facts: Monkeys payed them that lived, not that died.
So they carried a vote that fresh air be supplied,
Through netted wire openings—so high and so wide.

Soon the blue-nosed baboons ceased to look extra blue,
The Howlers set up their old hullabaloo—
Macaques, Lemurs, Loris, sprang, climbed, swung, and flew,
And the quadrumans no more died off at the Zoo!

P'raps if the Trustees to this case would attend,
And take measures the air their clerks breathe to amend—
As men's healths on the same laws as monkeys' depend—
The same means at the Mu would produce the same end!

Anticipation.

THE Spanish residents at Berlin are delighted at the prospect of
gay doings at their Embassy, *SIXOR MERRY* having been appointed
Minister for Spain at the German Court. Let us hope it may not be
a case of "a short life and a merry one."



T MDCCCLXXV

HE Curtain is up! The choric opening movement of Lords and Commons round the Woolsack—answering to the *Thymele* of the Dionysiac Theatre—has been performed. The Actors have put on their masks—this is the only theatre in which these classic appliances are still worn—and the first speech of the ancient play—the *QUEEN'S*—has been duly delivered. This *trade*—or *rhema* as the Greeks called such “accreeds”—is always more ceremonial than serious, and this year, when no one anticipates a performance of lively interest, or stirring incident, its ceremonial character seemed more apparent even than usual.

The LORD CHANCELLOR performed the part of *Queen* “for this occasion only.” He would have pleased *Polonius*. The Speech in his mouth was “well spoken, with good emphasis and good discretion.” Still the performer would have a better chance of giving his words with effect, had they been thrown into a more rhythmic and pointed form—say something in this fashion—

’Mid peace abroad, prosperity at home,
Gladly once more to the Old House we come!
Brussels’ War Conferences were a snare,
Our Russian friends won’t again catch us there.
Spain’s latest tocs, you see, has “Head” come down,
Poor Spain may well be thankful for a Crown!

Slav’ry, once chained, to keep in chains we mean.
Japan and China near a break have been.
Look out for smashes when they come to jar—
But WADE (wise buffer) came ’twixt them and war.
Our Colonies are well as well can be—
Gold Coast, Natal, and, last, not least, Fiji.

And if LANGALIBALELE we've bade spare,
COLENSO's pleased, and that's no small affair.
In India with famine we have striven,
And conquered it, thank stout hearts and kind Heaven!

MR. WORTHY COMMONS, You'll be glad to learn
Our banking-book need give you no concern.
Some bills we have to settle, but so small,
You may say they're as good as none at all.
Reform of Judicature, Sale of Land,
We'll take up where we last year stayed our hand.
Foul dens, rank nuisances, polluted streams,
We've Bills to deal with—don't say these are dreams!
Friendly Societies and Merchant Shipping
We'll mind, and see those whipped who earn a whipping.
For wife-beaters and kicking roughs—it boots
Little with rose-water to sprinkle brutes;
So, pace PETER TAYLOR, in our gaols
We ask leave to keep cats—cats with nine tails:
Then Public Prosecutors named shall be,
Till not a crime unwhipped of law go free.
This, with what little you can find to do
For Trade Offences, and Farm Tenants too,
Will, I think, make a programme that looks well—
How 'twill work out, that let the Session tell!

And then, a few hours later, when the Speech had been duly echoed by the EARL OF DONOUGHMORE and LORD RAYLEIGH in the Lords, and MESSRS. STANHOPE and WHITEHEAD in the Commons, the Protagonists, or First Actor—a rank always held by the Leader of the Government—and the Deuteragonistes, or Second Actor—a function reserved for the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition—on this occasion a very young performer, it being indeed his first appearance in so prominent a part—came forward in their appropriate masks, and exchanged the usual playful *prælude* or prologue to the Atellan Farce of "The Session!"

TUFNELL (MR.) V. SENIOR (MRS.).

THERE is now raging between two Local Government Office Inspectors, masculine and feminine, a hot controversy—hot, at least, on the gentleman's part, and provokingly cool on the lady's.

MRS. SENIOR—a name deserving honour in connection with Poor-law legislation—appointed to inspect Female Pauper Schools by MR. STANFELD, reported against the District Schools, as to their effect on the future of the orphan girls trained in them, and urged, instead, a system of boarding such girls out in families, under due supervision. MRS. SENIOR had come to her conclusion after inquiries—made for her by ladies who undertook the task—into the history of these orphan girls after leaving the District Schools.

MR. TUFNELL now charges MRS. SENIOR and her inquirers with something uncommonly near "taradiddling"—at all events, roundly asserts that her best conclusions have no sound foundation, and that her evidence won't hold water. Having been offered by MRS. SENIOR an inspection of her evidence, MR. TUFNELL curtly refuses to look at it, and coolly recommends the lady to "withdraw her report." Suppose she retorted?

The masculine Inspector writes snappishly and scornfully, and *Punch* is bound to say that, in this correspondence, both in temper and argument, the lady has the best of it.

MR. TUFNELL is an old hand at Inspection. He has had the lion's share in organising the District Schools, and has, no doubt, therein done a good work, for which he deserves credit. Naturally he doesn't like to see a young hand, and a feminine hand, throwing cold water on his work. But he is bound to keep his temper, and not forget his good breeding in dealing with a lady. *Seniores priores*, is an old rule, which MR. TUFNELL, no doubt would render "old hands ought to be uppermost;" but in this case, it seems to *Punch*, that "Senior prior" will have to be translated, "the young hand has the better of it,"—at least as far as regards taste, temper, and treatment of the question thus far.

The real merits of the controversy have yet to be investigated; but the Inspectress, we are bound to say, seems more willing to have her evidence sifted, than the Inspector to sift it. Now everything turns on the evidence. If that proves untrustworthy, *cadit* INSPECTRESS SENIOR. But if it holds water, *cadit* INSPECTOR TUFNELL. Let us have no more sparring, please; but a sifting—as careful and as speedy as may be. Inspectress, even, has a right to that at the hands of Inspector.

PREACHER V. FLOGGEE.

- Q. Why are Wife-beaters like Her Majesty's Opposition?
A. Because they want a Liberal Whip to keep them in order.

THE MAN WITH OLIVER CROMWELL'S HEAD.



LANGUAGE, Sir, cannot convey my indignation that anyone should have presumed to claim the distinguished head which is my own private property. Why, bless you, Sir, I've had OLIVER CROMWELL'S head for years. At what particular period of my life I lost my own head, and got OLIVER'S instead, I cannot exactly tell. It has always been a puzzle to me. However, I am able to set at rest all discussion on this head by simply referring the claimants, and other people who think they know all about it, to

my own head, which is always ready and willing to answer any questions when put respectfully. OLIVER CROMWELL'S head has been a great nuisance to me. I would willingly exchange it now for somebody's of less importance, and indeed I wouldn't mind getting back my own, did I but know where to apply: perhaps this letter will serve as an advertisement. The other day, when out walking, I met CHARLES THE FIRST'S head on somebody's shoulders. Oddly enough the *rencontre* took place at Whitehall, and within sight of a scaffold—which has been erected for the new buildings in that quarter.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S head hasn't got much to say for itself. It seldom jokes, and, therefore, is not an amusing companion in society. The best thing it ever said was once at dinner, when an offensive fish had been placed on the table: the nose—OLIVER'S nose—sniffed disdainfully, and the head said, in a loud voice, "Remove that barbel." Not bad for OLIVER'S head, was it? My own taste is for light literature, but OLIVER'S head will have nothing except MILTON, sacred subjects, and books on trade and commerce. If the idiots who pretend to have OLIVER'S head only knew what a nuisance it really is, they'd soon relinquish their claim to the distinction.

I am, too, if I had my own head, a staunch Churchman, but OLIVER'S head will take me to Anabaptist Chapels and all sorts of Dissenting places. I am naturally a fond admirer of Champagne; but OLIVER'S head will have beer—what it calls "Old Huntingdon Ale." The sort of hat with which CROMWELL'S head likes to be covered is the kind of thing that I detest. I hate a broad, flapping brim. But I must wear it; I can't help myself. Sometimes my hands tingle to punch CROMWELL'S head, but CROMWELL'S head won't have it, and my hands are obliged to obey the action of CROMWELL'S brain.

Did you ever hear—(I didn't, except from CROMWELL'S head)—that in Holland a medal was struck representing CROMWELL'S head in BRITANNIA'S lap. CROMWELL'S head chuckles immensely over this, and, after its fifth tankard of ale, CROMWELL'S old eyes twinkle, and it (the head) says something about BRITANNIA on the medal being a likeness of my LADY DYMART. From constant intimacy with CROMWELL'S head, and having experience of its wonderful powers of memory, I am inclined to the opinion that the original owner—I mean the Lord Protector himself—was a Master Slyboots.

I can't write any more, and I shouldn't have been able to have written this but that a fellow-patient—I mean a fellow-student—in the Asylum—I mean College—has managed to mesmerise CROMWELL'S head, and so while that confounded head is asleep I write with my own hands and with all my heart, which is still my own, thank goodness! But hark! CROMWELL'S head awakes, and it will be calling out to IRETON to bring BRADSHAW; in which case IRETON will be BRADSHAW'S Guide. If I can shake it off, I will write again; but in the meantime protect my interests. I am a good subject of Her Present MAJESTY, and will never disturb the British Constitution, although my own is utterly upset by the possession of

Colwell Hatchney, February 22,
Old Midsummer's Day.

CROMWELL'S HEAD.



INCONVENIENCE OF UNIFORM ARCHITECTURE IN LONDON TERRACES.

GRIGSBY (A SHY BUT AMIABLE MAN) IS INVITED TO A SMALL JUVENILE PARTY AT NO. 47 (HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW'S), WHERE HE IS HELD IN GREAT FAVOUR BY THE CHILDREN, WHOM HE ALWAYS MANAGES TO STARTLE WITH SOME NEW AND AGREEABLE SURPRISE. BY MISTAKE HE KNOCKS AT NO. 48, WHERE HE IS A COMPLETE STRANGER, AND BIDDING THE ASTONISHED MENIALS NOT TO ANNOUNCE HIM, HE RUSHES UP-STAIRS TO THE DRAWING-ROOM, WHICH HE ENTERS IN THE ABOVE EXTRAORDINARY FASHION!

[The company assembled for Dinner at No. 48 are already much put out by the unconscionable lateness of an important guest.]

FOR FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH.

THIS year it is said that Valentines are to take the shape of gifts of various kinds, after the old North-Country fashion. This being the case, the following presents are sure to be given and received during the course of next week.

From MR. DISRAELI to MR. GLADSTONE.—A very old writing-desk.

From MR. GLADSTONE to MR. DISRAELI.—A much-used Ready Reckoner.

From MARSHAL MACMAHON to the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.—A Crown which has been for some years since a great embarrassment to its guardian.

From the LORD MAYOR of London to MARSHAL MACMAHON.—A Handbook of the Etiquette observed at the Court—of Aldermen.

From MR. BRIGHT to MR. FORSTER.—The report of a very long sermon recently delivered at Birmingham.

From MR. FORSTER to MR. BRIGHT.—A copy of the 25th Clause. From MR. WILKIE COLLINS to the Proprietors of the Graphic.—The conclusion of a Romance containing more lady than law.

From the Proprietors of the Graphic to MR. WILKIE COLLINS.—An order for a new story introducing a "headless woman," to form a companion Novel to a tale describing at full, or rather, at half length, a "legless man."

From Mr. Punch to the Whole World.—A weekly periodical full of never-ceasing wit and wisdom.

And lastly, from the Whole World to Mr. Punch.—Several hundred millions of threepenny bits.

FACILIS DESCENSUS!

YES; something like a come-down, if you will—
From People's WILLIAM to Private BILL!

A TRADE OF THE TIME.

A. (professional Deserter, with Testimonials from York, Wakefield, Salford, and Millbank). B. (bird of a feather).

B. What ar' thee in for this time, BILL?

A. 'Sertion an' sellin' kit, as ushal.

B. What 'll they giv' yer?

A. The reg'lar 'llowance—underd an' sixty-eight, and discharge.

B. Mean to try it on agin when you comes out?

A. B'lieve ye, my boy! But the Line and the 'Tillery is agettin' too 'ot for me. I'm agoin' in for the Marines next time.

[And what is there to prevent the blackguard? Nothing, but the old black-letter "D."]

The Marquis Bo-Peep and the Liberal Sheep.

THE MARQUIS BO-PEEP

Herds the Liberal sheep—

If he only knew where to find them.

Will they ever come home,

And—please Home Rule and Rome—

Bring their Irish tails behind them?

"Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go."

Ophelia's Song.

MR. HADEN's proposal to substitute baskets filled with moss and ferns for oak and lead coffins sounds so attractive that the Funeral March of the future seems likely to be HADEN'S *With Verdure Clad*.

A CARMEN'S REFUGE.—Where MRS. PRODGERS can't get at them.



THE NEW SHEPHERD.

HARTINGTON (new hand, just taken on). "HEY, BUT MEASTER!—WHERE BE THE SHEEP?"



THE NEW SHEPHERD

Published by the Author, 10, St. James's Street, London, W.

A SWAIN ON "VIVISECTION."



CONBARNUN' Vivisection now there's made a gurt to-do. Good folks ool ha' 'tis cruel and that's my own opinion too. But how on we live Christians be Doctors to practice, Their hands upon dumb animals without they fustly tries?

And mind, 'tin't only Surgeons, wi'ziun-tific aims; There's moor nor they, brute baistics as mutilates and maims; Your breeders and your butchers and your cooks all does the same, And hunters too, and shooters, they be likewise fur to blame.

Thee go thy way out walkun some vine marnun in the Spring; Thee 't hear cows moo, sheep baa, donkeys bray, and small birds sing. By'm'by a zound o' squallun comes warried on the breeze, Fust loud and high, then softnenun down to silunee by degrees.

That strasin o' Natur's music "vivisection" do denote; A what you calls incizhun that's performed upon a droat. And fainter on your ear as falls that there melojus cry, You knows that 'tis the last squeak of a pig beenn killed hard-by.

It med be true, what some says, that pig dies an aisy death, But he's that stubborn that 'a wun't in quiet yield his breath, And that 's the only rason 'a meaks all the noise 'a do,— But I zummow can't help feelun' 'a must suffer summut too.

P'raps 't'oodn't do bihaaseen, nor poork nuther, no gurt harm, To kill a pig if we fust put un under chlorifyarm; So if I could I'd put myself, in case I'd got to die: And my rule's do to your fellers as you'd like to be done by.

Then oxen med be slaughtered too, and likewise calves and sheep, In a state o' stupefaction, if the means was only cheap, And when their time was come 't'ood be so happy a release, That people all wi' one accord 'ood say their end was peace.

Ah, how 't'ood be if we was all so tender and humasin, When we practice "vivisection" for to always stifle pain! Yet my ears 'ood miss that meller'd cry as rose on the gale afore, For the toonful squall o' the dyun pig I should never hear no more.

STARS AND GARTERS.

THE refusal of the Poet Laureate and MR. THOMAS CARLYLE to accept respectively a Baronetcy and a Grand Cross Knighthood of the Bath, is a proof that the honours in question were considered by the eminent men to which they were offered very unbecoming the dignity of justly celebrated *littérateurs*. MR. TENNYSON naturally did not wish to have his name associated for the future with Ex-Lord Mayors, and the Philosopher of Cheyne Walk most likely regarded the distinction of Knighthood as an empty wind-bag, signifying chiefly, upon the whole, a loud-sounding nothingness. In spite of the dignified contempt of MESSRS. TENNYSON and CARLYLE for "name-handles," it is certainly a reproach that England should be the only country in Europe where intellectual and social merit is habitually ignored. A Peerage is open to active soldiers, lucky lawyers, and second-rate politicians, but the man of genius or tact is allowed to remain a simple "Mister" until the end of the chapter. As this seems to be a scandal requiring immediate removal, Mr. Punch (ever ready to remedy grievances) has much pleasure in proposing a scheme to the details of which he calls the attention of the government in general, and of that distinguished literary man, MR. DISRAELI in particular. Mr. Punch would institute an entirely new order to be called "The Reward of Merit," which should be conferred upon Book-Makers, Dramatists, Artists, and Actors who had reached a certain standard of excellence. There should also be a

supplementary class for men distinguished for social bravery. The Order should be divided into Companions, Knights Commander, and Knights Grand Cross. As the question naturally arises, "What should be the standards of excellence in such an order?"—Mr. Punch has much satisfaction in publishing the following table of qualifications for the various grades:—

BOOK-MAKERS' BRANCH.

Companions.—For Journalists who have written a dozen leading articles without using LEMPHIRE's *Classical Dictionary*, or resorting to the editorial "we."

Knights Commander.—For Novelists who have written romances in monthly or weekly instalments in such a manner that their stories will bear the three-volume ordeal without injury to plot, dialogue, or characters.

Knights Grand Cross.—For Historians who have found or made truth more fascinating than fiction.

DRAMATISTS' BRANCH.

Companions.—For Farce-writers who have never used the crushing of a handbox as a point for a low comedian.

Knights Commander.—For Comedy-writers who have trusted more to plot and dialogue than to upholstery.

Knights Grand Cross.—For Romantic Play-writers who have dispensed with the lime-light.

ARTISTS' BRANCH.

Companions.—For Portrait-painters who have refused to "take the likenesses" of municipal nobodies and commercial parvenus.

Knights Commander.—For Depicters of Domestic Scenes who have never painted the supernaturally cleanly child of an utterly impossible cottager.

Knights Grand Cross.—For any Painter (not being R.A. or A.R.A.) satisfied with the doings of the Royal Academy.

ACTORS' BRANCH.

Companions.—For Low Comedians who have never added to the words of their parts after those parts have been delivered over to them by the authors.

Knights Commander.—For Tragedians who have made *Macbeth* probable and *Hamlet* possible.

Knights Grand Cross.—For Theatrical Managers who have trusted more to good pieces supported by efficient companies, than to bill-sticking, newspaper advertisements, literary suppers, and perambulating placard-carriers.

SOCIAL BRAVERY BRANCH.

Companions.—For any Husband who has brought home a friend to dinner three distinct times in one fortnight without warning his Wife.

Knights Commander.—For Clubmen marrying after they have reached the age of five-and-thirty.

Knights Grand Cross.—For any Sage daring to speak his mind, at any time, on any subject, said mind being clear, powerful, and infallible. N.B. It is scarcely necessary to say that the only person obviously eligible for this honour is Mr. Punch himself.

Astronomy and the City.

At the Annual Dinner of the French Hospital, the French Ambassador, COMTE DE JARNAC, who presided, in proposing the health of "the distinguished visitors," is reported as saying "Can I forget that our firmament has been visited to night by a Meteor of no ordinary effulgence, the LORD MAYOR of the City of London?"

Evidently his Excellency had the LORD MAYOR's name in his mind, but no doubt he felt it was more in accordance with the rules of oratory to speak of a Meteor, than a Meteoric STONE.

A Greater than Darwin.

MR. BRIGHT, in his Birmingham speech the other day, declared that in the last election the body of the English Publicans was entirely moved by its tail. This ought to settle the question of our origin, or at least point the direction in which to look for the "missing link." Still we should like to ask LORD DUNDREARY, who so successfully explained why a dog wags his tail, how it comes about that the Tail should still wag the Publican?

ECCLÉSIOLOGICAL.

THE Dominical or Sunday Letter for next Sunday will be a Valentine.

THE BEST PERFORMER IN THE "MASKELYNE COOKE" LINE.—"FRANCATELLI."

HOLIDAYS (FOR THE HORSES?).





A PROMISING PUPIL.

"HOW DOES YOUR BROTHER GET ON IN NEW YORK, PARKER?"
 "VERY WELL, INDEED, MA'AM, THANK YOU. HE'S ONLY BEEN THERE THREE MONTHS, AND HE'S ALREADY BEGINNING TO SPEAK THE LANGUAGE BEAUTIFUL!"

CHEERFULNESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A LARGE Meeting composed exclusively of Members of 'what we may just now call the Mark Tapley Party, took place at the Reform Club last week, for the purpose of electing a Leader.

MR. COWPER-TEMPLE, who was received with loud cheers, moved that Mr. BRIGHT should take the chair. The proposal was welcomed with loud cheers.

MR. DILLWYN, who was also received with loud cheers, seconded the motion, which was carried amid renewed cheering.

MR. BRIGHT then took the chair amid loud and prolonged cheering. He said the party was thoroughly united. (*Cheers.*) He had perfect confidence in the future of the party. (*Loud cheers.*) But they wanted a Leader (*great cheering*), and he, therefore, called upon certain gentlemen to move certain Resolutions. (*Prolonged and enthusiastic cheers.*)

MR. WHITBREAD, who was received with much cheering, moved that the Meeting should express its profound sense of the loss the country and party had sustained by the retirement of MR. GLADSTONE. (*Loud and long-continued cheering, again and again renewed.*) Their loss, he observed, was a loss, like many other losses in this life, of which it might be said that we did not become aware of their magnitude till we discovered how much we had lost.*

MR. FAWCETT, who seconded the Resolution, was received with loud cheers. He said that it was a great comfort to him and his friends to think that though they often opposed Mr. GLADSTONE when supported by a majority of 125, after he was defeated they had given him their cordial support. Then the Motion was carried amid enthusiastic cheering.

* As these remarkable utterances of MR. WHITBREAD and MR. FAWCETT are given in almost identical words in all the reports of the Meeting, we presume they were really the eloquent outbursts of the moment.

A TURN FOR TIBER.

WHAT may not GARIBALDI do,
 Warrior of famous fibre?
 Having made Italy anew,
 He'd fain re-make the Tiber.

What things that stream of yellow mud
 Has seen and done—good gracious!
 Since o'er its swiftly flowing flood
 Swam the renowned HORATIUS.

The stream was rushing thick and fast,
 The wind was blowing rawly,
 When o'er the stream HORATIUS passed,
 Just to oblige MACAULAY.

Bravely the hero hastened home,
 After his feat audacious;
 Later came *Lays of Ancient Rome*,
 Just to oblige HORATIUS.

Now Rome receives with open arms
 Italia's latest hero,
 Who brought down tyranny's alarms—
 Kaiser's and Pope's—to zero.

When GARIBALDI's stroke of flame
 BOMBINO's sceptre crumbled,
 To VICTOR's broad, tanned forehead came
 The crown from fool's head tumbled.

Now Italy is calm and cool,
 And laughs at imbecility,
 And leaves the POPE, a Jesuit tool,
 To vouch Infallibility.

And he, grey chief, whose lightest word
 Made Kings and Cabinets shiver,
 As Revolution's grown absurd,
 Takes to embank a river.

COMBUSTIBLE MATERIALS.

THE other day there was a debate in the French Assembly on dynamite. Stormy as the proceedings often are in the Chamber, on this occasion, strange to say, there was no explosion.

THE PROPER PUBLISHERS OF WORKS ON CREMATION.—MESSRS. ASHERS.

MR. CHARLES VILLIERS, on presenting himself to the Meeting, was received with loud cheers, and on his proposing the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON as the future Leader of the Party, the cheering knew no bounds.

MR. S. MORLEY's cheers appear to have been mislaid for the moment, on his rising to second the proposal; but, at the conclusion of his speech, he was loudly cheered.

The Resolution was carried amid great cheering, and LORD FREDERICK CAVENTISH, on getting on his legs, to return thanks for his brother the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, was greeted with prolonged cheering.

DR. LYON PLAYFAIR and MR. HOLMS, in moving and seconding a vote of thanks to MR. BRIGHT, hardly—according to the reports—seem to have met with fair play in the way of cheering; but, on MR. BRIGHT rising to express his acknowledgments, cheering set in again with as much vigour as if it was just beginning.

The meeting having shaken hands with itself, then dispersed, amid loud cheers—the whole proceedings, including the cheering, not having lasted more than forty minutes.

For a Party that is out of Office, this is about the most cheerful meeting that was ever reported.

For Coley of Cowley, near Oxford.

(After JOHNSON.)

DR. JOHNSON wrote, in his *Vanity of Human Wishes*,—

"See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 O'er buried merit raise the tardy bust."

Had he lived last week, he might have written,—

See Coley, scarcely wise, and hardly just,
 Over unburied MERRITT raise a dust.



SELF-DEVOTION.

Plain Serving-Man. "WHAT WITH THESE 'ERE NEW LAWS, MUM, THE BIRDS IS MORE TROUBLESOME THIS YEAR THAN EVER. THE PLACE SWARMS WITH 'EM!"

Old Lady. "WELL, THOMAS, WE'D BETTER PUT UP A SCARECROW."

Serving-Man. "LOD' BLESS YER, MUM! SCARECROWS AIN'T O' NO USE. 'BELIEVE THEY BIRDS'D COME JUST THE SAME IF I WAS TO GO AND STAND THERE MYSELF!!"

WEDNESDAY WISDOM.

WITH a view to acting up, as far as possible, to the spirit of the law as gathered from the various enactments in regard to the proper and anomalous observance of Ash Wednesday, the following are a few of the Theatrical arrangements suggested to the L. C. for that day, though it is doubtful whether it will be found practicable to carry them all out in their entirety.

Haymarket.—Afternoon Lecture on "Unpopular Astronomy," by *Lord Dundreary*, followed by some remarks on the "transit of Venus," by *MR. BUCKSTONE*.

Lyceum.—Morning Performance of *Hamlet*, by the "Bateman Minstrels." The characters will appear in evening dress, and, with the exception of the *Ghost*, with blackened faces, and will be seated opposite the audience in a semi-circle. The "bones" will be held, but not used by the *Prince of Denmark*, and the address to the players will be struck out.

Charing Cross.—Sermons, as usual, during the evening by the *REV. JULIAN GRAY*. Doors open at half-past seven.

Albert Hall.—Popular representation of the *Drury Lane Pantomime*. Two clowns, full orchestra of twenty-five, and great organ. *Gaiety.*—Scientific lecture by *MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD*, on the "rise and progress of *Opéra Bouffe* in England," with scenic, vocal and instrumental illustrations by the staff and company of the *Gaiety Theatre*. No Fees.

Strand.—Sacred Concert, under the direction of *MRS. SWANBOROUGH*. Programme not yet settled. &c., &c., &c.

Mr. Punch advises the proprietors of other places of amusement to follow suit, as he is of opinion that an honest attempt, made in this genial spirit, to meet the force of authority half way, would lead to highly satisfactory results. He submits that the experiment is worth trying.

A HOPE FOR ALL FOOLS.

A RECENT telegram from Paris quotes from the *Cologne Gazette* the statement that *PRINCE BISMARCK* is suffering from a nervous affection, that his physicians have warned him to lead a quiet life, that the President of the Police has advised him to look to his personal safety, and that:—

"It is rumoured in the Upper House that soon after his sixtieth birthday, on the first of April, he intends to retire."

It may be considered at once a curious coincidence and contrariety that *BISMARCK*, who is no fool, should have been born on *All Fools' Day*. Perhaps it will turn out that his retirement should have been announced to occur on that Festival, so as to make the devotees who may have prepared to celebrate it with unusual rejoicing regular April Fools.

Translated for the French.

If "Ignorance is bliss," what a happy man that *redacteur* of the *Paris Soir* must be who informed his readers, last Thursday, that "SIR THOMAS CARLYLE had gained the post of Queen's Laureate in the competition of 1874." What would *True THOMAS* say of this version, by the French "able editor," of his refusal of the Grand Cross of the Bath? Probably he would think the blunder rather one to laugh at than to be grandly cross over.

NOT BEFORE IT WAS WANTED.

THE last move of the French Assembly has been to carry a *solid Wall-on* step of the Septennial foundation of *MARSHAL MACMAHON*,—no doubt, to keep out the Bonapartists.



"ON 'CHANGE."

Brown. "MORNING. FRESH MORNING, AIN'T IT?"

Smith. "COURSE IT IS. EVERY MORNING'S A FRESH MORNING! BY-BYE!"

[BROWN'S TEMPER ALL DAY IS QUITE UNBEARABLE.]

"TOO FEW COOKS SPOIL THE BROTH."

MY VERY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

*The Hermitage, Cozy Nook.
Feast of St. Pancakes.*

THE other evening, as I was sitting dozing over the *Times* after supper, I came across a most interesting letter. It was entitled "Cookery for the Working Classes," and contained several very excellent suggestions. I suppose I must have fallen asleep as I was reading it, for I certainly found that I had been carried out of my comfortable study to be placed in a small, half-furnished room.

My new abode was a very wretched place. There was a little window in one of the corners which had lost a third of its proper complement of glass panes. The deficiency had been made good with brown paper and dirty dusters. In the centre of the room was a slovenly woman, hard at work preparing the household dinner. Her hair was rolled up in a heap anyhow, her cotton gown was amply spotted with grease and gravy, and her hands and arms, to say the least, could scarcely have been compared honestly with the driven snow. Rolling about the floor, and generally getting into the way of their mother, were two ragged children. I now turned my attention to the cookery. O, my dear Mr. Punch, such waste, such cruel waste! Meat hacked and tossed about as if it had been so much grass! Bones thrown away to the dogs in the court outside, fat given over to the tender mercies of the cats on the tiles! And such cooking—such barbarous cooking! The woman's one idea seemed to be that she ought to burn the meat before her to a cinder. So long as it was "brown all over," she was perfectly satisfied. She laid the cloth (such a cloth!), and put out the plates (such plates!); and, after hustling a lot of newspapers, old coats, and older stockings, on to a side table, she was ready for dinner. Such a dinner! It consisted of very improbable meat, garnished with nearly impossible potatoes! As I looked at this banquet, laid out in what I may call a temple of moss and mire, the husband of the woman entered the room. He looked at his home, his wife, and his dinner, and sat down on a chair, and in a bad temper. Before I could hear

CHARLES LAMB'S CENTENARY.

"February 10, is the centenary of the birthday of CHARLES LAMB. It is thought that this offers a fit opportunity to establish some memorial of him in his old school, where, I am ashamed to say, no visible trace of him exists."—Letter of G. C. BELL (*Head Master of Christ's Hospital*) in the *Times*.

DEAR ELIA, born a hundred years ago,
How through and through your quiet life we know:
How we delight in those quaint essays, made
Out of soul-sunlight conquering life-shade:
How we enjoy your happy style, sore sated
Of large words with but little meaning weighted:
How every one who reads your prose or rhymes,
Feels to you as a comrade of those times,
That heard you pun and stammer out your joke,
And breathed the fragrance of your curling smoke:
For never reader could your Essays end,
Without the thought, "Dear ELIA is my friend!"

Now the Head-Master of that famous school,
Where once you writhed 'neath flagellating rule,
And, when birch-rod produced assendant hymn,
Envi'd unpunishable cherubim,
Writes to the *Times*—says briefly, "Let us do
Something for that dear ancient brilliant Blue."
Punch says the same, for through the world who knows
So exquisite a master of sweet prose,
So beautiful a dreamer, though the sky
To which you soared was not immensely high;
So subtle an observer of all things
Kindly and quaint, with old-world colourings.
What though the playful fancies of your pen;
Be your memorial in the hearts of Men,
'Tis sad to know, where a boy-blue you played,
Within the churchyard where your bones are laid,
Your grave neglected, and your school-room wall,
Without a stone your memory to recall!

* See letter of Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD in the *Daily News*, Saturday, Feb. 13.

Leyden Literati.

PUNCH is glad the proceedings at the Leyden Tercentenary went off smoothly. A Leyden jar or two was no more than might have been expected.

him breathe the beautiful sentiments I knew he must be burning to utter, I was whirled away into quite a different sort of apartment.

The new room in which I found myself was neat and cheery. Pleasant pictures were hanging on the walls, the floor had been fresh sanded, and flowers were blooming in the window-seat. Everything was in its proper place, from the big clock down to the tiniest little egg-cup. A bright young woman, in a spotless cap and a large brown holland apron, was busy at work cooking. She had a couple of excellent assistants in the persons of two neat-handed, bright-eyed, merry-voiced children. Ah! here was something like cookery! No waste, no dirt, and no stupidity. Every morsel of meat and bone not required for the dish upon which the woman was engaged, was quietly popped by the children into a steaming *pot au feu*. A beautiful white cloth was laid upon the table, and then the wife, as a finishing stroke, concocted such an omelette! This done, she took off her apron, carefully folded it up, and was ready for dinner. She looked as clean and as neat and as bright (let me say for want of a better simile) as a brand new darning-needle! As the omelette smoked on the table, in came the husband fresh from his toil. He sat down with a smile, and then—I found myself somewhere else.

I was back again in England. I saw Schools of Cookery, attended by flocks of farm-children and presided over by young ladies. I knew intuitively that these young ladies had given up their croquet parties and had snubbed their curate admirers to go in for a course of training at the School of Cookery at South Kensington. I noticed that the wives were neat and the husbands happy, that the cottages were tidy and pretty, and the children cheery and useful. In fact I found that England could compare with France. And when I saw all this, my very dear Mr. Punch, I knew that I must be what, as a matter of fact, I actually was,

Your obedient Servant,
ONLY A DREAMER.

BROAD CHURCH VESTMENT.—A Fro-mantle.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FIELD MARSHAL DISRAELI, deserves credit for having had his batteries early in good position, with their artillery in excellent order.

Report on the Address was brought up, under the usual desultory fire, enlivened by a volley of Irish patterances, opened by MR. O'CONNOR POWER (the member for County Mayo) who, last year, had a speech reported, which was never spoken, and now spoke a speech which had better not have been reported. MR. J. MARTIN insisted, as usual, that the Irish Members had no business at Westminster, and ought to be on College Green. If it was as clear that they would do no harm there, as it is that they do no good here, the House would probably agree with him. And then the Commander-in-Chief, stepping lightly forward under this harmless discharge, gave the word, "Fire along the whole Line!"

GENERAL CROSS opened the ball with his great gun—the Bill for Improving Insanitary Habitations. Medical Officers are to set Town Councils in motion; and they are to have power to eject King Fever out of his Courts, that Health, Cleanliness, and Decency—blessed triumvirate—may reign in his room.

The danger is lest King Job be set up as a successor to King Fever. Local authorities are not to build till it is found impossible to induce Private Enterprise to undertake the work. Besides, schemes under the Act for London must have the sanction of the Home Office; for other places, of the Local Government Board. Machinery for valuation and arbitration is provided. Prepared and sanctioned schemes of improvement are to be embodied in Provisional Orders, and acquire force of law without the cost of Private Bills.

CAPTAIN CROSS, whose handling of his great gun was smart and soldierly, drew off to make room for GENERAL SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who brought up his lighter piece—the Friendly Societies Bill—an improvement on the one withdrawn last Session. If working men will subscribe to insolvent Societies, they will do it with their eyes open, for the Government is to prepare and circulate tables to prove that Societies—any more than soldiers—cannot spend half-a-crown out of sixpence a day, and prosper. In certain specified cases of ruinous mismanagement Societies may be dissolved. Little children may be insured, up to £3, in one office. Working-man-fathers are not quite so black, it seems, as they were painted last year.

Then came up SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY with his Merchant Shipping Bill—a lighter gun by far than MR. PLIMSOLL wants, but as heavy as the Board of Trade think workable with effect. Discipline, safety of ships and crews, training of boys for the Merchant Service, inquiry in cases of loss, are all provided for. There is to be a register of draught on ships' sides, but no load-line. That the Government, backed by the Commission of Inquiry, still refuse; and they still decline to undertake a general survey of unclassified ships, though they grant one in all cases where it is called for.

MR. PLIMSOLL calls the Bill a hollow mockery. But he should remember that golden rule of English politics—"half a loaf is better than no bread;" and it is worth his while to note that MR. GOURLEY and MR. WILSON, shipowners, and old enemies of his, declare their preference of his Bill to the Government's. Surely this is a fact worth his pausing over.

After the three Government batteries had given their fire, came the grand *entree* of the Hobbies! More than thirty of these high-mettled chargers were gaily trotted in, including the famous old hobbies, Permissive Prohibitory, Game-Laws Abolition, and Contagious Diseases Acts Repeal—to say nothing of the twenty-seven less known to fame behind them.

Tuesday, February 9th.—Government batteries still to the front.

LORD CAIRNS brought up the Judicature and Land Transfer Bills, so hastily drawn off the field last Session.

LORD REDESDALE, of course, clung like grim death to the name of Court of Final Appeal, which will no longer belong to the Lords after the Bill passes. The substance of legal authority has long since passed to the Law Lords. But LORD REDESDALE likes fighting for shadows. He wants the Judges consulted, knowing that they don't like the change. *Punch* is bound to record that fact, as well as that a heavy body of recalcitrants opposed to the Bill has been mustered by SIR GEORGE BOWYER from among Q.C.'s

and other bigwigs of the Law. *Valent quantum.*

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH brings in his Bill to Prevent Simoniacal Practices, intended to cheek—if it can't scotch—the buying and selling of cures of souls, which strikes people as so scandalous, and does the Church more harm than many more serious evils which don't look so bad.

In the Commons, MR. C. LEWIS moved to stop the Stroud Writ. He told the story of Stroud—its eighteen months of contests, petitions, unseatings; the convulsion of Stroud society, split into blue Guelfs and yellow Ghibellines—who will neither speak, shake hands, dine, drink, play, or pray together, like your even Christian. And worse, in one year £60,000 has been flung into the Scylla of Election Contest and the Charybdis of Election Petition!

Yet, argued SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, the Judges have acquitted Stroud of extensive corruption. Stroud corruption is, in fact, like the Nigger's pig—"Him bery little, Massa, but him tarnation lively." But without "extensive corruption" no disfranchisement. Precedent is dead against it, and though the "gay wisdom" of SIR WILFRID LAWSON laughed "musty precedent" to scorn, he was gravely but pleasantly rebuked by MR. DISRAELI—whose own wisdom—once "hilaris" as SIR WILFRID'S own, has grown "mitis" by mellowing power of time—and the House determined that the writ must go.

Nobody in the House, or out of it, doubts that the lighting, paving, and cleansing of London want legislation; but, as there is a Metropolitan Municipal Bill at the door, Parliament did not see the good of affirming so much in the Resolution moved by SIR WILLIAM FRAZER. Such a Resolution would, under the circumstances, be a mere empty phrase. Parliament, for all its name, does not like phrases. HOGG defended the Vestries. They have every right to a Hogg for champion. MR. DILLWYN fought hard to except Bills that had passed through Committee from the half-past twelve o'clock rule, which imposes a time-bargain as strict as *Cinderella's* on all opposed matters, after the fateful "half-hour ayont the twal." But DISRAELI, who had once supported MR. DILLWYN, was against him now, and the half-hour rule was made absolute, and without exception.

Wednesday.—*A dies non.* Parliament fasted, even from words, good or bad.

Thursday.—More Government Bills. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER consolidates and amends the Public Works Loan Acts, and MR. SCLATER BOOTH does even more. He is going to let light and order into the chaotic darkness of the twenty-nine Sanitary Statutes, that now puzzle Legal Authorities and drive Local Authorities to despair. It is worth while to call to mind that, besides its National Debt, Great Britain has a local debt of £72,000,000, which increases at the rate of £3,000,000 a year. Seventy of the seventy-two millions have been lent by the Public Works Loan Commissioners, of which only sixty-nine millions have been paid back. The Commissioners may only lend up to £300,000 in one year, but they can accumulate unexhausted credits, and so may sometime swoop down on the Exchequer for £800,000 at short notice. Both the limit and the power of accumulation are to be done away with. Local Oliver Twists are each year to say what they want in good time, and not to ask for more. An annual Bill is to give the Commissioners power to lend this, and to inform the country of the



PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

Kate. "I'M AFRAID YOU'RE ENTANGLED!"

Augustus. "DON'T CARE, I'M SURE—IF YOU DON'T."

year's additions to the local indebtedness. Much notice the country is like to take of that!

LORD ELCHO brought in the Metropolitan Municipality Bill. The Corporation of London is to be extended till it embraces all within the Bills of Mortality. But the King of England is to have a *veto* on the choice of the King of London; and his police is to be under the Home Office. The vestries are to send two members apiece to the Town Council, and the Chairman of the Board of Works is to be *ex officio* Chairman of Committees. The public asks, will Gog and Magog—giants as they are—be big enough for these enlarged duties?

SIR G. BOWYER thinks not. As for *Punch* and England, c. a. e.—The Court asks time for consideration.

Friday.—The LORD CHANCELLOR brought in a Bill for amending the Patent Laws. Examiners of Patents (with Referees) are to be appointed to look into applications before they are granted, and specifications are to give such information as will guide the Examiners in deciding whether the Patent should be granted, and if so, for seven years or fourteen. Patents may be recalled after two years if not used by the Patentee or his licensees; and if the Crown uses a patent for the public service, and can't settle terms with the Patentee, the Treasury may settle for him. All this seems clear improvement.

MR. LOVES in an after-dinner speech lately called the Irish Home-Rule Members a "disreputable band." MR. SULLIVAN calls him to account, and threatens to move the House that such language is a breach of privilege. If the Irish Members never strained their Parliamentary privilege further!

Another fight over the Stroud Writ. It goes by 184 to 73.

MR. SCLATER-BODD brought in a Bill providing for the purity of Food and Drugs offered for sale.

Altogether a busy week, and spent on good practical work. *Punch* congratulates the Commander-in-Chief and Generals of Division.

WHAT THE CIVIL SERVICE WANTS.—Less of PLAYFAIR and more of FAIR PLAY.

THE CABMAN'S SHELTER.

(Philanthropist sings.)

O REST thee, my Cabby, this cold and wet night;
Thy coffee is hot, and thy gas-stove burns bright.
Where 's the tavern or pothouse a shelter could be
So cosy, at once, and so harmless for thee!

O rest thee, my Cabby; may soon the time come
When you all will be weaned from your gin, beer, and rum.
So rest thee, my Cabby, from cold, rain, and sleet,
And may no MRS. PRODGER invade thy retreat.

Ashantee War Medal.

It is said (*Army and Navy Gazette*) that the colours of the ribbon for this medal—black and yellow—have been selected in honour of the Duchess of Edinburgh; but we are inclined to believe that the Black is emblematic of the Nigger or Koffee-coloured side of the campaign; and the Yellow the jaundiced appearance of the brave fellows who are fortunate enough to be alive to wear the decoration.

Sibylline Voices Wanted.

RECENT American papers report the case of a gentleman who was forcibly expelled when he ventured to express his disapprobation by hissing in an American theatre. Let us hope if the same his-try-on-ic experiment were made on this side the water it would be rewarded instead of punished.

MATRIMONY (by our Musical Cynic).—The common c(h)ord of two Flats.

A BAR'S REST.—The Long Vacation.

A HOLY CALM.

—"The holy calm and profound peace that at present pervade every section, and fraction of a section, of the House of Commons."—SIR WILFRED LAWSON.



H! HALOTON days! Peace smiles upon
Party feud and fraction—
Happy issue of the Con-
servative reaction!
Under DIZZY's bottled balm
(Made from oil of nettles!)
Lo, a happy, holy calm,
O'er St. Stephen's settles!

WILLIAM's zeal had grown a bore
Trace to "earnest" thundering!
Burning questions blaze no more;
Blundering and plundering,
Stirring up each sleeping dog,
Every wind-bag prodding,
Are no more the rule,—we jog,
Plodding now and nodding.

GLADSTONE, that impulsive man,
Friend and foe to ire works;
DIZZY is the safer plan—
Business and no fireworks!
Tieklings, him that trounced, behold;
Syrup now the acid [old],
Which burnt upon that tongue, of
The once-pungent placid!

"Silent and considerate!"
"Patient and sagacious!"—
Stormy petrels of debate,
Talkers too vivacious,

Come not here to stir up strife!
Sluggards you may vote us;
JOHN BULL's one desire in life
Is—to eat the lotus.

Let them our smooth programme term a
Policy of Sewage;
We are safe on *terra firma*,
In this new true-blue age.
We'll nor harass Church nor Land,
Bishop fright, nor Brewer;
"Fast and fiery" we withstand;
Our word is "Slow and Sewer!"

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Continuation of Cold—Friends in Consultation—Trying a Remedy.

No. I cannot get rid of my cold. I seem to myself to have such a cold as nobody ever had before, or since, the Deluge, till now. I select the Deluge as the era of the introduction of colds and chills.

Happy Thought.—Good notion for a new subject for BISHOP COLENSO. By the way, how startling the first sneeze must have been. Wonder what the sneezer himself thought of it. If DR. COLENSO could get a scientific physician to collaborate on the *History of Cold from its Origin up to the Present Time*, they'd get on wonderfully, when they both, so to speak, warmed to the work.

It is a comfort to an invalid when he finds his friends attentive. BOODELLS is already here. He tells me how bad he himself has been for years; how much worse than myself he is at this present moment. This he calls "cheering me up." I call it irritating to the last degree. In effect he seems to be holding himself up as a beautiful example for my imitation. "Look at me," he seems to say. "I'm twice as ill as you are, yet I don't give in, like you do. I don't lie down and moan as you do. I don't send for a doctor merely for a cough or a cold."

I am silent. He doesn't understand me, and he doesn't really know what it is for a healthy man to be ill. If he is always unhealthy, it is his normal state, and he is accustomed to it. Besides, I am engaged on a book, *Queries of Humanity*, which requires brain-work. BOODELLS is not so engaged. On the contrary, he has nothing to do but to roam about his garden, ask the Head Gardener "What's up?" order the Assistant Gardener to move a shrub from the left corner to the right corner, ascertain (for himself) what may be the temperature of the Orchid-house, look in, through a sort of peep-show window in the hive, to see how the bees are getting on, feed a couple of plethoric ducks, look over a gate (in safety) at a suspicious cow, and, once in so many years, drag the pond. Generally speaking, I should call his, drain-work, as contrasting with mine, i.e., brain-work.

As for MILBURN, I dread his coming, as he takes a comic view of every ailment; he, also, means to "cheer me up."

When he does come, however, he is very sympathetic—at first. Gradually, becoming accustomed to my complaints, he is inclined to suggest comic, or, rather, pantomimic remedies. He proposes the red-hot poker to begin with. Seeing the warming-pan in the room, he can't refrain from going through such "comic business," he calls it, "as old PAYNE would do if he had a cold in the opening of a pantomime." He entreats BOODELLS to join him in a comic scene, just to "cheer me up." I smile languidly. I feel I cannot enter into the spirit of his fun. I would prefer reading a grave philosophical treatise on *Fortuitous Atoms*, and dropping off to sleep.

CAZELL arrives. After him ENGLEMORE, who, on entering the room, salutes me with, "Hallo, Colonel! Invalid?" Really I never had so much excitement when I was in the best possible health. It's quite an "At Home."

CAZELL scrutinises me. He knows at once what it is, and what I ought to do. "My dear fellow," he answers, on hearing my symptoms, "that's liver. That cough isn't from cold only; it's liver." BOODELLS becomes interested, and cuts in with the remark that it seems to him like biliousness. "I'm a very bilious subject," he adds, speaking of himself, "and I'm often like that."

CAZELL won't give in. He won't hear of biliousness. Liver, he says, is the cause of it all. "My dear boy," he argues, "I ought to know. I studied medicine for two years."

"And were obliged to leave off directly you began to practise it," says MILBURN. "Eh?"

Everyone thinks this observation ill-timed.

It suddenly occurs to me that if CAZELL is right, my doctor, who calls it "a violent cold, and just a touch of slight bronchitis," is wrong. BOODELLS is all attention—really interested in CAZELL's dissertation; and MILBURN, finding his jokes at a discount, assumes the air of a serious inquirer. ENGLEMORE shakes his head, and is understood to suggest "Mister Mustard Plaster;" but he gives in to CAZELL, who is in his element, while telling us what it is, and what I ought to do.

"You feel languid?" he says.

I do. I own it.

"Of course you do," he continues, triumphantly. "You have a pain in your right hypochondrium; you have a nasty, troublesome cough—" (I nod my head. He is right.) "You experience some difficulty in breathing—"

"Not much," I interpose. ENGLEMORE murmurs something about "Benjamin Bellows;" but as this does not appear to have any more than a mere marginal reference to the subject in hand, CAZELL goes on, deprecatingly.

"No, not much; that is, in an advanced stage. Now you have a difficulty of which you are scarcely conscious, and it arises from secretions of mucus in the bronchial tubes, which anyone can ascertain by percussion, and by the sounds of sonorous and sibilant rhonchi in the first stage. Then, of course, if the central canal won't act, and the biliary ducts can't do their duty, the whole system gets out of order, and can only be restored by the greatest care."

I begin to think I am very ill—much worse than I had expected to find myself. Even BOODELLS, by his change of manner, seems tacitly to acknowledge, that, at last, I have outdone him, and that I am really an invalid.

I am not skilled in medical terms, but, after CAZELL's lecture, I am so depressed in one sense, and yet so cheered in another (that is, to find that I am worthy of commiseration, and not the feeble-minded yielder to a pain in my little finger that BOODELLS would have made me out to be) that I am inclined to send for my Aunt, and say, "Aunt, Doctor BLOOMER was all wrong. I've got something the matter with my hypochondrium, my mucous membrane isn't at all the thing, my biliary ducts are not going on properly, and I require the greatest care, or else, as my system is quite out of order, there's no knowing what may happen."

My Aunt enters just as MILBURN is putting the pertinent inquiry, "What's the remedy?"

CAZELL, still in his element, replies at once, "Remain quiet in an atmosphere of a uniform temperature; keep the internal fire well supplied, and the circulation up to the mark; don't get into draughts; nourishing food and easy digestion. And," turning to me, "you ask your doctor for a prescription of calomel, nitro-muriatic acid, hydriodate of potass, taraxacum, and soda, a dose of ipecacuanha, a gentle alternative, and on the first opportunity get away for change of air. You'll find I'm right."

MILBURN is the first to recover himself after this.

He says, alluding to me, "He ought to use a cold water compress every night."

"Where?" I ask.

"O, anywhere," he answers vaguely; "wherever you feel it would do you good."

"Diet's everything," says BOODELLS, emphatically. CAZELL admits that it is important.

ENGLEMORE, silent up to this point, chimes in. He puts it in his own peculiar way.

"Yes, Sir,"—he is fond of assuming the American style when he wants to be forcible and yet playful, or it would be more correct to call this his amusingly instructive style. "Yes, Sir," he goes on, "little Dicky Diet is your man to keep Master Stumjack in order." (Stumjack, he explains, is the Christy-Minstrel-Drawing-room phrase for politely alluding to the st-m-oh. This is his delicacy in my Aunt's presence.) "Dicky Diet's your man," he says, putting his hands in his trousers' pockets and rattling some keys by way of an accompaniment. "Take Matthew Mutton well done, hot. Victoria Vegetable's not a bad girl in moderation. Finish up with little Tommy Tonic. Picking up, Sir, that's what the Colonel wants."

By Colonel he means me.

"I've always heard," my Aunt observes, "that Champagne is an excellent thing for a cold."

"Quite right, Ma'am. When this insect"—we understand him as alluding to himself—"has the snivelcous in his head, he finds that, for a regular pick up, there's nothing so good as the remedy of Peter Pommery, extra dry, and drink nothing else till you go to

Mr. Lullaby. Next morning up with the lark, Corporal Cold and Brigadier Bronchitis off the scene. No mustard plasters need apply."

This suggestion of a remedy seems to restore us all to good spirits, excepting CAZELL, who will have it that there's a deposit of sugar in all Champagne, which must do—I don't exactly catch what—"to the" (I think he says) "hypochondrium."

All my friends have to go away, except ENGLEMORE, who says he can stop to dine, merely, he puts it, as a medical adviser.

We adopt his prescription.

Happy Thought.—Pommery, extra dry, for dinner.

My Aunt says she feels better for the Champagne: so do I. ENGLEMORE is obliged to go back to Town by the last train. His dieting has resulted in what he calls "Peter Pommery" at dinner, and William Whiskey, hot, with cigars afterwards. He says, "My dear Colonel, as long as you fancy it, that's good enough for you."

After his departure the effervescence of the Champagne, and the stimulus of the whiskey and cigar, seem to have gone too.

I begin to meditate whether it has been a beneficial remedy or not. Samuel Sleep will decide. But I must get well, because I want to try that new horse in the trap.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICES.

QUESTIONS. (TO ASK THE—)



SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, when, and under what precautions, he intends to lay the *Doryphora decemlineata* (Colorado potato-beetle) on the table of the House.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, if he can hold out any hope that the doors of the carriages on the Metropolitan and Metropolitan District Railway will be closed with less violence.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY (as being something of a conjuror himself), if he can offer any explanation of "Psycho."

THE FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS AND BUILDINGS, whether it does not appear to him desirable to apply soap and water, or some other detergent, to the Public Statues in the Metropolis.

THE HOME SECRETARY, if he sees any objection to the Police receiving some elementary instruction in Astronomy, in order to qualify them to take celestial observations when on night duty.

THE CITY ALDERMEN, being Members of the House, whether the statement is correct that conger eels are used as stock for turtle soup.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, whether the Report of the Civil Service Commission will affect the status and prospects of the charwomen now employed in the various public offices and departments.

THE HOME SECRETARY, if it is his intention to do anything about Mrs. PROGRESS.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, if he is in possession of any information leading him to anticipate a good season.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, if he has any idea when the new Opera House will be opened.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, whether he has any objection to furnish a return of the number of Valentines he has received this year.

The noble Lord, the Member for New Radnor, if he feels comfortable in his post as Leader of the Opposition.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY, whether he has any objection to produce

the Correspondence which passed between himself and MR. THOMAS CARLYLE, on offering that distinguished author the Grand Cross of the Bath.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, what Surplus he expects.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY, when the Easter recess will commence.

COMING OUT IN THE EAST.

AN Indian paper tells us that—

"At the annual Masonic Ball at Kurrachee, on New Year's Eve, Parsee ladies mixed with the European gentlemen, and chatted and laughed with them freely; and one young lady—the daughter of MR. MANOCHJI FRAMJI—danced with MR. MACKENNIN, with a grace and ease which quite astonished her European sisters. Both in the Schottische and the Circassian Circle she was quite at home, and had she worn English boots instead of the awkward little Parsee slippers, she would have danced as well as any of the English ladies in the room. This is the first instance in Scinde in which a Parsee lady has appeared in a public ball-room and taken a pat (*sic*) in the dances."

Here is a wonderful mixture of benightedness and enlightenment! We can easily conceive the steady-going old fire-worshippers lamenting that things had come to such a pretty pass with their co-religionist Girls of the Period, and also the "European gentlemen" thinking lightly enough of the pretty pass while they made up to the pretty Parsee. All this is easily portrayable before the mind's eye, but is it possible to imagine a place in the British dominions where they still dance the Schottische, or where they ever danced the "Circassian Circle?" *Ex Oriente lux* does not seem applicable to Kurrachee, thus lapsed into the darkness of a bygone age. However, let us hail the day, or rather night—may we say, "Oh, Framjious night!"—which witnessed this overstepping of prejudice on the part of this young lady of Scinde, who, to distinguish her, should be called Scinderella.

If she will take Mr. Punch's advice, Scinderella will stick to her slippers, "awkward" though they may be, and eschew "English boots," undazzled even by the glory of dancing like an Englishwoman. Let her once begin with boots, and, no doubt, tight-lacing, painting, chignons, and all other toilette-abominations of the West will follow. With regard to her having taken a "pat" in the dances, this must be a misprint, since her partner's name marks him out for SANDY more probably than PAT. Let the Parsee Girl of the Period, however, be sure that as long as she does not aspire to imitate the "making-up" devices of her European sisters, not only SANDY, but PAT, and JOHN, and TAPPY to boot, will admire her all the more for it, and do all the "making-up" that is necessary for her themselves.

TEMPORARY MOTTO FOR THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB (*from the extensive repertory of Mr. Punch*).—"Hollar, Boys, Hollar!"

HINT TO THE MANAGERS OF POULTRY SHOWS.—Exhibit some henpecked husbands.



A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Traveller (in Ireland). "Hi,—FULL HER UP, MAN! DON'T YOU SEE THE MARE IS RUNNING AWAY?"
Paddy. "HOULD TIGHT, YER ONOR! FOR YER LIFE DON'T TOUCH THE REINS!—SURE THEY'RE AS HOTTEN AS FEARS! I'LL TURN HER INTO THE RIVER AT THE BRIDGE BELOW HERE. SURE THAT'LL STOP HER, THE BLAGYARD!"

"GAY WISDOM."

"The Honourable Baronet (SIR WILFRID LAWSON) who always addresses the House in a spirit of gay wisdom," &c.—MR. DISRAELI.

"Gay wisdom!" Dear DIZZY, deft master of phrases,
 What *nous* is enshrined in that epigram-text!
 Through one of humanity's crassest of crazes
 It thrills like *Ithuriel's* spear. We are vex,—
 We dwellers on highest and loneliest places,
 For wits such as we with the mob may not mix—
 By fools who think wisdom loves fashions and faces,
 As sad as a Quaker's, as sombre as Styx.

"Gay wisdom!" That's *Punch*, and you must have been thinking
 Of him, when you flung it at LAWSON in fun.
 (SIR WILFRID'S no sumph, though he's daft about drinking.)
 Thanks, BEN. You're another! The Session's begun
 With a flight of your sparks, that so dazzle the duffers;
 Not *Podagra's* pinch takes the shine out of *you*!
 Here's more power to him who can handle the snuffers
 When Wit's feeble taper burns dolefully blue.

"Gay wisdom!" Ha! ha! How the purblind will blink at,
 The flash of that phrase,—like *Minerva's* own owl!
 What dead seas of dulness they're destined to drink at,
 Who swear by the eyes of *that* gogglesome fowl!
 Is the true Tree of Knowledge a crab, that so crabbily
 Pedants and Puritans munch at its fruit?
Punch, under shield of the laughter of *Rabelais*,
 Shooteth more wisdom than prigs can compute.

Must a sage's best speech ever savour of sorrel?
 That's wisecrack logic and pedagogic cant!
 The wise may be witty, the mirthful be moral;
 Away with the dullard rumbustical rant!

Old *Mauworm* the tubbish may mouth out his rubbish,
 In dolorous, dry-as-dust, drum-thumping style;
Sagacity's stroke is not rub-a-dub-dubbish,
 And Wisdom most wins when she's wreathed with a smile.
 No; *Punch* and DISRAELI will wear wisdom gaily,
 Though *Grundys* and *Gamps* may be loud in lament;
 Though partisan spite-spitters, weekly or daily,
 May stomach their snubbings with sore discontent.
 Your flail, my dear DIZZY, has lately been busy
 With speeches forgotten, and leaders unread;
 For dulness-plus-venom you don't care a tizzy,
 Though typed in undoubted Conservative lead.

For the true stupid party your hatred is hearty,
 On which side soever that party may sit;
 And banter as bright as the beam of *Astarte*
 Will whelm that poor wight in a whirlpool of wit.
 Seated by BENJAMIN, benched beside HARTINGTON,
 Bored are but bored, be they yellow or blue.
 Dulness alone is your true MRS. PARTINGTON;
 Here's to "gay wisdom," dear BEN, and to *you*!

G. W. R. v. M. R.

THE Railway Commissioners have decided that the Great Western Railway must reduce their First Class fares to three-halfpence per mile. Nothing has been pronounced as to Second Class fares. The Great Western Railway Company have accordingly given notice, that on and after the 1st of April next, the Second Class fares will be twopence per mile all over their line, and that cushions, arm-rests, carpets, and footwarmers will be transferred from the First Class carriages to the Second Class.

ADVICE (GRATIS) TO THE DYSPETIC.—Chew and Eschew.



PARADING THE BILL-MEN.

BEK (the Bill-Master), "NOW, MY LADS! NOTHING LIKE AN EARLY START, AND A BRISK STEP OFF! SO PUT YOUR BEST FRONTS FOREMOST! DISPLAY YOUR BILLS 'ANDSOME: KEEP MOVING, AND—LOOK AS 'APPY AS YOU CAN!"

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WHAT OUR VALENTINES MAY COME TO.



ERY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

MARCUS WARD'S NEW Valentines are all very well pictorially; but you must permit me to observe, at this once-sentimental season, that money is the mainspring of most events in life. Even the marriage-bells are often set a-ringing by its agency, and the golden clink of money-bags is heard mingling with their peal. Far too often now-a-days matrimony sinks into a mere matter-o'-money. Cupid has to own the supremacy of Plutus, and soft hearts are forced to yield to the pleadings of hard cash. The honeymoon is frequently supplanted by the money-moon; and all the poetry of love-making is lost in prosy calculations of the ways of making money by a mercenary match.

This being so, it is surprising that the authors of our Valentines do not write more in accordance with the spirit of the age. Of course, no young man ever dreams now of composing his own Valentines any more than of constructing his own button-hole bouquet. But supposing, for a wonder, that he were to take such trouble as to string six lines together

in tolerable verse, it is probable that if he gave his thoughts true expression, and if courtship were the aim of his poetic utterance, his sentiments would take the form of business-like plain sense. Instead of penning sonnets to the eyebrow of his mistress, he would profess a lively admiration of her fortune; and, probably, in lieu of gushing forth "How Beautiful!" he would only ask "How Much?"

By way of a model then for mercenary rhymesters, I send you a few Valentines, which will be found somewhat in keeping with the courtship of the period, and I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours admirably, JOHN SMITH.

I.
The rose is red, the violet blue,
Yellow is gold, and so are you.
Your figure's lean, but fate I thank
You've a fat balance at the bank.
Take then my troth, and let me sign
Myself your loving Valentine.

II.
I'm out at elbows as you see,
And many a dun is chasing me:
So tho' thy nose is slightly red,
I'm willing, love! with thee to wed.
O happy day that makes thee mine—
And all thy cash—sweet Valentine!

III.
Love?—what is love compared to gold?
Now, I am young; while you are old;
But if, my dear, with me you'd live,
Say, frankly, how much will you give?
Name a good sum, and I'll be thine,
And we will bless St. Valentine.

IV.
Tho' I'm bandy, and humpy, and see with a
squint,
And altho' on my nose there's a rosette tint:
Tho' I'm plain as a poker, and gross as a bear;
Yet my property's handsome—my prospects
are fair;

So my hand and my heart you can hardly
decline,
For I know you love money, my fair Valentine.

V.
Your cheeks are white, your lips not red,
You've scarce a tooth left in your head,

Your temper's wretched as your health;
But then I'm told you've mines of wealth.
Sweet girl, say then that you'll be mine,
And I will be your Valentine.

VI.
In form, alas! I own I'm dumpy;
But I have plenty of the "stumpy."
Then name the gladdest of glad days,
And I will hire a pair of greys.
The richest trosser shall be thine,
All thanks to good Saint Valentine.

VII.
Not for worlds thy fond heart would I surely
distress,
But the fact is that I'm in a deuce of a mess.
Pay my debts, and my latchkey I'll bravely
resign,
And yield me thy captive, my sweet
Valentine.

VIII.
I do enjoy good dinners, which I cannot well
afford,
And you, I hear, are rich enough an Emperor
to board.
Dear Valentine, then suffer me your heart and
purse to woo,
And for our wedding breakfast I will scheme
a rare menu.

IX.
My health is bad, my temper vile,
I snarl far oftener than I smile,
My legs are long, my hair is lank,
But I've four figures at the bank.
Sweet Maid, then be my Valentine,
And half my money shall be thine!

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR STUDENTS ON BOTANY.

By the INJUDICIOUS HOOKER.

1. WHY is the *Gardenia* so called, since it grows, not in gardens, but in ladies' heads and young swells' buttonholes?

2. What is the difference between the Broccoli and the Cauliflower? Has anything to do with that which exists between a crocodile and an alligator, or solicitor and an attorney?

3. Distinguish between Venus's Bath, Venus's Comb, Venus's Hair, Venus's Flytrap, and Venus's Looking-glass? What kind of flies are usually caught in *Dionaea muscipula*, or Venus's Flytrap? Do not "detrimentals" often escape? What sort of ladies are fond of the *Specularia*, otherwise known as Venus's Looking-glass? Is ugliness their usual characteristic?

4. There is a species of *Phalaris* known as Gardeners' Garters. Does it give its name to the Order of Knighthood conferred on those famous gardeners, SIR JOSEPH PAXTON and SIR WILLIAM HOOKER?

5. Is the *Ormosia* or Necklace Tree worth cultivating by jewellers?

6. *Atriplex*, *Anthyllis*, and *Plantago* are known as Lamb's Quarters, Lamb's Toe, and Lamb's Tongue. Mention the London butchers from whom they can be purchased.

7. Lady students are requested to give the Latin equivalents for Lady's Bedstraw, Lady's Comb, Lady's Cushion, Lady's Fingers, Lady's Garters [*Honi soit il*], Lady's Glove, Lady's Hair, Lady's Laces, Lady's Looking-glass, Lady's Mantle, Lady's Nightcap, Lady's Slipper [ah, how long since Mr. Punch played "Hunt the Slipper"!], Lady's Smock, Lady's Thimble [true ladies are not ashamed of the thimble, though vain young-lady minxes are], Lady's Tresses, and Lady's Thumb.

8. Classify with care the two unique species, *Gladstonia morosa* and *Dierathia gloriosa*.

PUNCH'S ADVICE TO A BABY.

Don't come into the world in cold weather. If you are the heir of a branch of the house of SMITH, by no means permit your parents to christen you HOWARD, or STANLEY, or CLINTON, or SPRINGER.

If you are a lady-baby, don't let them call you MARY ANN or MARY JANE, or SOPHONISBA, or SOPHRONIA. Think of your future husband's misery under such conditions.

Be intensely cross to everybody. Nobody asked whether you wished to enter the world, and you have a right to protest against being brought into it. Cry lustily. It is good for the lungs, and it generally results in something nice being produced to quiet you.

Allow no one to talk politics in your presence. It cannot be of the slightest consequence to you at present who may be the leader of the Liberal Party. When you are grown up (if a Liberal Party should still exist) the question will have been settled and unsettled a dozen times. You are recommended to scream at the name of FIO NONO.

How! when you are smacked, and resist all attempts to put you to bed early.

SHAKSPEARIAN NOTION OF ECONOMY.—
"A tanner will last you nine year."
Hamlet, Act V. Sc. 1.



A POTENTIAL SON-IN-LAW.

Anxious Mother of Many Daughters. "PAPA DEAR, DO GET MRS. LYON HUNTER TO INTRODUCE YOU TO HIS HIGHNESS; YOU MIGHT THEN ASK HIM TO CALL, YOU KNOW."
Papa Dear. "WHAT FOR?"
Anxious Mother. "WELL, MY LOVE, YOU KNOW THE CUSTOM OF HIS COUNTRY!—HE MIGHT TAKE A FANCY TO SEVERAL OF THE GIRLS AT ONCE!"

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

ALLY was a pretty girl,
FANNY was her sister;
SALLY read all night and day,
FANNY sighed and kissed her.

SALLY won some school degrees,
FANNY won a lover;

SALLY soundly rated her,
And thought herself above her.

FANNY had a happy home,
And urged that plea only;
SALLY she was learned—and
Also she was lonely.

II.

SILLY WILLIE WILKY went one day
All the way to Westminster, there to play—

To play a little game called Li-ti-gation,
Needing skill to play it well and close ap-
pli-cation.

Silly WILLIE WILKY had never play'd
before,
And when he had played one game he swore
he'd play no more.

III.

How does my Lady's garden grow?
Six gardeners keep it in order, I trow.

Into it oft does my Lady go?
Unless she has parties there—O dear, no!

Her flowers are out for her, then, as they
blow?
Her gardeners would not allow that, you
know.

"Much money my Lady must surely bestow
Without much return?" Well, she seems
to do so.

But 'Fashion's book-keeping is Fashion's
affair;
Only Fashion her gains with her losses can
square.



OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

On a Visit to the Egyptian Hall.

SIR,

You, perhaps, would be able to explain, satisfactorily to yourself at all events, how most of those things which astonish ordinary folk are done. I confess to being one of the ordinary folk—not of course in appearance, or I would not dare to represent you, Sir, at places of public entertainment, where directly I appear, decorated with your well-known orders, an audible whisper goes round the room of, "There he is! that's him!" and similar indicative phrases now in use wherever the English language is spoken in its native purity. Certain then that you had not visited that home of all the Sphinxes, the Egyptian Hall, where under one roof there are three distinct entertainments, from the jewels of the first water-colour in the Dudley Gallery (observe my playful allusion to "Dudley" and "Jewels"—ah! rich and rare were the gems she, poor lady, didn't wear on that eventful evening), to the second floor of mystery shared by the Marvellous DR. LYNN and the Twin Thaumaturgi, MESSRS. MASKELYNE and COOKE. Sir, as long as these latter, gentry inhabit the Egyptian Hall, "Wonders will never cease!"

And, mind you, thanks be to them for disposing of a heap of stuff and nonsense, and wicked imposture, too, which had been of late years brought before the curious and too credulous public under the name of Spiritualism.

There's as much Spiritualism in the way in which MESSRS. MASKELYNE and COOKE manage their puzzling cabinet and the sealed and corded box, as ever there was in any of those tricks which were, professedly, spiritualistic. The two magicians are most anxious to court inquiry. For my part, in the interest of the public and as specially representing you, Sir, I ascended the platform and rapped the cabinet inside and out with my umbrella (representing yours, only better), examined the box most carefully, assisted in both experiments by a scientific gentleman of uncommon acumen, who professed himself perfectly satisfied of one thing—viz., that the deception in the construction of the box and cabinet was so perfect, as completely to defy the most prying scrutiny. Bowing to the audience, who heartily applauded our zeal in their behalf, but did not throw anything at us, we (the scientific friend and myself) gracefully quitted the stage and resumed our seats. Some igno-

ramuses considered us accomplices. We heard a few ill-conditioned people, as we were leaving, remark, "Them's two of 'em, reg'lar confederates. Bless you, they're paid for it, and come every day in different disguises. Lor' I know 'em by sight." We smiled superciliously and passed out.

I am forgetting *Psycho*. *Psycho* is the figure of a small and melancholy Turk, with lack-lustre eyes, and hands having a peculiarly unnatural appearance, even for an automaton about the nails. He is seated cross-legged on a box, and he has small boxes near him. On the whole, he rather resembles a Turkish gentleman who, having determined upon travelling, had begun to pack up, and having suddenly tired of the occupation had sat down on a trunk, and rested his left arm on a couple of small boxes. However, *Psycho* is an independent gentleman, for he and his trunk are raised above the floor on a glass pedestal, quite transparent, and he most certainly appears to have no connection with anybody either on, or off, the stage. He does a sum in arithmetic; he takes a hand at whist, and plays (I was told this, not being a whist-player myself) a very fair game. Some clever people say there's a dwarf concealed inside. If so, the dwarf himself would be a fortune in a separate entertainment; but, again, if so, Heaven help that unfortunate dwarf! Where the poor creature can possibly conceal himself is, to my mind, a greater wonder than that *Psycho* should be worked by electricity, as was, I believe (for I dare not say I know) the plain clock face of transparent glass shown in Mr. ROBIN'S entertainment. Between the first and second parts a Mr. FRITZ RENHARD shows what he can do with his face, three lights, mediums, and strong reflectors. He makes shadow do duty for substance, and whiskers and moustaches appear on his face in less time than I take to write these words. And to see him change colour!—from white to black, and from black to such a beautiful brown as the SHAH might be proud of. Mr. MASKELYNE commences the entertainment with one of the prettiest dining-room-table tricks I've ever seen; viz., making six plates dance, all at the same time. It would be a capital thing for a young amateur just home from school to try with his father's best dinner service. If damage is done, everyone must have a beginning, and look what a fortune may come out of even plate-spinning!

Let visitors take my advice, and lay their time out so as to spend a profitable and amusing afternoon at the Egyptian Hall, thus:—Begin with the Dudley Gallery in good daylight. It is a well



A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

"I ASKED BOBBY LAVENDER IF HE THOUGHT YOU PRETTY, AND HE SAID 'YES!'"
 "WHEN HE COMES BACK, ASK HIM AGAIN—AND I'LL LISTEN!"

warmed room, so cosy and comfortable as to have the appearance of a gallery in a private house. So much did this notion grow upon Your Representative, Sir, that he would not have been the least astonished had a courtly gentleman stepped from somewhere—like *Polonius* from behind the arras—and asked him in to lunch.

It was one o'clock when this idea occurred to me. But there was no courtly gentleman. After doing the Dudley Gallery, let the visitor go up either to DR. LYNN'S (whose new beheading feat I shall take an early opportunity to witness), or to the room occupied by MESSRS. MASKELYNE AND COOK, when he may perhaps be cheered by the sight of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

ALL AT SEA!

The Admiralty, Whitehall, S. W.
 Feb. 13, 1875.

CIRCULAR 245,000,472.

THE Lords of the Admiralty are not in the habit of answering questions. Their Lordships are forced to make this assertion in consequence of the many inquiries they have received from the Public on the subject of the recent changes their Lordships have thought fit to make in the names of the ranks held by Surgeons in Her Majesty's Navy. However, as Parliament happens to be sitting at the date of the issue of this Circular, their Lordships are glad to have an opportunity of giving a courteous official answer by Circular to the many correspondents who have favoured them with communications. It must, however, be clearly understood that this Circular is to be considered as final, it being issued solely with the view of settling several disputed points at rest for ever.

1. Medical Officers of mature years are, in future, to be called "Fleet Surgeons." As this regulation seems to have caused some misunderstanding, their Lordships beg to state that this name is not intended to imply that the Officers in question are, or have been, what is commonly called "fast." Moreover, it should be understood that, at present, no arrangements have been made to test candidates for these appointments as to their powers of rapid locomotion over the measured mile at Stokes' Bay. For some time to come it is probable that the fact that a student has walked the hospitals will

be accepted as a sufficient guarantee that he possesses the necessary activity to become, with ordinary practice, a "Fleet Surgeon." To set all doubts at rest, their Lordships beg to offer the explanation of the new name. The pay of a Naval Surgeon is absurdly small,—it is better suited to the pockets of a pauper than to the purse of an officer and a gentleman. Feeling this to be the case, their Lordships have created the title "Fleet Surgeon," in commemoration of a celebrated prison that used to exist in connection with the civilian branch of Her Majesty's Service.

2. Their Lordships beg to state, in answer to several correspondents, that they have, at present, no intention of creating a new rank, to be called "Naval Saw-bones." Should, however, such a title come to be used, the relative rank of "Ship's Cutter" will probably be conferred upon Officers belonging to this grade of the Service.

3. Their Lordships will probably make several more changes, in pursuance of the policy to which allusion is made in the first paragraph of this Circular. Amongst the names already under consideration may be mentioned "Captain-Draught Compounders," "Lieutenant-Life-Preservers" of the first and second class, "Purser-Pill-Creators," and "Grand-Staff Medical Bishops."

Having given this explanation, which, as already said, must be considered as final, their Lordships trust that the Public and the Profession will both be equally satisfied.

By Order.

(Signed)

PUNCH.

Permanent Secretary to the Public.

MIGHT BE WORSE.

If the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON has not the eloquence of MR. GLADSTONE, he is not quite a "*Lieder ohne Worte*."

DEDICATED TO HER MAJESTY'S NAVY, THE ROYAL YACHT CLUBS, AND THE MERCANTILE MARINE.—Which are the best Binnacle Lights? Stearine Candles, of course!

PUNCH'S AGONY COLUMN.

LOST, on a hot summer's day, a Young Lady's Character. Several Old Maids were observed in the neighbourhood, in a garrulous state. If that Character should be found, either of the aforesaid Old Maids may have it, with the Young Lady's compliments. [Niece child, *Punch* thinks.]

TEN POUNDS REWARD.—Missing, a Gentleman with two left legs, a squint in his right eye, several teeth missing, trousers that declined to fit him, feet that turned in, and a general hang-dog look. The above reward will be given to any one who doesn't bring him back. [This would seem to be an excellent investment, judging by appearances.]

VERY TIRED OF YOU.—Stay away. The world is wide enough for two.

An Unvanquished Veteran.

IN a Bookseller's Catalogue we came upon a book entitled *Echoes of the Past from a retired Hamlet*. Surely the Author, if not a KEMBLE or a MACREADY, must be a BARRY SULLIVAN, a PHILLIPS, or—no, not a CRESWICK, as he is going to appear as the young Prince of Denmark at what may now be called Holland House on the Surrey side of the water.

LITERARY CAUTION.

FOR the benefit of those whose Latin is rather hazy, we think we had better state that the "new edition of the *Cursor Mundi*," which is in preparation for the Early English Text Society, has nothing to do with the POPE's speeches.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OW officials are trained to keep their countenances in answering a certain class of Parliamentary questions is a mystery of Administrative Education, which has always passed even *Punch's* large comprehension. As, for instance, when LORD R. CHURCHILL rose, on Monday, Feb. 15, gravely to ask, *inter alia*, the possible cost and probable perils of the proposed Arctic Expedition. MR. A. FORBES, with admirable gravity, gave the estimated cost at

£98,000, and the probable perils as, in the opinion of those most able to judge, "not considerable."

In spite of a threatening question from CHEVALIER O'CLERY, Her Majesty's Ministers have determined to recommend HER MAJESTY to recognise the existing Government of Spain.

MR. SULLIVAN had a happy hour—quite after his own heart—of tempest in a tumbler over MR. LOPES's description of the Home-Rulers in the House of Commons as a "disreputable band." He took occasion to rake up an after-dinner speech of SIR JOHN ASTLEY, in which that worthy Lincolnshire Baronet had painted the same party in colours more faithful than flattering. But the well of Truth is, sometimes, one of those wells which are best let alone. The jovial Baronet having had the good taste to withdraw what he had the bad taste to blurt out, MR. SULLIVAN ascribed the withdrawal to the polite inquiries of an Irish military friend of the CHEVALIER O'CLERY—"as to the state of his health, more particularly his trigger-finger."

MR. DISRAELI complimented the honourable Member for Louth on his "glowing rhetoric," only complaining that it was too long, and deprecated turning after-dinner speeches into matters of privilege. In fact, most good speeches, including his own, were after-dinner speeches (Irish Members, we should have thought, would have been the last to complain of a little post-prandial licence). He recommended MR. LOPES to disclaim all personal imputation, which MR. LOPES rather sulkily did; and the tempest in a tumbler, raised by MR. SULLIVAN, at once subsided, to leave time for a long talk over the Second Reading of the Unwholesome Dwellings Bill, which had better have been kept for Committee, fixed for the 4th of March.

Tuesday.—A day not to be marked with a white stone in the Parliamentary Register, for it brought news of the Return of DR. KENEALY (shall we say, as the *Englishman* says, the great and good?) for Stoke-upon-Trent, and of JOHN MITCHELL, the escaped convict of 1852, for Tipperary. The ill-news was soon buzzed through the lobbies,

"And M.P.'s stood dumb,
Or whispered with white lips, 'The two; they come, they come!'"

But business must be got on with, even under the cloud of such an invasion. MR. WARD HUNT eased the anxious mind of MR. E. REED, who is afraid that the new religious service on the christening of H.M.'s ships may interfere with their launching. The prayers will be so timed as not to interfere with ways, wedges, or dogshores.

England will not be sorry to learn that Britannia is not going to postpone her Arctic enterprise till she can induce Germania, Scandinavia, or Russia to climb the Pole along with her.

SIR J. ASTLEY, Lincolnshire Bart., the bold speaker whose picture of the Home-Rulers, painted in rich after-dinner colours, was yesterday held up to the House by MR. SULLIVAN, feels natural anxiety lest those who do not know him for a soldier might think he had been frightened by an Irishman. So he read the letter which was supposed to have frightened him, and his answer to it, explaining, at the same time, that, feeling he was wrong, he had said so, but emphatically not under terror of CHEVALIER O'CLERY's possible pistol. That, in fact, was an O'Clery error. ASTLEY's was as rapid an act as SULLIVAN's was lengthy; and the blunt simplicity of the Lincolnshire Baronet contrasted refreshingly with the blatant rhetoric of the Irish journalist.

MR. NEWDEGATE asked and got leave to bring in his hardy annual, the Bill for putting Monks and Nuns under inspection. Second Reading of SALT's Bill for facilitating Public Worship in certain cases of clerical difficulty or default—for putting salt, as one may say, on the tails of neglectful or over-exalted persons—and of SIR H. JAMES's, for clipping the charges of Parliamentary returning-officers, which now fly decidedly too high.

Then, tidings of the Tipperary Election having reached Westminster with the proverbial speed of ill news, MR. HART DYKE moved for the papers necessary to prove JOHN MITCHELL a convicted felon, who has neither received the Royal Pardon nor served out his sentence, and is therefore disqualified for M.P. Taking "Dyke" in its north-country sense of "barrier" the work of barricading the House against felonious entry fell into the right hands. Some of the Irish Members talked of "indecent haste," and divided, against



A KILLING (AND SLEIGHING) LITTLE PARTY.

MR. DYER'S Motion, which was carried by 174 to 13—an ominous minority, supposing Parliamentary like dinner parties.

Wednesday.—MR. J. W. BARCLAY tried in vain to induce the House to turn over Scotch wild animals to the tender mercies of Scotch tenants and Scotch trespassers. A large majority evidently was of opinion that scotching wild animals would be very much the same as killing them.

SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS was not more successful in his attempt to take down the bar now fixed between wives' sisters and their brothers-in-law. There was the usual array of directly contradictory assertion, *pro* and *con*: and the House, anxious to save public time, put the Bill out of its misery for the Session by 171 to 142. The time is not yet. But as the prohibition has no sufficient grounds in nature or revelation, and as the ill effects of maintaining it are certain in many cases, while those of relaxing it are conjectural, the chances are that the change will yet come.

Thursday.—Very full House, and all agog for the opening of KENNELLY Act of the evening's sensation drama. The vessel, which the Stoke potters have so strangely fashioned to honour, has now its place in St. Stephen's.

The Doctor *mirabilis* was attended to the door of the House by his usual escort of tag-rag and bob-tail. Let us hope he will remember that at that door he leaves them.

The first question is, how to describe the Doctor.

We know what he appears to one Englishman—the *Englishman* edited by DR. KENNELLY—as at once great and good; a mixture of CROMWELL, MILTON, CHATHAM, MIRABEAU, and a Runnymede Baron—the profoundest lawyer, purest patriot, and finest orator of his time; who is shortly to shrivel DISRAELI and GLADSTONE into nothingness by his scorching eloquence and scathing contempt, and then to step into both their shoes, and lead a mighty Party to wield at will the fierce democracy. What he appears to the Englishmen of the House of Commons, we may judge from the fact that he could not find two of them to introduce him to the SPEAKER.

At the suggestion of MR. DISRAELI,—as the object of the Resolution of February 23, 1868, which requires such sponsorship, was the identification of the Member, and as there could be no possible mistake about DR. KENNELLY—who stood absolutely alone in every sense of the word—the House waived its standing order, and DR. KENNELLY was allowed to take the oath and his place, without a godfather.

It is not *Punch's* way to hit a man when he is down. Of all the humiliating positions in which DR. KENNELLY has placed himself we take this last to be the lowest. And so we leave him, as the House does, for the present—on his good behaviour—to be endured or extinguished, as the case may be.

Then came the Second Act of the night's sensation drama—"The Felon Member" [shall we call it?], or, "Parole and Poll."

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

"WHEN the wine is in, the wit is out;"—Only to dolts the adage reaches. No wise man could for a moment doubt The value of after-dinner speeches.

Punch can remember the time when PEEL, Whose wisdom still the country teaches, After steak and port, his nine o'clock meal, Made the best of after-dinner speeches.

When the Ministers come to the Mansion House, (The King of London their presence be-seeches),

No guest who has any touch of nous Will be weary of after-dinner speeches.

When the Royal Academy blooms in May, With its pretty girls and their cheeks like peaches,

Who won't, on the opening Saturday, Listen to after-dinner speeches?

When there's aught that's generous to be done,

A greeting to pay that no soul impeaches, A dinner's the best thing under the sun, And its gold coin the after-dinner speeches.

And as to the House, which often suffers From talk that to dreariest platitude reaches,

It does not often allow its dufters To make long after-dinner speeches.

When MR. DISRAELI moved, that JOHN MITCHELL,—having been tried and convicted of treason-felony in 1848, and having neither received the Royal pardon, nor served his sentence,—remains a felon, and is, therefore, incapable of sitting in Parliament, probably few but barrister M.P.'s could have anticipated the hours of animated legal hair-splitting before the House. Unluckily the lawyers knew the hair was there, and determined, after their kind, to have it out. So SIR H. JAMES asked the ATTORNEY-GENERAL three questions—by way of kick-off—and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL answered them—by way of kick-back—and then followed a lively "rouge" or "scrimmage," in which most of the leading lawyers of the House took part. In this cheerful little game the real business in hand threatened to be quite lost sight of, till MR. DISRAELI reminded the players that what they had then and there to settle was not, whether MR. MITCHELL could still be made to serve out the unexpired term of his sentence, but whether he could sit in that House, and insisted that the House could and should settle that point at once, and without a Committee. Reason being clearly with MR. DISRAELI, and law being the perfection of reason, we see no reason to doubt that the House was right in deciding, by 269 to 102, that JOHN MITCHELL, convicted felon, having escaped before expiration of his term, and standing unpardoned, is incapacitated from sitting in the House of Commons.

Friday.—A miscellaneous night—of rather desultory talk. House languid after yesterday's excitement. The Lords, having no business to do, chatted about convicts, churches, and Woolwich regulations. In the Commons, the irrepressible Doctor gave notice that on March 16 he would call attention to the Tichborne trial, and move a Resolution. Thank the stars of St. Stephen's, there is such a thing as a Count-Out!

MR. CROSS undertook for a Royal Commission to inquire how far the Factories Act can be extended, so as to include all children engaged in manufactures. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL promised MR. FORSYTH a Select Committee to inquire into the manner of drawing and passing Acts of Parliament—too often very much out of drawing, as times go; and MR. NEWDEGATE moved, and MR. DISRAELI opposed, Resolutions touching the conduct of private business.

The Food and Drugs Adulteration Bill was read a Second Time.

AN APOLOGY DUE TO DR. KENNELLY.

WHEN did the Gray's Inn Benchers apologise in proper style to DR. KENNELLY?

When they made him one of their ex-Q.C.'s.

PERFECT CURE FOR A CLERGYMAN.—A Cure of Souls.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.



IDE a Cock-horse,
Say, to Banbury Cross,
To see a young lady
Mount on a tall horse.

She rides straight to hounds,
Fox's dodges she knows,
And, with spurs at her heels,
Across country she goes.

Some day, at a bull-finch,
She'll sure come to grief,
And the hunt, to a man,
Will cry, "What a relief!"

RIDDLE me, Riddle me Ree!
A hardened young cynic of three,
Surveying mankind,
Said he'd rather be blind
Than obliged so much folly to see.

Riddle me, Riddle me Ree!
He declared most emphaticallie,
He would, sooner than marry,
Be sent to Old Harry,—
Such was his conviction at three!

Riddle me, Riddle me Ree!
He married at thirty-three
A Doctor of Laws,
And, I trust, has no cause
To wish he'd gone first to the D—.

THE POPE'S PANTHEON.

JUBILATE! That is the word. Has not a jubilee been proclaimed *ex cathedra*? There is hope that the Papal strike is about to cease. The august Prisoner of the Vatican the other day vouchsafed to release himself and appear in St. Peter's. May that appearance soon be repeated, and, on all due occasions, until further notice.

What a treat it would be for thousands of hearers if his Holiness would preach from his own pulpit the brilliant sermons which he now pronounces from time to time, but only in private to a select circle! The other day, for instance, he delivered to the parish priests of Rome an address wherein he eloquently and truly told them:—

"We do not, certainly, see in Rome the temples consecrated to idols which St. Peter found, but idols are not wanting against which it is your duty to combat. There is no temple consecrated to Jove, but there is the Jove of unbelief, who with his lightnings would annihilate the Divinity himself, and, as he has despoiled the Church of Jesus Christ, so also would he cause it to disappear from the surface of the earth. There is no temple dedicated to Mercury, but who can tell how horribly the thieves, his adorers, have multiplied? There is no temple in honour of Venus, but there are hundreds upon hundreds of houses of sin where numbers of souls precipitate themselves to eternal damnation."

Not even Mr. WHALLEY can deny the aptness of this description of the haunts of vice as temples of the heathen gods. What if they have always existed at Rome, with connivance, if not under sanction? That is no reason why the Italian Government should allow them now. But there are other cults of which the toleration offends the Holy Father. He continued:—

"But this is not all. There are Protestant churches which, if it may be said they are less perilous, constitute also a cause of great sadness. In Rome, chosen by God as the capital of the great Catholic family; in Rome, rendered precious by the blood of the Martyrs; in Rome, justly decorated with the title of Mistress of the Truth, it cannot do other than cause grief to see, erected by the side of the majestic temples of the Christian religion which

rise within the circuit of her walls—conventicles and halls where they pretend to worship God with heresy, which is a rebellion against God himself."

Never mind the POPE's persuasion—no doubt firm—that Protestant churches are nearly, if not quite, as bad as heathen temples. But, by the way, your Reverences, pray observe that, among the conventicles and halls of heresy which his Infallibility condemns, he would infallibly include any edifices in which you might perform your "High Celebration," and all the rest of your imitative high jinks—how "high" soever.

To return, however, to the POPE's neat parallel between the temples of antiquity and the abodes of iniquity. He omits to mention any temples of Minerva. Would he not, if he had thought of it, have denounced them, too? Would not Minerva have served him to denote modern science, and her temples to signify those institutions and schools wherein are taught discoveries in conflict with dogmas? Now here is a subject on which Infallibility, no longer on strike, might exercise itself with advantage. What would we give it satisfactorily to reconcile the conclusions of Science with the teachings of Theology? Any amount of Peter's Pence. If Infallibility could only do that, it would prove itself an oracle indeed.

In the meanwhile, may it please Infallibility speedily to endorse DR. NEWMAN's explanation of it, discover a *modus vivendi* with VICTOR EMMANUEL, come to terms with BISMARCK, be content with supremacy in its own sphere, speak peace to Europe, and breathe effectual benediction *urbi et orbi*.

Ladies' Colleges—Take Notice.

The following advertisement appears in a recent number of the *Summerside Journal* (Prince Edward's Island):—

WANTED, a FIRST-CLASS TEACHER for the Northern School. Lot 13. A Male Teacher preferred, one a little ordinary, so that he may not attract the attention of female scholars.



FELINE AMENITIES.

"BY THE BYE, CLARA, I EXPECT A GREAT FRIEND OF MINE THIS AFTERNOON—MAJOR MINIVER."

"HORRID MAN! I CAN'T BEAR HIM."

"AND WHY, PRAY?"

"BECAUSE I KNOW HE HATES ME!"

"DOES HE, REALLY? I THOUGHT HE SCARCELY KNEW YOU!"

MRS. GAMP'S EXPOSTULATION.

"As to the intentions of Government, he did not know what conclusions Honourable Gentlemen might have drawn from speeches that no one listened to, or dull newspapers that no one read."—MR. DISRAELI, in his Opening Speech of the Session.

WHICH I know that a Wiper's a Wiper, and, nussed in one's buzzum, will bite;
And it's many's the time I've been called dull and stupid by Radical spite—
They're that bragian, and bold, and owdacious!—but BENJAMIN, pride of my 'art,
For you for to turn and to sting me like this, makes your SAIKEY to smart!

I was always your backer, my BEN, and my pattens and likewise umbrella
Always yours to command agin GLADSTONE, that upstart and imperent fella:
And now that As's down and you're up—which I'm 'appy and proud for to see—
Is it like you, my BEN, is it like you, to take and to round upon me?

Which if I *did* chivvy them Rads, in a way as was 'eavy and 'ot,
Why you did it yourself, and you know they're a bage and a bragian lot:
When you gave 'em a bit of your mind in your famous Bath letter, my BEN,
And your faithful old SAIKEY rejiced—did you cheek her or chaff at her then?

My cotton umbrella, I swear, is worn down to the huttermost stump,
Through applaudin' each 'it with a prod, and salutin' each pint with a thump,

When my BENJAMIN battled with BILL, which he's one I could never abide—
And now do you scorn your old Nuss, as has ever proclaimed you 'er pride?

If I spattered your foes with my mud, 'twas for your sake I laid it so thick—
And acause that's the way to make sure that some of the lot, p'raps, 'll stick.
If the people who cheered People's WILLIAM, now throw up their caps, BEN, for you,
Some thanks for this change for the better I *did* think to SAIKEY was due.

But now you can turn up your nose in my face, while them *Telegraphs* snigger,
And them datted young *Ekker*-boys shouts at my 'brella, and pattens, and figger.
Wich I know it's a Wale, and my tears have made six pocket-'andkerchers damp;
But for you, BEN, to turn such a Wiper!—it's *that* crushes poor SAIKEY GAMP!

"Whichever you Please, my Little Dears."

We are glad to see that the Vestry of St. George's Hanover Square, have split the difference between Interment and Cremation, for that important and aristocratic Pariah, by the following impartial announcement:—

"The Vestry have contracted with the Scavengers for the Dust and Ashes of the inhabitants."

INSCRIPTION FOR MR. HOLLOWAY'S IDIOT ASYLUM.

Nor oft is Fate so just—see wealth restored
Back to the simple source from which it poured!



A NICE DISTINCTION.

DR. K-X-LY. "VERY SORRY, MY DEAR MR. MITCHELL, I SHAN'T HAVE THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY IN THE HOUSE. BUT WE MUST DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE, YOU KNOW. WE DRAW IT —AT CONVICTS."



A NICE DISTINCTION

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS - 1832

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.



MR. PUNCH has much pleasure in publishing the following Minute, which has been sent to him, under the seal of confidence and marked strictly private, by the F. L. and the C. of E. of the Board.

"The FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY and the CHIEF OF THE EXCHEQUER state to the Board, and to Mr. Punch, that the praiseworthy efforts of the Conservatives, during their prolonged but involuntary absence from Office, to get up steam in the Civil Service have been attended with a success which renders it necessary that the F. L. and the C. of E. should at once proceed to sit upon the safety-valve. The F. L. and the C. of E. call the attention

of the Board and Mr. Punch to the fact that Members of the Civil Service have lately been in the habit of giving to the Public information derived from official sources. This, it need hardly be stated, is in direct opposition to all the received traditions of the Civil Service. For many years past the Public have constantly endeavoured to obtain, from Civil Servants, information derived from official sources, but they have all but been repulsed, not always civilly, and have been compelled to go away from the offices, at which their inquiries were made, with no more intelligence than they invariably carried there. The F. L. and the C. of E. desire to impress upon Civil Servants the great Conservative principle *Stare super antiquas vias*, and, with that view, lay down the following rules, which they request the Board and Mr. Punch to promulgate:—

1. In the highly improbable event of a Civil Servant having any information to give, he is requested to take it, between the hours of twelve and two, to the Chief of his Department, who will commonly be found the person most in need of it.

2. If he should desire to communicate this information in writing, he will be careful to write on foolscap, with a half margin, and to write on one side of the paper only; any departure from this rule will compel the Chief of the Department, to whom the communication is addressed, to consign it to the waste-paper basket.

3. It is not intended by these regulations to prevent the POSTMASTER-GENERAL from stitching advertisements of breakfast bacon and the latest sewing-machine, into the cover of the *British Postal Guide*. As this information is of no use to anybody, the F. L. and the C. of E. are quite willing that it should be freely imparted to the Public.

4. It is not intended by this minute to deprive the Public of any information which they do not desire to possess, but it is the desire of the Government to protect the Public against those cries for reform and better treatment from the servants of the Public, which were quite reasonable and natural so long as a Liberal Administration was in power, but ceased to have a *raison d'être* when the Conservatives came into office.

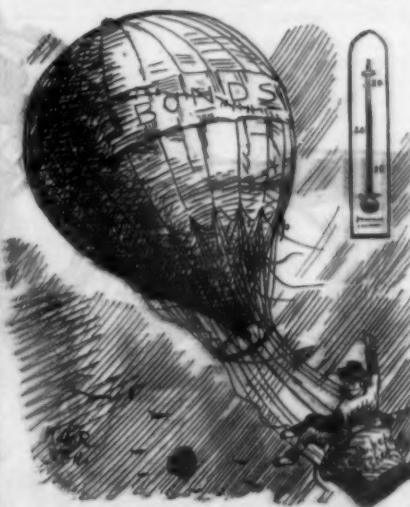
5. Civil Servants will no doubt urge that, between 1868 and 1874, they were taught to regard "CODLINS as their friend." They will observe that, though "CODLINS" is still very much "their friend," he is in no way debarred from punching their heads, when they take an undue advantage of his friendship.

6. It has been stated that "several Members of the Civil Service have openly connected themselves with the public Press, either as editors, or members of the staffs of newspapers, or as directors of a Company, which has undertaken the publication of a periodical." This comes of the Civil Service Commissioners, and Competitive Examinations, and shows that Civil Servants have been educated up to a dangerous point of intelligence. In future they must abstain from contributing to any but the following periodicals—the *Grocer*, the *Exchange* and *Mart*, and the *Matrimonial News*.

7. The Board, which ought to regard the Heads of Departments as integral parts of itself, will instruct them to communicate this minute to all persons under their control.

THE BEST SORT OF WOOLWICH INFANT.—THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

DIRECTORS' QUALIFICATIONS.



It is proposed to institute Competitive Examinations of persons desirous of becoming Directors, Secretaries, or promoters of Public Companies. Should the papers (of which the following are specimens) be answered satisfactorily, the Candidates will be immediately eligible for employment in the City.

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR DIRECTORS.

1. What is your qualification for the post? Have you been

(a) a member of the Government of British Timbuctoo; (b) the Parliamentary Representative of the Free and Independent Electors of Bribeborough; or (c) a Managing Director of the Horne Bay, American and Spanish Credit Financier Company?

2. Do you know anything of the business of the Company of which you desire to become a Director? If you are forced to answer this question in the affirmative, state any extenuating circumstances that may occur to you.

3. Give your method for examining the books of a Company, without looking at the items or testing the totals.

4. Explain the theory of "how not to do it," and give a Table of what you consider reasonable Directors' Fees.

5. How many "qualifying shares" will you require in return for your name and in payment of your trouble?

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR SECRETARIES.

1. How many "Names" can you add to a list of Directors?

2. Can you undertake that your nominees shall give no trouble at the meetings of the Board?

3. Do you thoroughly understand Financial Cookery in all its branches?

4. Do you know how to dress up a Minute Book?

5. How much do you charge per annum for holding your tongue and shutting your eyes?

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR PROMOTERS.

1. How many times have you been a Bankrupt?

2. Do you thoroughly understand the various methods of evading payment of a County Court summons?

3. Show to the satisfaction of the Examiners that 2 added to 3 amounts to 27.

4. Write out Prospectuses for the following imaginary Companies, proving them all to be the most lucrative investments that have ever been submitted to an intelligent public:—

- (a) The Goodwin Sands Railway Company.
- (b) The North Pole Wine Manufacturing Company.
- (c) The Swiss Sea-Salt Company.
- (d) The Moon and Stars Diamond Fields Company.

5. State (a) the countries under extradition treaties with England; (b) the offences cognisable under such treaties respectively; and (c) given a financial emergency, describe, on the map, the most expeditious and secret route to Spain.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

A LADY, informed by her husband that DR. KENWALD was to be the latest addition to TUSSEAU'S Exhibition, very naturally inquired, "To The Chamber of Horrors?"

A NONCONFORMIST DIFFICULTY (in the "Earth to Earth" Movement).—Their conscientious objection to anything bearing the name of Wicker.



REFRESHMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST.

Traveller in Ireland (who has been into a Shebeen). "BUT ARE YOU NOT GOING TO BAIT THE HORSE?"
Pat. "IS IT BAIT HIM! SURE, AND DIDN'T I BAIT HIM ENOUGH COMING ALONG!"

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

A Restless Night.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Before going to bed, to place by the bedside small table, with candles, matches, and writing materials; so that, in case I pass a sleepless night, I may make some notes for my *Queries of Humanity*.

My Aunt, who is very anxious about me just now, has taken up her abode for the night in the room next to mine. It is divided from my room by a thin partition, "Which," my Aunt has pointed out to me, in making the new arrangement, "is an advantage; because, if you are at all restless, or want anything in the night, you've only to call me—I shall hear you at once."

It is very kind and considerate of her. Her great object is to prevent my getting out of bed and catching a fresh cold.

Happy Thought.—I feel so drowsy, the effect, I fancy, of the combined remedies proposed by ENGLEMORE, that I am happily certain of being asleep almost the moment after lying down in bed.

I am just dropping off, when I am suddenly aroused by the most awful sound, as of a person struggling for life in a choking fit.

It lasts a few seconds, then ceases.

It occurs to me, awaking, all at once, to vivid consciousness, that this is my Aunt snoring.

The last line of a nursery rhyme flashes across me, "Let us hope little BILLY won't do it again." Substituting "Aunt" for "BILLY," the quotation is admirably adapted to the present circumstances.

Already I have had the drowsiness taken out of me by merely this first snore.

Happy Thought.—Subject for a picture—"Her First Snore." The picture should exhibit the intensity of her snore by the expression of his face.

I should never have thought, but for this expression, that one could have heard snoring so distinctly through a partition which is, at least, a wall of lath and plaster. If I recollect rightly, a thorough-going liar is proverbially described as one who could "lie

through a deal board or a brick wall." This would suit a snorer of extraordinary powers. As the night goes on, I am inclined to say of my Aunt, "She can snore through a brick wall."

If she would only make her intervals longer between her snores there might be some chance of my getting off to sleep between the last note of snore Number One and the commencement of the first bar of snore Number Two.

Thoughts while lying awake.—I've heard old nurses, and people who, three hundred years since, would have been termed "neighbours" and "gooseys," call snoring "driving pigs to market," but I cannot see the aptitude of the illustration.

Happy Thought.—I like encouraging myself to get into a train of thought like this, as it generally results in the train running off the main line, and, after travelling through the vague country of Muddlehead, shunting itself into a sleepy siding, and there remaining happily unconscious till morning.]

For instance there's my Aunt at it again. She has begun exactly at the very moment when I feel that had I been only left to myself I should have been asleep.

Pigs going to market, indeed! Not a bit like it.

Now it seems as though, somehow or other, she were getting a corkscrew out of her throat. Up it's coming, gradually, gradually, the tone becoming more acute each time, and the key of the snore sharper and sharper, by what seems to be increasing tension. I almost expect to hear something go pop. Shall I wake her up? Shall I knock at the wall? Would a sudden waking start have an ill effect on her? Perhaps I'd better not. I'll bear it. I'll fight against it, with my eyes shut.

Happy Thought.—Since sleep won't come to me, I must go to sleep.

Incentives.—I think of SHAKESPEARE's lines about sleep. Count a hundred backwards. My pillow has become hot and feverish.

Happy Thought.—Turn it.

The cool side of the pillow refreshes me. Now then for SHAKESPEARE again. "Sleep, gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee?"

A snore comes like a bradawl right through the partition and into



A REASON FOR CALLING.

Visitor (nately). "WELL, I CERTAINLY NEVER DREAMT I SHOULD FIND YOU AT HOME ON SUCH A LOVELY AFTERNOON AS THIS!"

my ear. It resembles nothing so much as the swearing of a cat, and the sharp, spiteful growl of a small, snappish dog, combined.

I can't sleep. It's no good. I can't.

Happy Thought.—Strike the light lucifer.

See what the time is . . . Two! . . . I shall be worse to-morrow. There's another snore, with a sigh . . . I really must knock and remonstrate . . . There's another. It must be painful to her; and yet she is asleep, enjoying herself, and I am becoming more and more feverish every minute . . . Now the snoring is regular, as though, after all these attempts, she had, so to speak, got into her stride, and settled down to exactly what she wanted . . . I must stop it . . . I knock softly . . . No answer . . . Another knock . . . Snoring aggravated . . . I am losing my temper . . . A loud and sharp knock from me—a loud, jerky, pop-gunny, soda-water-bottle-cork-coming-out snore from her. She has awoke.

"My dear Aunt," I say, with my lips at the wall, "I do wish you wouldn't snore so."

"My dear," she returns, quite clearly, "I wasn't snoring. It was you."

This is too much.

"My dear Aunt," I remonstrate, "why, I wasn't even asleep."

She answers: "I dare say you think you weren't asleep, but your snoring awoke me some time ago, and I've been awake ever since. I never snore."

The case is beyond argument, unless I could wake her up to catch herself snoring. I suggest that she should not go to sleep for the next quarter of an hour, as I haven't had a wink all night.

Happy Thought.—Drop off before she snores.

She promises.

"Very well, dear. You're sure you don't want anything?"

"No, thank you," I reply; "only that. Let me get to sleep first, this time."

"Very well, dear. I hope you'll be better to-morrow."

I turn on my right side. I shut my eyes. Now I feel that Morpheus, drowsy god—

KNAVES OF SPADES.

(In re Boss and Broom against the World.)

If you call a spade a spade,
What a blunder you'll have made!
Say "a horticultural tool,"
Blunt for knave and sharp for fool.
Phrase which no offence contains,
While the spade a spade remains.

Spades, to them that call them spades,
Mostly prove vindictive blades.
Spades, so-called, have many a friend;
Aid oft Judge and jury lend,
When high damages are prayed
By the spade that's called a spade.

There's a House, wherein to name
Spade a spade is to defame.
"Spade" is, of all terms that be,
Most unparliamentary,
And the word, how'er exact,
Is a term you must retract.

He that's forced his words to out,
Has the very worst of it;
That's the least that can befall
Those who rashly made dare call
Any spade within that place,
Though of spades you call him Ace.

Let a man by worth and weight,
A right worthy magistrate,
Spades called truly spades can scout,
Knocking the compliments out,
Blow their hearts, whoever da—
MORRIS GARRIN! Sir, to you!

A NEW COMPLAINT.

A YOUNG Gentleman in the Civil Service, who has been absent from his duties for some days, wrote to the head of his Department yesterday that he is suffering from (Refreshment) Room-atism.

EXACTLY THE MAN FOR THE WORK.—SIR WILFRED LAWSON, as the New Public Prosecutor.

"K-r-r-r-r-r-r-q-w-a-r—"

My Aunt again, with variations on a corkscrew and a policeman's rattle. I turn round sharply. She has broken the truce. I rap at the wall.

"Aunt, do be quiet."

Her voice, mildly and drowsily: "Yes, dear. I'm not snoring. I know when I do, and I'll stop myself."

This is satisfactory as far as it goes, but it only goes just as far as to give me time to turn, and then—

"Krrrr-quarr-quace-quarr—"

Pigs, ducks, geese, corkscrews, saws, and soda-water-bottles suddenly opened, all in one snorer's battery. "Tis grand to have a giant's strength"—I forget the remainder of the quotation, but fancy it is, "and use it like a lamb." She evidently does not know her power.

Happy Thought.—The Champion Snorer.

I give up sleep as a bad job, "for this night only," as the play-bills say. It certainly shan't occur again.

A Mistress who Understands the Times.

(From the Newcastle Journal.)

MAID SERVANT WANTED; liberal wages, and the work done by the Mistress.

We suppress the address, for fear of an ugly rush.

A Final Cause.

"Feb. 17.—MRS. WHYBORN, an old inhabitant of Hastings, aged one hundred years and five months."—Daily News' Obituary.

WHY-BORN? Why, clearly, proof to THOMS to give, That one old dame could past a hundred live.



THE GAMUT.

Jack Bowbell (beginning his Song). "AFFY LAND, 'AFFY LAND—"
 Tom Belgrave. "ONE MOMENT—EXCUSE ME, MY DEAR FELLOW—BUT DON'T YOU THINK THE SONG WOULD GO BETTER IF YOU WERE TO SOUND YOUR H's JUST A LITTLE!"
 Jack Bowbell. "ER! SOUND MY H's?" (Chuckles.) "SHOWS HOW MUCH YOU KNOW ABOUT MUSIC!—NO SUCH NOTE—ONLY GOES UP TO G!" (Continues.) "AFFY LAND, 'AFFY LAND—"

THE YOUNG CORPORAL.

"LE PETIT CAPORAL" is no longer the only one of that rank in the Napoleon family. "Corporal His Highness the PRINCE IMPERIAL" has made such good use of his student life at Woolwich, as to come out seventh in order of merit in the first-class of Cadets, thirty-three in number, who have recently been undergoing the stiff examination for Commissions at the Royal Military Academy. The Prince gained this honourable position—one which would have entitled him to the option of a Commission either in the Engineers, or Artillery, had he chosen to enter the British Army—in the face of considerable disadvantages, being nearly a year younger than the average age of his comrades in the Commission Class, having had an insufficient preparation at starting, and possessing, it is almost needless to add, but an imperfect acquaintance with our language. He appears to have been high up in mathematics, fortification, and artillery; to have ranked fifth in gymnastics, and—what Englishmen will not regard as his least success—to have surpassed all other competitors in horsemanship.

Many may think that we have reserved till the last PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON's best claim to the applause which greeted his name at the Woolwich inspection, when they read the following quotation from the report of the Governor of the Academy:—"The PRINCE IMPERIAL, by his invariable punctuality and exactitude in the performance of his duties, by his perfect respect for authority, and submission to discipline, has set an example which deserves honourable mention, even among his comrades of the Commission Class."

The EMPRESS EUGÉNIE was present at Woolwich, and had the gratification of seeing the Prince take the command of his fellow Cadets and drill them to the expressed satisfaction of the Commander-in-Chief, and of listening, with a pride and a pleasure easy to imagine, and not hard to understand, to all the commendation bestowed on her son; and he must be a very truculent anti-Bona-

partist who could grudge the mother the happiness all that she saw and heard must have brought to her heart that day.

To speculate on the young Prince's future career is altogether out of our province; but to wish that he may throughout his life uphold the high character which he bears away with him from Woolwich, and to hope that he may have abundant opportunities of displaying his proficiency in gymnastics and skill in horsemanship—if in an English hunting-field so much the better—but not his knowledge of fortification and artillery—seems to come as the agreeable and natural close to this record in the pages of *Punch* of his success as a Woolwich Cadet.

HARDLY CREDIBLE.

PUNCH is unwilling to believe, till the necessary question has been asked and answered in the House of Commons, the accuracy of the assertion in a letter published in *Tuesday's Times*, that—

"LADY FRANKLIN, the aged widow of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, having asked, as the only favour she has ever sought from Government, that her husband's nephew, and the last representative of his name, MR. WILLINGHAM FRANKLIN, should be appointed one of the two sub-lieutenants on the Arctic Expedition, has been refused!"

The writer adds, naturally:—

"Were there any grounds for this refusal, personal to MR. FRANKLIN, it might be justified as a painful necessity in the interests of the service; but there are none. He is in excellent health, and stands as high as regards energy and professional ability as any officer of his standing."

Punch and the Public pause for the question, and the reply.

THE UNDERTAKER'S TEXT-BOOK.—HADEN'S Dictionary.

A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION.



THE loss of the emigrant ship, *Crossbones*, which took fire on the voyage to Australia, and was burned to the water's edge, all hands being either burnt or drowned, with the exception of one man and a boy, was the subject of an inquiry held yesterday.

The Court was composed exclusively of Shipowners. MR. SERJEANT BUZZFUT represented the Board of Trade and the charterers, while MR. PRUNKY attended on behalf of the relatives of the lost passengers and crew.

MR. SERJEANT BUZZFUT, in opening the matter, said that they were met to inquire into the loss of the ship *Crossbones*, by fire, together with nearly five hundred lives. No doubt such untoward events would occur; but, in order to meet the requirements of the Board of Trade, certain witnesses, including the survivors—one

man and a boy—would be called to prove that no blame could be attached to anyone, and that the vessel was all that could be desired.

The survivors, who had been spending the morning at the owners' office, were then brought into Court. They looked still very ill.

JAMES JONAH, able seaman, deposed that he was one of the crew of the *Crossbones*; he had been so ever since she was launched. She was then called the *Death's Head*. She went ashore on her first voyage, and strained herself. Was afterwards lengthened and rechristened. Everything went well till the fire broke out. Couldn't imagine how she could possibly have taken fire. The cargo was composed of pitch, tar, resin, oil, paraffin, petroleum, rum, brandy, spirits of wine, fireworks, gunpowder, &c. Did not consider that an inflammable cargo. Thought the fire must have originated in one of the water-tanks. There were quite enough boats. None of 'em were any use. Was saved by clinging to a bit of a raft with the boy.

SERJEANT BUZZFUT.—And that is how you were buoyed up. (Laughter.)

WITNESS.—Was rescued by the Peruvian barque, *Pick-me-Up*, the Captain of which treated us most kindly. Hit everybody but us over the head with belaying-pins.

SERJEANT BUZZFUT was most happy to inform the Court that it had been intimated to him that Her Majesty's Government intended presenting the Captain, in the course of a year or two, with a kaleidoscope and a tin speaking-trumpet.

Examination resumed: Considered the *Crossbones* one of the safest ships afloat until she was lost. Would not have the slightest objection to have gone to sea in her again, with the same cargo, provided he was saved, and it was made worth his while. Considered lucifer matches on the top of a powder barrel, or petroleum cask, rather ornamental than otherwise.

MR. PRUNKY was proceeding to cross-examine the Witness, when the Court adjourned for lunch.

On its re-assembling, MR. SERJEANT BUZZFUT submitted to the Court that MR. PRUNKY had no *locus standi*.

MR. PRUNKY said that he appeared for certain persons who were not quite satisfied.

SERJEANT BUZZFUT.—Some people are never satisfied.

MR. PRUNKY.—I mean to say that they are not satisfied that the vessel was well found.

SERJEANT BUZZFUT.—How could she have been well "found" when she was lost? (Much laughter, which was not suppressed.)

The boy who was saved was then called, and corroborated in every particular the evidence of the former Witness. Thought the fire might have originated in the fore-top-gallant mast. Felt very hot after climbing up there.

An experienced Stewardess was then called by MR. PRUNKY, and said that he considered the cargo a most dangerous one.

When he was stopped by MR. SERJEANT BUZZFUT, who called the attention of the Court to the fact that Witness dropped his "H's" and was evidently a most objectionable and untrustworthy person.

THE COURT allowed the objection, and the Witness was ordered to stand down.

The learned Serjeant then said that it appeared to him quite unnecessary to address the Court any further.

THE COURT, after consulting for two minutes and three quarters, said that it was certainly most unfortunate that the majority, in fact, a large majority, of the passengers and crew of the *Crossbones* should have met with such a disagreeable fate, but it could not be helped. Everything that science, experience, and skill, as well as petroleum, pitch, tar, gunpowder, spirits, and other powerful agents, could do, had been done, and the Court only hoped that the owners were fully insured. If the unfortunate Captain were before them, the Court would have immediately granted him a new certificate, in case his old one should have been burnt. The Court were unanimously of opinion that the cargo was of a most harmless description, and properly stowed. They would, however, recommend that in future the boats should not be launched keel-upwards, and that when CAPTAIN SHAW returns from Egypt he should be consulted upon the best method of suddenly extinguishing ignited spirits and petroleum, as well as fireworks.

MR. SERJEANT BUZZFUT entirely concurred with the Court, and was happy to say that the owners were more than fully insured. The inquiry then terminated.

THE LATE LIGHT OF THE BAR.

AIN—"Young Lochinvar."

CHOICE of Stoke-upon-Trent, lo, KENEALY confest,
Pledged to see the foul wrongs of SIR ROGER redressed!
Save his grievance and gingham he weapons had none;
He went unabashed, and he went all alone,
As though stainless in 'scutcheon, in fame without scar,—
Who e'er equalled for brass this late Light of the Bar?

He stayed not for scoff, and he stopped not for green;
What were "Orders" to him, who takes orders from none?
But ere he alighted at Westminster Gate,
The House was well-filled, though the Doctor came late;
For the night's blushing honours were shared, and at par,
'Twixt JOHN MITCHELL and him, this late Light of the Bar.

So boldly he entered the High Commons' hall,
Among Whigs, Radicals, Conservatives, alien all,
While calm, cold, and cutting, the SPEAKER was heard,
Through the silence, unbroken by cheer or by word,
"In breach of the House-Standing-Order you are,
Without introducers thus passing our Bar!"

"I stuck to the Claimant: his claims were denied:
Bench might beard me and Bar; Bar and Bench I defied!
And now I am come, with this lost cause of mine,
Like CROMWELL, to bid hence that 'bauble' of thine:
Learn how wide-spread my fame, whom the much-wronged
Galkwar

Had retained,* had there not been that sinister Bar."

Dropped by all like hot poker, JOHN BRIGHT took him up—
"Not e'en from such lips should this House dash the cup.
If WHALLEY has spirit to lend me a hand,
By Stoke-upon-Trent's new-made Member I'll stand."
But DISRAELI moved, "Waive the rule, better far:
Some will force their way over, some under, the Bar."

So the Order was waived, and unblushing in face
He shook hands with the SPEAKER, swore, scowled at the Mace:
'Twas some time e'er the House could its business resume,
What with Decency's fret and Propriety's fume:
While an old stager whispered, "We're best as we are;
Stick to Orders, that serve, now and then, as a Bar."

He touched WHALLEY's hand, who fought shy, it was clear,
And he reached the Hall-door, with the cab standing near;
So light in the air his green gingham he swung;
So light to his faithful four-wheeler he sprang—
"I have won! The trick's done! To the knife it is war!
See *The Englishman*!"—quoth this ex-Light of the Bar.

There were posters (four-sheet) on *The Englishman's* van:
With its damp quires the newboys they roared and they ran:
Vellied dirt at M.P.'s, as at Judges, there flew,
But the lost case of OATON they would not review!
So persistent to pelt, from the mark though so far,
Was e'er Member like this late Light of the Bar!

* So says the *Englishman*. It is true the Galkwar's agents in this country deny the assertion point-blank, but that is nothing in the Doctor's way.

COOK'S "EARTHLY PARADISE."—A thick Wood in a thack, when every tree is Dripping.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



RAILWAY Companies, if LORD REDDLE had his way (Monday, Feb. 21), would be bound by Act of Parliament for ever to carry three classes of passengers, because they have done so for thirty years past.

LORD CARLINGFORD, like Punch and most sensible people, can't see why, if Companies choose to give first-class accommodation for second or even third-class fare, they should not be free to do so. But LORD REDDLE so loves the rule *stare super antiquas vias*, he would extend it to Railways. Probably he has no love for

them at best. We fear they are democratic inventions—levellers socially as well as mechanically, bringing dukes and ditchers under the same iron rules.

LORD JOHN MANNERS, who has been proving that if "Manners maketh man," he can unmake men of letters, explained that his late dismissal of five letter-sorters was not for *Oliver Twist's* offence of "asking for more," but for allying themselves with professional agitators out of doors, and fomenting agitation within. Firebrands can't be tolerated in the Post-Office, the contents of which are eminently combustible, particularly when brought in contact with the

non-contents. LORD JOHN is not a likely man to be harsh or hasty, and we should think the odds are that any punishment he inflicts has been well earned.

MR. WAIT asked the question England has waited to have answered, whether the Admiralty had refused LADY FRANKLIN's prayer to have her gallant husband's last representative and nephew, an officer of pith and promise, appointed as sub-lieutenant to the Arctic expedition—the only favour she ever asked of Government. MR. WARD-HUNT pleads guilty. It was decided that only two sub-lieutenants should be appointed. Great care was taken to choose the fittest of the forty-four who volunteered. It was impossible, for such a service, to let sentiment prevail over other considerations. Had there been more sub-lieutenants, LIEUTENANT FRANKLIN would have been chosen.

Now it ought not to be necessary to remind MR. WARD-HUNT that there is such a thing as "natural selection." It pointed to LIEUTENANT FRANKLIN. From a good, by such a plea on his behalf he

became the best, man for the work. Sentiment should have been allowed to prevail—even to the extent of appointing a third sub-lieutenant, if necessary. What harder slap in the face to English good-feeling could the late Government, so abused for subordination of sentiment to service, have inflicted? "So like LOWE—or AYTON," people would have said. Let us hope MR. WARD-HUNT has not heard the last of it.

Officers who want to shirk the disagreeables, say of Indian service, are in the habit of exchanging with those in whose eyes Indian pros, in the shape of extra pay and allowances, outbalance the cons. The War Office must now approve, not only of such exchanges, but the terms of them; and the money that passes between the exchangers is at present limited to actual expenses. MR. HARDY moved the Second Reading of a Bill to put the money-part of the transaction out of War Office ken, leaving the barterers free to settle their own terms. The change has the strong and unanimous recommendation of LORD CARDWELL's Purchase Commission, including LORD JUSTICE JAMES and LORD PENANCE.

Is this opening the back door to Purchase, barred out at the front?

MR. TREVELYAN thinks so, and MR. LOWE, and both spoke their minds strongly. It is a natural suspicion, and Punch feels with them a spontaneous horror of again admitting Purchase—thrust out with such difficulty, and at a cost of seven millions—into the field of Promotion. Is the attempt but one more proof of the melancholy truth—*Nummos expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*? But it is the poor man who will profit by the change, and who prays for it. There seems no question of that. If Doctors differ, it is not the Military Doctors. They are all for the Bill. It is the Civil Doctors who shake their heads at it. The weight of evidence seems against them. The report is very decided, and comes from men with a stronger bias against Purchase than for it. It is difficult to resist conclusions thus strenuously pressed:—

"It has been repeatedly and forcibly urged upon us that the prohibition of paying and receiving money for exchanges between officers on full pay is a serious hardship to some and a serious loss to others. It does appear to us that the complaint is a legitimate one. The new rule has obviously proceeded from an apprehension that to allow any pecuniary bargaining between officers in respect of their commissions might be as a letting out of the waters,



A WHISPERED APPEAL.

"MAMMA! MAMMA! DON'T SCOLD HIM ANY MORE! IT MAKES THE ROOM SO DARK!"

bringing back bonuses, over-regulation prices, and the other incidents of the abolished system. *We are not satisfied that there is any real danger of this, and we are satisfied, on the evidence before us, that a return to the old practice as to exchanges would be very acceptable to the Army.* There are many good officers of slender means who would be willing to serve in India or elsewhere for a consideration, and there are many good officers, more blessed with the world's goods, who for family or other reasons, or under medical advice, would be willing to give such a consideration. *The exchange is an unwelcome benefit to both, and would probably be a benefit, and certainly would not be detrimental, to the Service.* It ought only to be effected with the sanction and under the control of the authorities, and on such conditions as to insure that nobody else is superseded or affected."

So guarded, there seems more doctrinarianism than statesmanship in setting one's teeth against the Bill, though *Punch* owns it with reluctance. His heart is, with TRAVELMAN and LOWE, all for keeping money-bags out of barracks, even when it is for the poor man's behoof that they are untied. The House carried the Second Reading—282 to 185—after the best debate of the Session. Perhaps our cynics may add, "and bad is the best."

Tuesday.—LORD LYTTELTON's Bill for more Bishops—but to be supported, like the Hospitals, by voluntary contributions, and only to take their turns in the House of Lords, there being no room, we infer, on the Episcopal Bench, or the temporal Peers not admitting of more spiritual infusion, without being "the worse for it." There was a very touching chorus from the poor fagged-out soul-gardeners, to the tune of "We've too much work to do." Certainly the Church wants more governing in its present turbulence of high spirits; and there seem good reasons for giving it more governors, if only they are chosen of the right sort—more FRANKS, in fact, which in Episcopal classification stands for active doers as contra-distinguished from tall talkers. All the more, as the new Bishop's bread is not to be sliced off the clerical loaf—none too large. *Punch* remembers WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR's short scheme of Church Reform, once propounded in the Combination Room of Trinity, to the consternation of some grave and reverend seniors, and the delight of others,—

"Give every Bishop £500 a-year, and make it death for him to leave his Diocese."

We haven't quite got to that yet, in spite of the Liberation Society.

In the Commons, a light and lazy afternoon. MR. SERJEANT SIMON wants a Select Committee on the working of the Election Petitions' Act of 1868. At present the upheaval of our legislation seems to be that the honestest of candidates may be swamped in a pint of beer; and that you have only to secure a thirsty voter, and somebody to stand a pot for him, to vitiate a return.

The Government will grant SERJEANT SIMON his Committee. So it will grant SIR HENRY JAMES his, on some late operations in the foreign loan-market. SIR HENRY's recent oil-well experience seems to have led him into rich City diggings. He has certainly "struck oil" in the Costa Rica and Honduras loans. They may well call it Costa Rica—after the British millions it has absorbed. What a man SÆFON GUTIERREZ must be for financing! Perhaps he is a sleeping partner in the Lombard Street house of—. But we must respect the incognito. Only, who can help taking off his hat to a genius who has bled JOHN BULL to the tune of five millions, and was within an ace of drawing £12,000,000 more, for Honduras, with a revenue of £100,000 *pour tout potage*, and who financed the Costa Rica loan of two millions, on security even more shadowy than that of Honduras. But while regretting the loss of SÆFON GUTIERREZ to our own financing world, it is not to be denied that he has done a very pretty stroke of business as it is.

LORD DERRY sees no objection to giving SIR HENRY his Committee. We should not have thought the solubility of the bond between fools and their money needed further illustration; or that any revelation is likely to make it less soluble. But Select Committees seem the order of the day. Why does not SIR JOHN LUBBOCK ask for one to inquire into the circumstances under which wasps flock to peaches, and flesh-flies to carrion?

Wednesday.—Bank Holidays are to be extended to the Custom House. We presume the Customs do not feel themselves "more honoured in the breach than the observance" of that wholesome statute. The more holiday-makes the merrier, says *Punch*.

Thursday.—THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH moved the Second Reading of his Church Patronage Bill—

Put down the exchange of your living and my money—
What is such a hope but the most simple simony!

The Bishop's Bill is eminently well-intentioned, and will, we fear, only serve for the pavement of the place where good intentions go. The Committee they gave him last Session would not back up the absolute prohibition of the sale of next presentations, and finding that the simoniacal serpent can be only scotched, not killed, the Bishop is fain to be content with a Bill to diminish certain scandals in that sale of souls, of which the BISHOP OF EXETER painted a powerful, but not too sombre picture. *Hear the Vox Templi*—

"Their Lordships generally could not possibly understand the extent of the evil as he and his Right Reverend brethren did, who were constantly meeting with persons in the lower classes, and hearing what they felt on such a matter as this. It was constant matter of conversation among such people. They felt it to be a kind of personal degradation that those institutions should be made the subject of bargain and sale, and they were taunted with it by those who did not belong to their own communion. The Nonconformist shopman taunted the Churchman in the market with the fact that the parish to which he belonged had been sold over his head, and that he had to accept the person who had bought the place with his money. . . . He entirely admitted that good men were brought into the Church here and there, but the gross evil and scandal of the sale would be seen when it was considered what a man sold who sold a living. He sold one of the most important trusts which it was possible for a man to hold. Upon him depended whether there should be in the parish a good man, a judicious man, a devoted man, a really religious man; or, on the other hand, an idle man, a careless man, an irreverent man, a man with a bad temper, a man with no heart in his work. . . . And was there any taken that the person to whom it was to be handed over was a fit person to exercise it? No. That was entirely left to the solicitor, whose duty it was to make the best bargain he could."

Punch bids the Bishop's Bill all success, but with more good wishes than good hopes. Only this prophecy he ventures—Either the Sale of Souls must go, or the Church of England. It is coming to that.

On the Friendly Societies Bill Doctors differ. DOCTOR CAMERON, Member for Glasgow, able man, and member of the Friendly Societies Select Committee, thinks the Bill a hollow mockery, and moves it be read this day six months.

MR. LOWE agrees with him.

MR. COWEN (Newcastle-on-Tyne Democrat) declares, in the teeth of the Doctor, that the Bill is a good Bill, and just what the Societies' Officers want. Very probably, but is it what the members want?

The truth is the Bill is an attempt to find a *locus sedendi* between two stools. Its framers want to secure the Societies against roguish managers and rotten tables of rates; but they daren't take the bull by the horns, by compelling a Government audit. Nor, probably, would the Societies submit to it. They prefer their liberty, with all its risks of rogues and rottenness. This being so, what can the Bill be but a half-and-half measure? JOHN BULL likes half-and-half.

Friday.—LORD GRANVILLE thinks there ought to be no patent-law, and so does LORD HATHERLEY. Inventors think otherwise. Punch, on such a point, prefers the opinion of the brain-workers. LORD CATHER, who knows more of the Patent Law and its working than LORD GRANVILLE, is of their way of thinking. But this Bill for its reform wants a good deal of tinkering. MR. MARTIN tried hard, with that touching simplicity and good faith which take all the venom out of his *raibies*, to prove that JOHN MITCHELL was not fairly condemned, though he gloried in his treason, because the Government did not try him by a jury certain to acquit, and that the English Government was at the bottom of the potato disease and the Irish famine. He seems really to believe so, this poor dear JOHN.

A MASON WHO BUILDS WELL.

SIR JOSIAH (*loquitur*).

I HAVE been young, and now am old: and yet
My struggling youth I never can forget—
Days when, touched slightly by Ambition's fever,
I did hard work as baker and as weaver;
Days when, a prentice lad, I made gilt toys,
And toiled an untought boy 'mong untought boys;
Days when I forged split rings, thus giving ease
To hapless folk, obliged to carry keys;
Days when I shaped and spread the pan of steel,
Weapon, whose point, driven home, the age must feel;
Days, when a new electric art was found,
With fluent gold base metal to surround.
The years rolled by, and I have had my hour,
And Heaven, with will to help, has given me power;
So first I strive my childless life to crown
By training orphans of this toiling town.
Which was my *Alma Mater*—strive to give
Its fatherless a chance to learn and live.

Next, on the day which ends my eightieth year,
I found a school for sciences severe,
So that the future worker may be told
Truths all unknown to me in days of old.

MR. PUNCH (*loquitur*).

Hail to you, Nestor of your Town, JOSIAH!
Live still for years to tread the *curea via*.
Had Punch been born in luxury's soft lap,
And found a golden spoon to eat his pap,
He had admired the pluck this Mason made,
From a poor serving lad, a King of Trade:
Though he has never yet looked up his things,
Yet does he thoroughly approve split rings—
Though his the gray goose-quill, he knows that men
May well be thankful for the iron pen.
And though he drinks from gold, in victories won,
He likes to see the work of ELKINGTON.
Let other men in other cities hasten
To imitate the generous acts of MASON,
Who proves, by deeds than logic vastly stronger,
That Birmingham is "Brummagem" no longer.

REGIMENTAL EXCHANGES.

(Not mentioned in the New Bill.)



HAT SOME COLO-
NELS WOULD
LIKE.

To exchange
the dominion of
their wives for in-
dependent com-
mands.

To exchange
their paltry pay
and comfortless
country quarters
for a Civil Ser-
vice competency.

To exchange
their honours,
uniforms, me-
dals, and rank for
means to lay by
for age, and pro-
vide for their
families.

WHAT SOME MA-
JORS WOULD
LIKE.

To exchange

their brass scabbards and gilt spurs for the enthusiasm of a Sub-
altern.

To exchange their dignified but vague superintendence of a half-
battalion for real hard work.

To exchange their showy rank for the responsible autocracy of
the Colonel of a Regiment, or the pleasant independence of the
Captain of a Company.

WHAT SOME CAPTAINS WOULD LIKE.

To exchange the system of "Confidential Reports" for open,
above-board accusations.

To exchange the smoky, stuffy, twenty-four hours of guard duty,
for billiard-room S. and B., or barrack-room bitter and bacas.

To exchange the Purgatory of garrison life for the Paradise of a
comfortable Staff appointment.

WHAT SOME SUBALTERNES WOULD LIKE.

To exchange the mechanical duty of inspecting raw beef and half-
stewed mutton for the *dolce far niente* of the smoking-room at the
Rag.

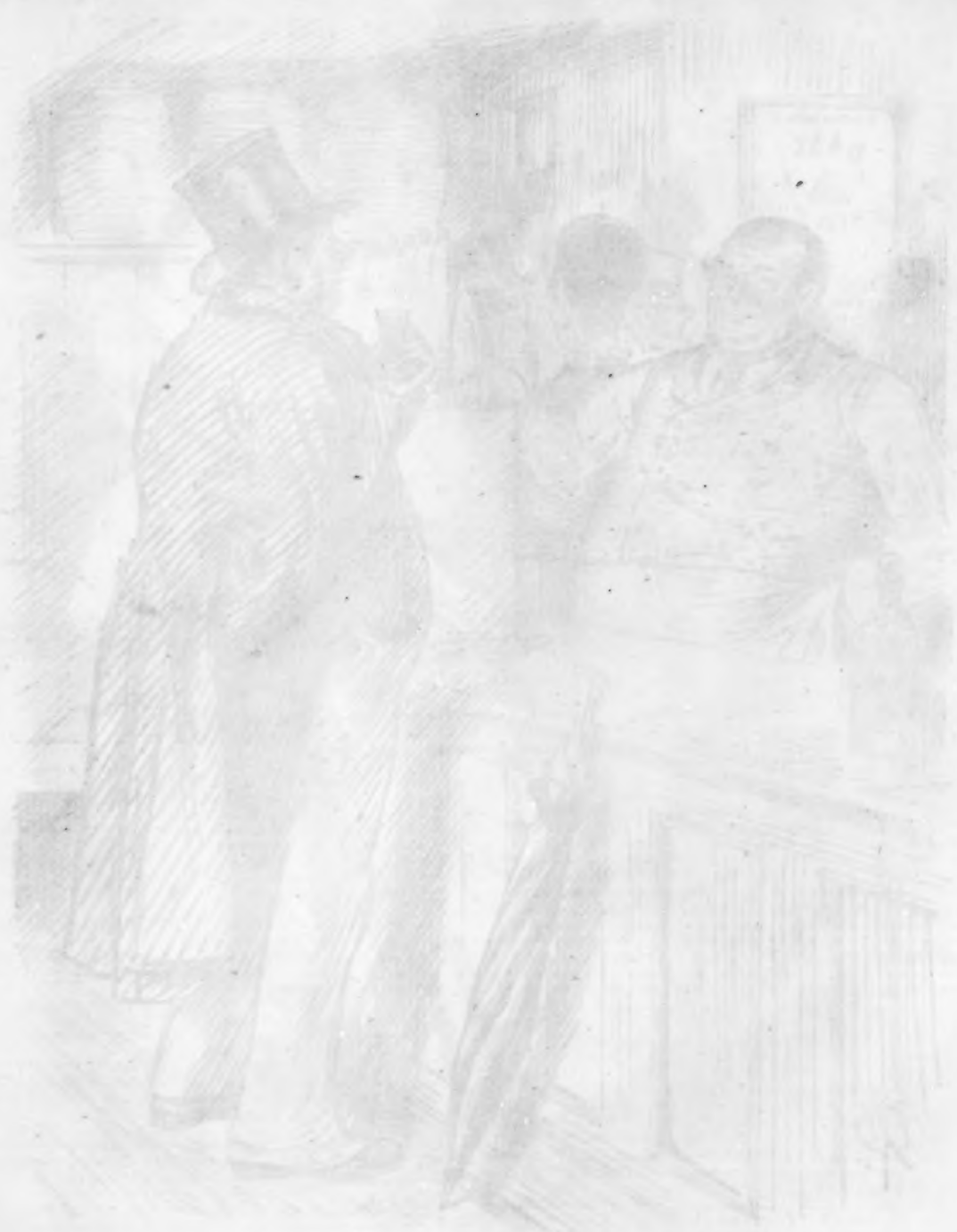
To exchange a profitless Parade for Squad Drill, or the Musketry
Exercise, for a game of Polo or a Croquet flirtation at the Vicar's.

To exchange the weariness of single-blessedness and the indepen-
dence of the mess-room for the too often imaginary double-blessed-
ness of marriage with a garrison belle.

WHAT MR. JOHN BULL WOULD LIKE.

To exchange a paper Force, commanded by Officers all good men
and true but all more or less smarting under grievances, and com-
posed of a Rank and File with about as many deserters as recruiters
—for a really efficient and contented British Army.

THE NEW YORK JOURNAL OF COMMERCE - March 1, 1854



INJURED INNOCENTS

A STORY OF THE SUFFERINGS OF THE CHILDREN OF THE SOUTHERN STATES, DURING THE RECENT CIVIL WAR. BY J. H. HARRIS. NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. H. HARRIS, 151 NASSAU ST. 1864.



INJURED INNOCENTS.

BUNG (to BUMBLE, Vestryman and Owner of Unwholesome Dwellings). "TALK OV 'ARASSING LEGISLATION! IT WAS OUR TURN LAST SESSION; NOW IT'S YOURN!"

BUMBLE. "A REGULAR CROSS, I CALL IT. MIGHT JUST AS WELL 'AVE THE T'OTHER LOT BACK AGIN!"



“ANY PORT IN A STORM!”

(FRANCE, IN TERROR OF THE IMPERIAL EAGLE, WHOSE SHADOW LOOMS DARK OVERHEAD, THROWS HERSELF INTO THE ARMS OF THE CONSERVATIVE REPUBLIC.)

SONG ON "SKY-BLUE."

(A Shepherd's Warning.)



NOMINO we swains and
shepherds, 'midst all
these here downs and
dales,
Plain simpleness and in-
nersuance as green as
grass perwails.
We don't use no short
mizhures here, nor no
light weights, not
we;
Nor chicoree-root in coffee
puts, nor hedgepik
leaves in tea.

The natural produce o' the
land to 'distrate we
should scarn;
But shoddy can't mix long
o' hay, nor devil's-
dust wi' corn.
And mutton must be 'five
or dead, all sheep, and
that fur pure.
We never doctors' yasson,
though the primus we
do ours.

What rogues they be that
butter sells most part
on't bad beef fat!
Good milk and crame we
deals in; makes our
own all out o' that.
Milk sitch as, draa'd from
'neath the cow, a
babby Prince med
taps,
Milk fit to meak a Syllabub
on for to zet afore the
POPE.

We sends ut all to markut pure as when took new and warm,
But accidents 'eol happen on the rightest manidged farm.
As one sitch up in Barkshire did, this here last week we see;
And ut only shows how careful honest farmers ought to be.

'Tis of a London dairyman, one HANSON, Drury Lane,
His customers about his milk did oftentimes complain,
And had'n afore the Justices for water'n' of ut down;
But he s'ore he always sold the milk in the state ut come
to Town.

One day he had a sample o' some Barkshire milk, 'a got
Consigned to 'n out at Paddinstun, there tested on the
spot.
The sender shall be nameless, though o' course no fraud
'a meant,
But there was too much waster in't by twenty parts per
cent.

They telegraphed a message to 'n, straightway to let un
know,
And 'count for that there waster'd milk if he 'd got any
cause to show.
Whereto he sent an answer back, the reason to explain:
The cans was left outside a shed, and the milk got
drenched wi' rain.

The case come up at Marrowbone, and, much I grieve to
say,
The Magisturt decided ut in a summary kind o' way.
That Beak was Mr. MARSHALL as the summons come
afore;
And he fined defendant full five pound, and ten guinea
costes moor.

You mates as holds what pastur'-land there be down
hereabout,
Henseforwards mind how in the wet you laves the milk-
pails out.
Then their complaints won't ne'er be found too strong of
ADAM'S ale,
And we shan't get fined for supply'n' o' milk from the
Cow wi' the Iron Tail.

A Lesson in Punctuation Wanted.

It appears that the Alcalde of Colon has arrested Dr.
PIEGOTT—an inoffensive British subject—for no speci-
fied offence, and that, notwithstanding the remon-
strances of the British Consul, he has sentenced him to
imprisonment in the Calaboose, where the Doctor still
remained at the date of the latest advices. *Mr. Punch*
trusts that LORD DERRY will find the way to teach the
Alcalde that he has over-rated the value of a *Colon*, and
that such a sentence imperatively requires a *full stop*.

"BETWEEN OURSELVES."

(By a Friends Philosopher.)

BETWEEN ourselves, I do not believe that anybody enjoys himself
very much.

As to wealth, do I imagine anyone to be really and truly wealthy?
Between ourselves, mind you, and I should not like this to be re-
peated, my idea is that ROTHSCHILD himself subsists on borrowed
money, and has to think twice before taking a cab for any distance
over eighteen-pence. I shouldn't wonder if he isn't saving up his
money to buy a new clothes' brush, a patent cork-screw, and a
sardine-opener.

Wealth! We all borrow. Everyone's in debt to everyone else.
It's in our system. It's in our solar system. The latest theory is
that the sun's is only a borrowed light.

Apropos of the sun, we don't see much of it in London. I know
what you're going to say—that you "prefer the country, specially
at this season." You were going to make that observation? I
thought so. Do you hunt? "When you get a chance"—I ex-
pected that answer. That means that you have been out with the
hounds, or perhaps the Brighton harriers, once in your life, and are
uncertain whether you like it or not; but you wouldn't mount a
horse on your own responsibility. Don't be indignant—I know.
And so you say you prefer the country to London. Do you? You
don't! I know you don't. You say you do; but you're never in
the country. Between ourselves, my dear friend, most people pretend
to prefer a country life, it sounds simple and unaffected.

There's no more enthusiastic sportsman than the man who com-
plains that he is tied to the City from one year's end to the other
and can't get away for a "pop at the partridges" in Autumn. Pop
at the par—bah! I'll be bound he wouldn't know how to hold a
gun, and would shut his eyes when he'd got it up to his shoulder.

He'd rather be among the Bulls and Bears of Capel Court, than
tramping through the best preserved covert, in England.

This doesn't apply to you, you say? You love the country for
its freedom. Freedom? what freedom? "O, roaming about the
fields!" O, indeed! My dear friend, this proves you to be the veriest
Cookney. Just you go into the country and try to roam about the
fields at pleasure. Perhaps you are not aware what trespassing
means. Perhaps you are not aware what preserving implies? And
if, as you say, you are fond of going about with your dear old dog
Fido, you would soon discover that in the shadiest retreats, in the
most retired nooks, at the entrance to the leafiest glades, there is
sure to be stuck up a notice about "Dogs not allowed here unless
led by a string or chain. All dogs not so led will be shot by the
keepers. Foot passengers are warned against straying off the regular
paths." That's a country liberty! Why, you can't look over a stile
without being halloo'd at by a bumpkin, and threatened with a
pitchfork. "Picturesque, sheep, cattle?" Nonsense. When you
enter a field aren't you perpetually clenching your umbrella, or
walking-stick, in secret terror lest there should be a bull somewhere
about?

Aren't you—though you pretend to be so brave before the young
lady whom you are assuring against the possibility of danger—
aren't you trembling lest one of the herd of cows might turn out to
be a bull? Don't talk to me of liking the country better than the
town. We'll finish this subject another time. Let me tell you
something—in your ear; a pig's whisper, my friend. Permit me—

It has been said that a man who believes in nothing, believes, at
all events, in himself. Nonsense; he judges of himself by others.
Does he believe in others? Bah! Between ourselves, my dear
friend, only I do not wish this to be mentioned again, I am sure we
are all humbugs. You are. So am I.

Don't protest! My dear friend, I've known you more than seven
years, haven't I? Yes? Ah, I thought so. Then—stir the fire.



THE CABMAN'S SHELTER.

Enter MR. GIACOMETTI PRODGER. Tableau!

A MODERN POLYPHEMUS.

"An important arrival in Paris is announced in the phenomenon of a real living Cyclops. His name is PIERRE WILSON. He is from Australia, and is twenty-two years of age. He will be exhibited on the Boulevards very shortly."—*Standard*.

MR. PUNCH is advised that the appearance of this modern Polyphemus has greatly confounded all political parties in France. The Orleanists assert that the Legitimists, acting on the conviction that *dans le royaume des aveugles, le borgne est roi*, have imported him as a possible successor to the COMTE DE CHAMBORED. The Members of the Extreme Left are of opinion that his arrival bodes no good to the Republic, and declare, loudly, "*Cela se voit d'un œil*." The Bonapartists are biding their time, but have been heard to hint, when the Cyclops has been mentioned, that his *coup-d'œil* may be the signal for a *coup-d'état*. M. THIERS can make nothing of him. "I have talked with him," says the ex-President, "but I do not think we shall ever be able to discuss politics *entre quatre yeux*." And all the fair leaders of fashion complain, "*Qu'il les dévore des yeux!*" and that such an amount of admiration, from a one-eyed man, has an appearance of greediness which terrifies them.

MR. PUNCH thinks that the Cyclops would be sure to find a more appreciative public in England, where everyone who is deficient in something which ordinary people possess, is sure to be popular. The less we saw of MISS BIFFIN's arms, the more highly we extolled the feat which she accomplished. If the Living Skeleton had remained among us, he would certainly have grown fat on his want of flesh; and we have long been in the habit of establishing places of trust and profit for the benefit of those who have no brains.

It is quite certain that if the Cyclops came to England we should be more ready "*nous donner dans ses yeux*," than if he really had two eyes wherewith to return our stare.

MR. PUNCH is not quite certain that the Cyclops would do for the Civil Service, for he remembers that a rather fastidious Department once rejected a man with one leg (in every other respect eligible), on the ground that he was not "a perfect gentleman;" but he is quite sure that more than one constituency in the kingdom

would rejoice to be represented by this one-eyed prodigy. He would be welcomed at Peterborough, where the voters do not appear to wish that their Member should be in possession of all his faculties; and he would be received with delight at Stoke, as a man who would see only one side of a question. If he were returned to the House he would bring a much needed addition of strength to the Opposition, for when the SPEAKER cried, "I think the Ayes have it," he might be trusted to challenge the statement. Society would receive him with open arms, and if he could be induced to take the chair at the annual dinner of the supporters of the Ophthalmic Hospital, the value to that Institution of his solitary optic would be equal to that of the proverbial Jew's eye.

Here he might live, revered by all those who admire "singleness of vision;" and, if he be of a proud and independent spirit, rejoicing in the conviction that his friends will be spared one half of the trial which awaits the friends of other men, inasmuch as when he dies they will have only one eye to close.

A Specimen.

LEECH, "a water-worm so called, used to suck blood." The heartless uncle of poor SARAH PHILLIPS (whose sad story may be found in the *Times* of the 17th and 18th of last month) comes under this definition, not as a water-worm, but as a sucker of blood, if ever inhumanity in human shape could be so described. Why, this man has outdone even our West-End usurers, having forced his own niece to borrow of him at 200 per cent., and then, having been paid in full, through his refusal to lend her three shillings to save her from starvation, drove the poor creature to despair and suicide. There is, there can be, no such blood-sucking Leech anywhere as SAMUEL LEECH of Bethnal Green.

CHANGE OF TITLE.

ONE of the Canadian Oil Wells appears to have been called "The Moonlight." A far more appropriate name would have been "The Moonshine."

NURSERY RHYMES NEW SET FOR THE TIMES.



ANDY PANDY, quite a
dandy,
Drank too much of S.
and brandy,
Thinking that by drink-
ing more,
He'd quench what he had
drunk before.

II.

THERE was a little man
And he had a little plan
To build a gun of great, great size,—
For he'd found that guns too small
Were as bad as none at all,
And small-gunned folks might be taken
by surprise.

When his biggest gun he'd made
(As gun-making was his trade),
He found means to make a bigger gun
still,—

A six-and-thirty tonner,
Not inaptly called "a stunner,"
And known as the Woolwich Infant
Bill.

Then that little man again
Went to work with might and
main,
And built up such a colossus of a gun,
That no carriage could be made
To move it whence 'twas laid;
And gunners, asked to fire it, cut and
run!

III.

HICKETY-PICKETY,—wonder when
Cads will turn to gentlemen?—
When the West becomes the East,
The greatest smaller than the least;
That's the very soonest "when"—
And perhaps, after all, it mayn't even
be then!

THE ROTARY ROD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

INDIGNANT parents have sometimes reason to complain of excess in flogging at the hands of hasty pedagogues. Knowing from personal experience the difficulty of adapting the measure of stripes exactly to the magnitude of the offence, a brilliant and merciful idea has struck me, which, for the sake of humanity, I, with your permission, make public property. It is "The Adaptation of Hair-Brushing by Machinery to Scholastic Purposes." With the assistance of the ingenious inventors of the Rotary Hair-Brush, I hope soon to perfect a machine on a similar principle, substituting the birch for the brush. The machine will be as delicately adjusted as a Nasmyth hammer, so that it

will be capable of every shade of flagellation from the gentlest tickling to a severe abrasion of the posterior cuticle.

By a skilful contrivance it will admit of being set (like a musical box, only in this case a human voice will make the music) to any degree of severity, according to the offence for which it is to be called into play.

To secure this being done on the most approved principles, a Council of Head-Masters will be summoned to decide upon a graduated scale of offences and punishments, to be marked on a regulator dial attached to the machine. One of the Head-Masters, to be elected by ballot, will be called upon to test, by personal trial, the efficacy and exactness of the instrument.

I need hardly dilate on the comfort and sense of security parents will derive from the adoption of my machine.

I remain, yours faithfully,

A PRACTICAL MAN.

GUINEA-PIGS.

(Vide the late Oil-wells Swindle.)

AIR—"Cherry Ripe."

GUINEA-pigs, Guinea-pigs, pigs, I cry,—
As Directors qualify!
At your feet your shares we lay,—
Not a penny there's to pay!
'Tis high-sounding names we want,
As decoy-ducks for our plant:
Names to draw the Public in,
Place our shares, and sack their tin.
Guinea-pigs, Guinea-pigs, pigs, I cry,—
From the West-End, come and try!

Guinea-pigs, Guinea-pigs, pigs, I cry,—
Of the City why fight any?
With shares for the taking, if you please,
And, besides, Directors' fees:
Office work—an hour a day,
Lots to get, and nought to pay. . .
Flats agog to risk their tin,
Giv'n good names to draw them in.
So Guinea-pigs, Guinea-pigs, pigs, I cry,—
As Directors qualify!

If you ask me what, *perdi*,
Such qualifications be,
I will answer, to be wise
When to stop both ears and eyes:
Shut your fingers on your fees;
See as your promoter sees,
Hear as your promoter hears—
For what else are these long ears?
Be as flat as he is keen:
As he's wide-awake be green.
Then high up you will be cried,
As Director qualified!

Guinea-pigs, Guinea-pigs, pigs, I cry,—
Why joint-stock adventure fly?
If the Company should fall,
And you o'er the coals they call,
There's the Counsel, and the Judge,
To Shareholders to cry "Fudge!"
How could Gentlemen like you
E'er be parties to a do?"
Such a buffer are your names
'Twixt the greenhorns and our games.
So, Guinea-pigs, Guinea-pigs, pigs I cry,—
As Directors qualify!

LIXINGS AND DILIXINGS.

THE lovers of the Shakspearian drama may thank Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD for producing *As You Like It* at the Opéra Comique. At least it is one more theatre added to the number of those to which you can go without knowing beforehand that the play will be *As You Don't Like it*.

THE NATURAL END OF THE (TERTI) STOKERS' CHOICE.
—Smoke!



INNOCENTS ABROAD.

A Room in an East-End Hotel. (Free Translation.)

Johann (fresh from Bonn). "ACH! HIMMEL, HANS! WITHER FAREST THOU THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, THAT THOU THUS THYSELF, SO REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE, IN THY QUITE BEAUTIFULLEST GARMENTS ATTIREST?"

Hans (ditto). "I WILL MYSELF IN HANSONCAS DEPOSIT, AND SO TO BELGRAVIA PROCEED, THERE THE OUT-DOOR SUNDAY GAITIES OF THE SO FASHIONABLE ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY TO MINGLE WITH, OBSERVE, AND PERHAPS ACQUAINTANCE MAKE. COMEST THOU WITH?"

Johann. "ACH, NO! I WILL TO THE HAYMARKET ON FOOT, THAT THERE I MAY THE SO WILD, RECKLESS, AND BY-LAW-UNRESTRAINED CUSTOMS OF THE STUDENTS PARTICIPATE IN, ENJOY, AND PHILOSOPHISE UPON."

(Both Gentlemen were much disappointed by what they saw.)

LONDON'S MODEST REQUIREMENTS.

(Dedicated to LORD ELCHO.)

THAT the Gas shall give a better light than the equivalent of one farthing dip per foot.

That our Cabs shall no longer be an ingenious combination of fever-ward and bathing-machine.

That the Roads shall cease to alternate between dust-heaps in dry, mud swamps in wet, and snow-drifts in wintry weather.

That Vestrymen shall sacrifice private prejudices to public good, especially in the matter of the best invention in wood pavement.

That such alterations shall be made in the management of the heavy traffic of the Metropolis as to allow of free circulation in Fleet Street during the busiest hours of the day.

That Vestrymen shall be forced to consume their own smoke—especially in Vestry-meetings.

That West End Tradesmen shall charge fair prices for unadulterated articles, and that the practice of sending in a bill that has been already paid a second time, on the chance of the customer having mislaid his receipts, be discontinued for ever.

That the Proper Authorities shall keep a careful watch over cheap literature

of the "penny dreadful" class, so that the minds of the young may not be corrupted by stories of famous (or, rather, infamous) thieves and cut-throats.

That Rate Collectors and other parochial officials shall learn the method of combining business with civility.

That the Policeman shall be instructed to protect foot-passengers from the importunities of Beggars and the violence of Roughs.

That Inspectors of Nuisances shall do their utmost to abolish Organ-grinders and German Brass Bands.

That all Cab-door Touts, irregular Crossing-sweepers, unlicensed Boot-cleaners, and Street Arabs generally, shall be arrested without delay, and either speedily reformed or improved off the face of the Metropolis.

That a Bill embodying all these wants shall be drawn, read, sent up, passed, and Royal Assented, before the close of the present Session.

SOLD!

A SONG OF SIMPLE SIMONY.

(Respectfully dedicated to the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.)

SOLD, said, our living is sold,
The variant pastures, the sheep and the fold,
To a Parson in an "all-rounder."
No one asks, is he High, is he Low?
One thing alone they care to know,—
He's a real ten-thousand-pounder.

Nobody asked could he pray, could he preach,
Could he be the lore of his Master teach?

Only—and this seems funny,—
Unlike those Twelve without purse or scrip,
The anxious question on every lip
Was, "Has he come down with the money?"

He may be a sapient theolog,
May be a roystering, rollicking dog,
Or as a Quaker steady;
May in the pulpit be sharp or flat,—
Vendor or agent never asked that,
They asked, had he got the ready?

He had. He paid them down his gold,
And the whole of the "snug concern" is sold
Before you know what you're at;
The sweet early English Church restored—
Open seats, Table of the Lord,
Beadle, bell-ringers and curate.

Be he High, Low, Broad, be he young or old,
That inferior Minister was sold,
Though they tried a protest to dish up;
And the dear old ladies told with tears
How he had served them well for years,—
What's a Curate to a Bishop?

And so we one and all were sold;
What odds where the buyer got the gold,
From friends, or from money-lender?
What if he paid his sixty per cent?
It was ready rhino, when it went
To the pocket of the vendor.

So here's "a cure of souls," in the sold,
Brought to the hammer, disposed of, sold,
Man, woman, child and widder—
As when in Queer Street you get in a fix,
They put in a distraint and sell your sticks—
Gone to the highest bidder!

Longevity of Ladies.

AN interesting paper, read at the last meeting of the Institute of Actuaries by MR. CORNELIUS WALFORD, F.S.S., "On the duration of female life as distinct from that of the male sex" appears to prove that the former, on the whole, exceeds the latter. Why, if so, does the weaker vessel founder before the stronger? Because the weaker is the worthier. Away with the suggestion of SMELLYNESS, that greater longevity may be owing to comparative freedom from those anxieties arising from the forethought which is a necessity of reflective intellect. No, you old Owl. The reason why women live longer than men is because they live better.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



REA circumque.—
"Arms and the
Serjeant - at."
(Monday, March
1st).—Among im-
pending proba-
bilities about the
remotest till lately
seemed to be that
the SPEAKER
should have to
commit any Hon-
ourable Member
for misbehaviour,
or the House to
throw itself on the
arms of its Ser-
jeant for protec-
tion. But in these
days of Home-
Rule and House-
hold Suffrage—
with the example
of Tipperary and
Stoke-upon-Trent
staring us in the
face—it is as well
to be prepared for
the worst. The
faithful Commons
must feel comfort
in the assurance
that their chief
Executive Officer
is not likely to fail
of the *suaviter in
modo*, or to fall

short of the fortiter in re, should it be necessary to defend the dignity of the House against assaults from without, or from within. So MR. DISRAELI was not without full warrant for the Ultra-Disraelitish solemnity with which he announced that HER MAJESTY, as a gracious favour to her faithful Commons, had been pleased to appoint, in lieu of LORD CHARLES RUSSELL—retired in a blaze of regards and regrets—CAPTAIN GOSWETT, the esteemed, respected, and popular Deputy-Serjeant of thirty-

eight years' standing—or, more strictly speaking—sitting. CAPTAIN GOSWETT has surely earned his "stripes" by this time—as fully as LORD CHARLES his good-service pension. With the "stars," which the latter ought to be specially empowered to wear, *Punch* would have united the "stripes," which he has so mercifully, yet so manfully, administered, whenever called on, throughout his long tenure of office.

Then the House settled itself to hear SIR M. H. BRACE—*Fagus indefatigabilis*—describe, with a little too much leafage, as a BRACE's verbiage may fairly be called, the legal strait-waistcoat, by help whereof the Government hope to keep Irish tenants from blowing out their landlords' brains, and Irish factions, sects, and parties from breaking one another's heads, for the time being. In sum and substance, their proposal is to continue, with modifications, the Act relating to the free possession of arms; to dispense with the Acts dealing with persons abroad at night in specially proclaimed districts; to allow the Act for the summary seizure and suppression of newspapers to expire (to be re-enacted if its repeal is abused); to maintain for two years the Protection of Life and Property Act; and to renew the Acts against Unlawful Oaths.

The Opposition, by LORD HARTINGTON, said ditto to the Government.

MR. SHAW, MR. POWER, MR. ROWAYNE, LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE, and SERJEANT SHERLOCK, in the name of Ireland, protested against Irishmen being treated like children. More's the pity, says *Punch*, that Irishmen should behave like children, and that the necessity of treating them as such should be proved by the fact that while the strait-waistcoat is kept hanging over her head—for to do her justice, there is very seldom occasion to use it—our troublesome little Irish sister behaves herself, but, so soon as it is put into the closet, begins kicking and biting and blunderbussing as viciously as ever.

The Home-Rulers could not keep up the talk against the truth longer than half-past eight, when they shut up, and the Bill was read a Second Time *nem. con.*

Tuesday.—MR. CROSS is able to reassure MR. NEVILLE-GRENVILLE (who is uneasy on the subject), that the interments of illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey are not frequent enough to endanger the health of the Congregation or the stability of the foundations. A *Campo Santo*, outside, would come too expensive. Besides, the Abbey is our Valhalla. Burial in an external cloister would look like being left out in the cold—not half such "snug lying" there, as in the Abbey, to quote *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*.

MR. CROSS, in answer to a volley of interrogatories, administered a well-deserved wiggling to DR. HARDWICK, for his outrageous violation of sense and decency in forcing an utterly uncalled-for inquest on the remains of SIR CHARLES LYELL. If this zeal according to indiscretion were not quite exceptional, "it would become necessary to clip the wings of Coroners"—a sentiment the House applauded.

MR. FAWCETT rose to move that it is undesirable that Little HODGE in the country should have less schooling than Little GUTTERBLOOD in the town. And so it is, and it is well that the House and England should feel it, and ponder it, and think hard how best to alter it. *En attendant*, LORD SANDON pleads for time. The present Agricultural Education Act has only been in operation for eight months, and it is too soon to be pulling up the blade to see how the grain is growing. No harm, all the same, in being a little anxious, considering how little FARMER GILES as a rule values education for HODGE's lads, and how little HODGE himself knows of its value. So, please PROFESSOR FAWCETT, keep "pegging away" at this great grave question, or we may have ARCH and Agricultural Suffrage down upon us, before our young masters have even learnt their letters—to say nothing of the old ones.

Wednesday.—A great House for DR. KENNELY's first appearance in his favourite character of the Injured Innocent, but he did not



"IGNORANCE AND BLISS," &c.

"WHAT IS IT, JOHN?"

"WHY, AS FAR AS I CAN MAKE OUT, IT'S ONE O' THESE 'ERE 'SCHOOL BOARDS' AS A' BEEN SET UP ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, AND THERE'S BEEN SO MUCH ABOUT IN THE NEWSPAPERS, YOU KNOW!"

"AH!"

show, so the big House dwindled to a little one, to hear MR. COWPER-TEMPLE move his Bill to admit Women to Degrees in the Scotch Universities. The weight of Scotch opinion—above all, of Scotch University opinion—is dead against the Bill. The Scotch Universities do not see their way to mixed classes of both sexes in Anatomy and Pathology, and cannot undertake to provide separate classes for Ladies.

In the meantime, it is hardly fair to ascribe the opposition to the Bill, as both MR. FORSYTH and MR. ROEBUCK did, to nothing better than Trades-Unionism. The Princess's Female University, with its

"Prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates with golden hair,"

is, as yet, a dream of the Post-Laureate and the future. "The readiness is all," as *Hamlet* says; but it is not to be wondered at, if a good many Lords of the Creation, quite innocent of Trade-Union jealousy, decline to help forward what they deem a movement for doing away with Nature's distinctions between its Lords and its Ladies—assisting in an unsexing operation, in fact. In the existing state of feeling on the subject, in and out of the House, it is not to be wondered at that MR. COWPER-TEMPLE'S Bill was thrown out by 194 to 151.

Thursday.—"Quis tulit Gracchos de seditione quærentes?" asks JUVENAL. "Nothing we like better," say Peers and Commons. DR. KENEALY may boast that he has drawn the most fashionable as well as the biggest House of the season—

Members to right of him,
Members to left of him,
Members in front of him,
Sniggered and wondered!

All the galleries filled, all the gangways crowded; Peers upstairs, and the Princes over the clock!

Had not the Doctor some right to call himself a lion?—though

PETTICOATS IN PARLIAMENT.

O, MR. PUNCH! Now, wasn't it a shame of them to laugh at that dear darling, SERJEANT SHERLOCK, when he brought forward his Notion (I fancy that's the proper word)—

"That it is expedient to remove the grating in front of the Ladies' Gallery."

You can't think what a blessing it would be to us poor caged and cooped-up creatures, who feel like that poor darling of a starling in the *Sentimental Journey*, inclined to sing "I can't get out!" when we go into the House. Besides half stifling us, you know the grating really grates upon our nerves. And then it stops the sound so, we can hardly hear the speeches, unless we keep our ears on tiptoe, as it were, and try with all our might. I'm sure the House would look much nicer if the grating were removed, for it hides our pretty dresses, and our pretty faces, too, and prevents the fact of our presence being felt. If the ladies were but seen, although not allowed to speak, they might hope to have some influence on the course of a debate. I should so like to applaud when I won't say who is speaking; and I think the savage rustling of our indignant fans would frighten odious men from calling us mere persons, as they sometimes do when talking of the fairer sex.

Your constant reader and admirer,

AMY AMMELIA.

P.S.—Papa calls our gallery a Chamber of Horrors! Not very polite, is it? If he said it was a Gallery of the Pictures of Intelligence, it would be far nearer the truth.

Brittle!

(What our quondam Wooden Walls have come to!)

IN LLOYD'S list of Wrecks and Casualties, Feb. 22nd, we read that, on the *Luxor* steam-ship for Alexandria coming into collision with the *Cyprian* off the Bell Buoy, the former received considerable damage, "two plates being broken."

To what a pitch have we now brought the niceties of navigation, when a ship is considered to have suffered severely on a voyage by the loss of a little crockery!

MOTTO FOR MARRIED MEN (in certain savage districts).
—"Here we are, all alive and kicking!"

DR. PERCY may find it difficult to explain where, under the actual system of ventilation at Westminster, he is to get the dew-drops for shaking off his mane.

The Doctor arraigns MR. EVELYN ASHLEY, for having asked a knot of the Doctor's friends at Ryde, who hissed some uncomplimentary reference to him as an undesirable Member of Parliament—

"What! Do you think that that man would make a good representative who is the Editor of the *Englishman*, and who put a false witness into the box?"

MR. LOWE did good service in recalling the House to a sense of its situation under the new liabilities imposed on it by the susceptibility of Members like MR. SULLIVAN and DR. KENEALY—of an ermine-like horror of soil, nice, even to delicacy, as to the proprieties, and of a sensitiveness so shrinking that it cannot bear the least rush of the cold air that often comes in with the naked truth. He reminded Honourable Members that breach of privilege is confined to imputation of discreditable deed or word by Member to Member as Member. If MR. ASHLEY had slandered DR. KENEALY, the Courts of Law were open to him. The Doctor contended, *logica sibi*, that MR. ASHLEY's words, being spoken of him before he became a Member, must have been spoken of him as a Member. He did not believe in Courts of Law, and would see them all—far enough—ere he went into one for vindication of his character. He asked till to-morrow to comment on MR. ASHLEY'S admissions. But the House preferred, on MR. DISRAELI'S motion, to pass to the order of the day, and leave well—truth's well, which MR. ASHLEY maintained he had drawn from—alone. And so the battle ended (after a very guarded admission from MR. ASHLEY that he might not have chosen the very best audience to speak the truth to)—*re infecta*. But it must be allowed that the irrepressible Doctor fully maintained his *status* as Lion of the evening. He bearded LOWE, sneered at DISRAELI, defied those who called him to order, upheld the *Englishman*, attacked the Chief

Justice, claimed the protection of the House, declared he would shake off columnies "as the lion shakes off dew-drops from his mane"—and then suddenly changed the irrepressible guffaw that greeted this Miltonic image into a hearty cheer by his well-planned peroration:—

"I knew and expected that I should have to face a great deal of prejudice, but I trust and believe that before many months have elapsed I shall show Honourable Members that I am not deserving of that prejudice, and I shall never do anything calculated to make a single Member ashamed of my companionship."

Then the House got into the mazes of the Army Exchanges Bill, in which it wandered for the rest of the night in a delightful state of exasperating contradiction on every point in connection with the Bill, its causes and its consequences, the dangers of it, the demand for it, its effects on the prospects of rich and poor men in the Army, the efficiency of regiments, and the feelings of privates. *Punch* can only admit helplessly that he

"Finds no clue, in wandering mazes lost."

The Bill was read a Second Time by 232 to 126, after better speeches from Mr. GOSCHEN, Sir HENRY HAVELOCK, and Sir W. HARCOURT against, than any made for it. If Mr. *Punch* is asked his opinion, he prefers referring questioners to this week's Cartoon.

A WARNING.



"THE attempt to poison the Baroda Commissioner could hardly be considered a piece of *Phayre* play; although SERJEANT BALLANTINE might argue that it was only a jest on the part of a notorious joker (*Guicowar*)."

There!

This is a specimen, and not by any means an aggravated one, of the sort of thing *Punch* has had to put up with, by the same, daily, since the beginning of the Baroda business.

Can our readers wonder that we hereby give notice that any idiots, after this warning, sending us a pun on the name of COLONEL PHAYRE, SERJEANT BALLANTINE, or the accused potentate, whether by his name, MULHAR-HAO, his title, *Guicowar*, or his dominion, Baroda, will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the law.

We don't know what that "utmost rigour" may be, but we feel it ought to be very terrible indeed in the case of outrages like this. Considering the hard measure lately meted out to offenders of the Press, we cannot but think that such offenders against the Press as the perpetrators of offences like the above would be heavily mulcted by any intelligent jury.

Superfluous Institutions.

THE writer of a recent article of the *Daily News* on French mad-houses expresses astonishment that there are only three Government Asylums in the Department of the Seine. And three too many, we should say. Would it not be better to transfer even these three, as soon as possible to the Department of the Insane?

MATTER FOR CONSIDERATION.

(A Dramatised Report—in part verbatim.)

SCENE—A Government Office. To PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD (SECRETARY and CHIEF SANITARY INSPECTOR in attendance) enter Deputation.

Introducer. Permit us, Sir, to call your attention to the dangerous condition of the Regent's Canal. It receives all the sewage of the Zoological Gardens, and much of that of the neighbouring houses. People committing suicide in this sewage die sooner, being poisoned, than those who drown themselves in pure water. DR. BARTLETT here, our analyst, has analysed the Regent's Canal water, and finds it worse than the Thames water at London Bridge.

President. I have paid the greatest attention to your statements, and do not for a moment question the analysis of DR. BARTLETT. The question is as to the power of the Local Government Board in the matter.

Introducer. Matter most foul—matter in the wrong place.

President. Very true. It quite answers to PALMERSTON's definition of dirt. Certainly, the Regent's Canal is not the right place for such matter. But "we have really nothing to do with the sewage question, which is one rather for the Metropolitan Board of Works."

Member of Deputation. They appear to be as busy in making new streets and removing ancient landmarks that they have no time to give to the removal of nuisances.

President. Ah, nuisances! True. As I was saying, we have nothing to do with the sewage question. "In case of nuisance, however, proving injurious to health, that is another question, and may require consideration."

Member. Sir, we are very glad to hear you say so.

President. Yes, Sir. "The local authorities of St. Pancras are the primary authorities in the matter."

Member. In the wrong place, please remember.

President. Ha, ha! Yes, in the wrong place. Good again. "But if they failed in their duty, then it might be that the Local Government Board could interfere; but that question requires consideration."

Member. May we entreat you, Sir, to be so considerate as to give it the earliest and most serious consideration you can?

President. Sir, you may. "It certainly does appear that the Vestry of St. Pancras could remedy the evils complained of. It is their duty to do so. As to the petition which has been spoken of in reference to the Pollution of Streams Bill, that is a separate matter."

Member. In the right place, I hope, Sir, that matter.

President. Sir, I hope so too. "I will, however, consider the whole matter, and communicate with you as to how far the Local Government Board can interfere in the matter, the importance of which must be admitted."

Member. May we gather from that admission, Sir, that the matter will not be allowed to stay where it is? The offensive matter, we mean, Sir, in the Regent's Canal.

President. I understand. The matter, that is, the sewage in the Regent's Canal, the offensive matter, the noxious matter, the matter which poisons the people who try to drown themselves, and you justly fear will poison a great many more—the matter in question requires, and shall, you may confidently assure yourselves, receive, I do not hesitate to repeat, once for all, every consideration.

Member. And may we hope a little cleansing? Awaiting which, allow us, Sir, to thank you for the consideration with which you have so courteously replied to our appeal for rescue at the hands of Government from this pestilent matter.

President. Gentlemen, you do me honour. Your most obedient servant to command in any matter that requires—consideration. Good morning, Gentlemen.

[Bowing the Deputation out. PRESIDENT, SECRETARY, and CHIEF INSPECTOR place their fingers to their noses, and wink at each other.—Scene closes.]

Law and Leather.

It is notorious that the wills of some of our most eminent lawyers, of their own making, have been so ill-made as to necessitate litigation, and not a few of them to have to be set aside. And now, of all great luminaries, LORD ST. LEONARDS dies without leaving any will at all behind him, at least any will that can be found. The surviving relations of a deceased lawyer appear to be generally, in testamentary affairs, of all people left the worst off for law. But is not the shoemaker's wife proverbially always the worst-shod woman in the parish?

SWEET AND SILVERY TITLE FOR A CITY LOVE-SONG.—"Emma Mine! Emma Mine!"



"PRESENT COMPANY ALWAYS EXCEPTED."

Aunt Emily (who thinks that Two's company, and Three's none). "I THOUGHT MAMMA TOLD YOU, BEFORE SHE WENT OUT, TO GO DOWN-STAIRS FOR THE PRESENT, MABEL."

Mabel (who thinks Three better than One). "WELL, AND SO I DID; BUT I DIDN'T FIND THE PRESENT—SO HERE I AM AGAIN!"

FASHIONS AND FORKS.

"A bronze fork with two prongs, discovered by Mr. GEORGE SMITH in the mound of Kouyunjik, supplies food for some reflection."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Food for reflection truly!" Fancy lingers
On that bronze tool, which long-forgotten fingers
Wielded ere MAPPIN was. Amazing thought!
MAPPIN unadvertised, unknown, undreamt of,
And this Assyrian person—name not wrought
In arrow-headed record,—in contempt of
Startled posterity,
Leaves us—his fork; to show with what temerity
We Western *parvenus* presume to mention
One tiny thing of which we claim invention!
Beathrow this excavating style of history,
Which finds *all* roots deep in the Asian Mystery!
One of its plainest morals
Is that all modern bays are borrowed laurels.
I've not the slightest doubt they'll next be proving
That spoons preceded "spooning" in our story,
And that in lading punch as well as loving,
In cookery as in courtship, all the glory
Belonged to days before the Deluge. Nay,
I swear that I should feel but slight surprise
Did some exploring pickaxe-wielder rise

To say,
He has verified, from diggings on the spot,
And the remains of some primeval pot.
They had kitcheners and hot-plates in Paradise!

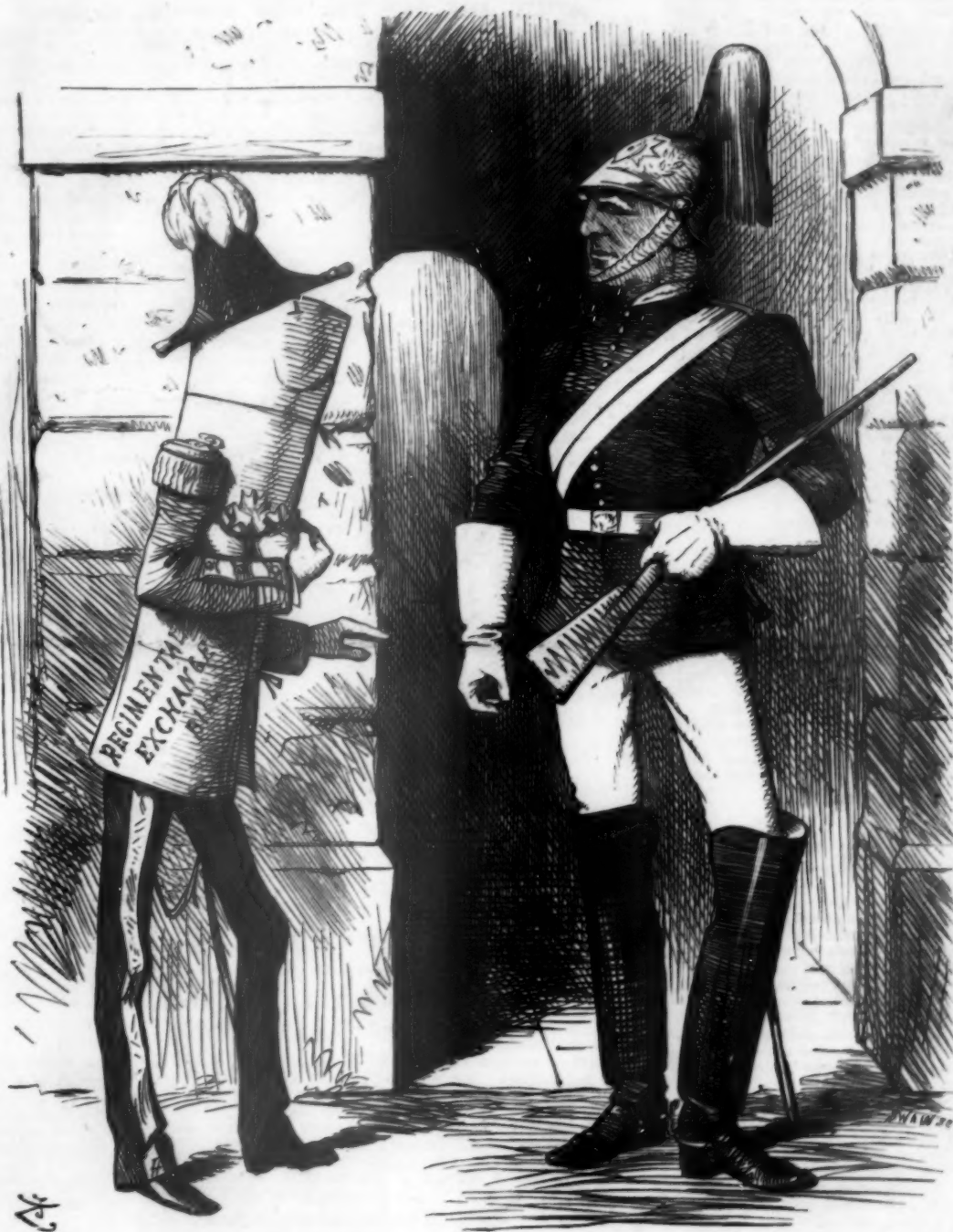
I wonder what you ate with that same fork,
Great ASSUR-BANI-PAL's unknown oesoph!
That bronze and bipped piece of cutler's work,
Brought down to us from times almost primeval,
Wakes question to what banquets men were bidden
In Babylon. 'Tis now a kitchen-midden

For Western antiquarian ghouls to grub in,
But when the tabors beat their rub-a-dub in
Those mighty palace courts, it may be eates
More savoury than barley loaves and dates,—
Such as had moved a Nineviteish Newman
To call you coarse, carnivorous, inhuman,—
Defrayed the meals your high-nosed gourmets ate
"A la fourchette!"

What did they call, in that Semitic jargon
Men chattered 'neath SEMIRAMIS or SARGON,
This bifurcate utensil? Was it "manners"
To eat Assyrian "Marrowfats" therewith?

Or did the planners
Of Asiatic etiquette find "pith
And moment" in the point of eating peas
With something less of grace, and more of ease?
We hold there's no forgiveness in *this* life
For him who eats his longpods with a knife:
But, "manners" being an affair of latitude,
Would fain know Babylonian swell'dom's attitude,
In the great Bronze Fork epoch, towards a sinner
Who ate peas with his knife at a swell dinner.
No doubt the great Snob family had been founded
Even ere *that*, but hardly so abounded
As in the days of Silver-forks and THACKERAY;
Primeval wisdom lights us with a slacker ray
Than shone on those who hob-a-nob'd with NINUS;
We'll hope Akkadian eads were small and few,
But could Assyrian Amphitryon dine us
To-day, as when this bipronged bronze was new,

Should we, I wonder, find
That even our old friend *Juventus Mundi*
Had its own Mrs. GRUNDY,
At whom SEMIRAMIS trembled while she dined,
Although old Chronos, who such wonders works,
Has changed our fashions as he has our forks:



A FAMILY LIKENESS.

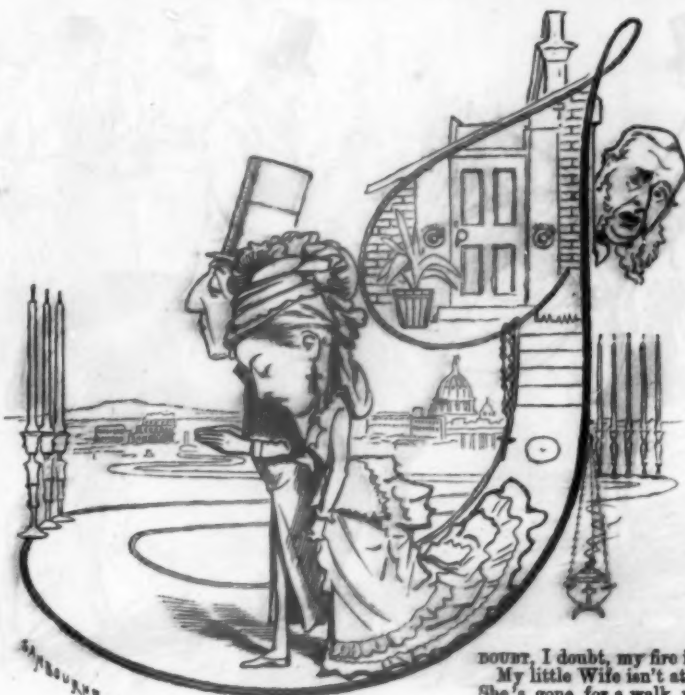
SCENE—The Horse Guards—Back Entrance.

SENTRY. "CAN'T COME IN HERE, SIR. ISN'T YOUR NAME 'PURCHASE'?"

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER. "O, DEAR, NO. MY NAME'S 'EXCHANGE'—NO RELATION WHATEVER!"

SENTRY. "HM! UNCOMMONLY LIKE HIM, ANYHOW!"

NURSERY RHYMES NEW SET FOR THE TIMES.



DOUBT, I doubt, my fire is out,
My little Wife isn't at home:
She's gone for a walk, with our
Curate to talk,
On the road that leads to Rome.

II.

LITTLE BO-PREP
Has left her sheep,
And found a new vocation,
Exchanged her crook
For pen and book
And competitive examination!

Let her go in
And prizes win,
And no one snub or flout her,—
The lambs and ewes
Which she now eschews
Will do much better without her.

III.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET
Sat on a tuffet,
Reading the news of the day;
There came a big spider
And sat down beside her,
Inducing Miss MUFFET to say:

"Don't think you alarm me,
Indeed, no!—you charm me;
There's nothing to which I bring more
Unrestricted attention,
And keen comprehension,
Than entomological lore."

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

BOTH crews are hard at work. Two days ago the Market odds were considerably affected by the substitution of SWAYLE of Caius for TROO of First Trinity. SWAYLE has some good points, but, on the whole, he is too short in the reach, and not quick enough in his recovery. The outside Public, who seemed to have some fair ground for seriously objecting to any further alterations, will be gratified to hear that LONGRODY, of Corpus, the winner of the Tender Stakes, and MUSSEL, the winner of the Ladies' Plate, at Henley, are finally settled for three and five in the boat. After various combinations, the following result has been obtained:—1. SWINKER. 2. DUMPLING. 3. LONGRODY. 4. SWAYLE. 5. MUSSEL. 6. LUGGITT. 7. BUMPUS. 8. ROWE. Two old Blues in the present boat.

MOST IMPORTANT CHANGE.

(By Telegraph.)

Doctor's vote unfortunately prevents LUGGITT from taking his place in the boat. Gap filled by SWIGG, of Magdalene. Change most important, if permanent.

(Our Special Correspondent.)

The loss of WIREY, of Brasenose, would have been almost irreparable. Fortunately, at the last moment, he returned, and the boat is now made up thus:—1. STRETCHER (Ch. Ch.), 12 st. 2. BUCKET (University), 12 st. 4½ lb. 3. BROADIE (Pembroke), 12 st. 11 lb. 4. CRABBE (Brasenose), 12 st. 12 lb. 5. RULLOCK (St. John), 13 st. 4½ lb. 6. BAY (Oriol), 13 st. 10 lb. 7. WAYDE (stroke), 10 st. 2 lb. This promises well. On the whole, they pull

together, swing steadily, and show great strength. There are faults, however, of which it is but fair to inform the outside Public. CRABBE (No. 4) seems to want quickness in recovery, and there is about him a want of catch at the beginning, which, while it militates against his efficiency, re-acts at the same time on No. 3, throwing him out of that life and dash which has hitherto characterized his style, and been one of the present crew's most hopeful features. The outside Public need hardly be informed that, if there is any discrepancy of time or feather between 3 and 4, the chances of ultimate success must be considerably diminished. RASPER is building a new boat, to be ready in a few days.

CAMBRIDGE, March 4.

The uncertainty of SWIGG has led to a necessary alteration. TITE, of Second Trinity, was tried, but a better recruit has been obtained in STEDDIE, of John's. STEDDIE will make a stronger six than even TUGGITT, so that the public may confidently show their appreciation of the change. DUMPLING is now the ugliest oar in the boat. His back is bent, his shoulders are round, and his left is a good inch lower than his right. Practice may put him square in a few days; but, after so many changes, time is an object.

(By Special Telegraph.)

OXFORD, March 5.

Slight change. CRABBE (No. 4 thwart) takes No. 1 (STRETCHER's place in boat). RULLOCK (No. 5) showed signs of weakness. CRABBE feathers under water. BUCKET does not bring his oar out with a dash. BAY (No. 6) comes well back. RULLOCK (No. 5) has a long reach, a good swing, and gets well forward. This somewhat detracts from the pace. However, in the absence of bank-coaching (the floods being out, and there being no banks for miles), and when uniformity of time and feather has been attained, there will be every prospect of a satisfactory result.

(By Telegraph.)

CAMBRIDGE, March 5.

DUMPLING (No. 2) has lost his superfluous flesh, and, but for his feather under water, has a prettier look about him than before. Two sliding-seats broke down (LONGRODY's and BUMPUS's). Taken all round, they have the material among them for a really first-class crew. STEDDIE has deteriorated, but his back is fairly straight, and his staying power good. His doctor gives it, as his opinion, that he may be confidently depended upon to last out the race. The outside Public will, no doubt, think it a sign of wisdom that this slight chance is preferred to the serious risk of bringing in a new man at, comparatively, the eleventh hour.

(Later Evening Telegram.)

OXFORD, March 5.

Feather too deep; not clean in leaving the water. A final alteration has been made by No. 1 taking the place of No. 8, and the weights are now equally adjusted. CRABBE is now stroke, and WAYDE, 10st. 2½ lb., is bow. The new boat is very light and capsize easily. This was proved on the first three trials. They now sit the boat pretty well.

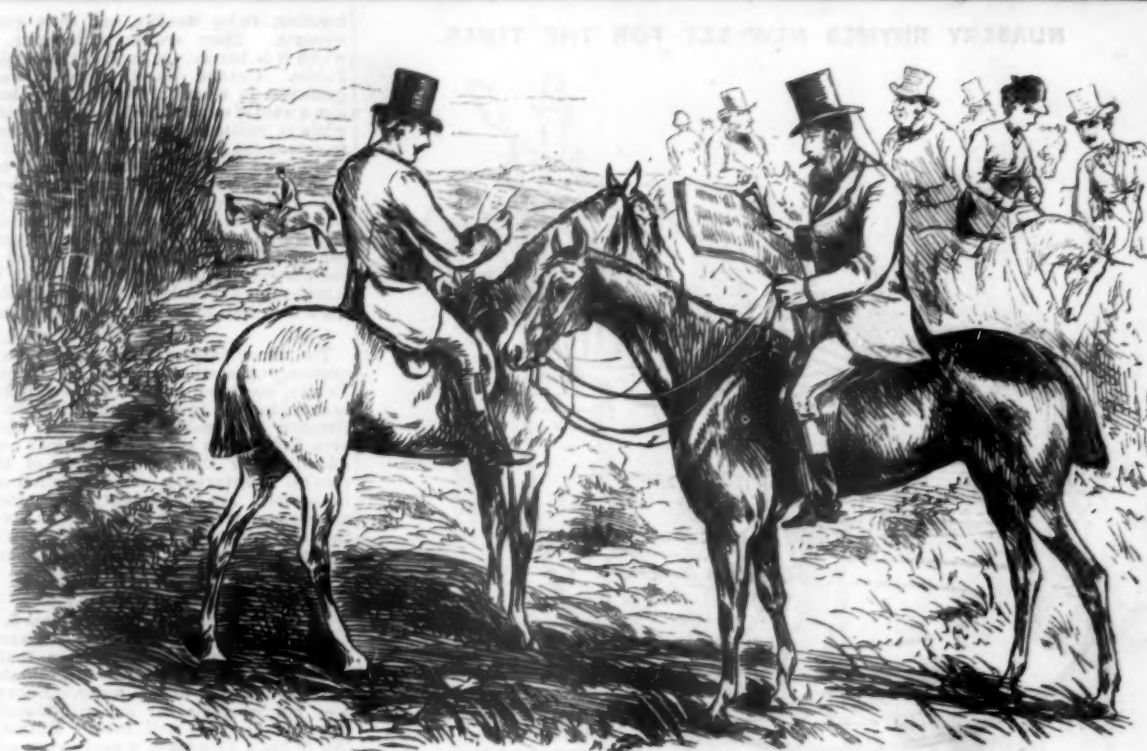
Latest Intelligence.

Both crews hard at work. Betting 6 to 3 x 2 on Cambridge. Even on Oxford.

Latest Betting.

PUNNET, March 10.

Six to half a dozen taken and offered.



HOW OUR CITY-SWELLS COMBINE BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

(A Covert-Side Study.)

IN MEMORIAM.

Sterndale Bennett.

(DIED FEB. 1, 1875, AGED 59.)

Charles Lyell.

(DIED FEB. 22, 1875, AGED 77.)

*Buried in Westminster Abbey, Saturday, Feb. 6, and
Saturday, Feb. 27.*

Two sisters strew with flowers two neighbouring graves,
And each between those graves her blossoms shares :
Art from her BENNETT's wreaths for LYEEL saves,
Science from LYEEL's crowns for BENNETT spares.

Art that serves Beauty, Science that serves truth,
Are kindred maids of mistresses akin.
This frail musician, whose creative youth
Pointed to heights he did not live to win,

And this unhesitating and unrelenting sage,
Whose eye in lowly reverence read the ground,
Alike in Music's chords, and Earth's scored page,
Record of the Creator sought and found.

'Tis well that they should sleep here, side by side,
Among their fellows of the glorious choir—
By PURCELL, he, and HANDEL, who with pride
May welcome this last master of the lyre :

By WOODWARD, he, and HUNTER, and by him
The highest, humblest seeker of them all,
NEWTON—for to such race of Anakim
He brings not strength unequal or stature small.

Sleep sweetly, modest master of sweet sounds,
Grey reader of the rocks and seas and sands—
While the great spheres make music in their rounds,
And earth's change broadens on through times and lands.

LEYDEN V. SCHIEDAM.

THE GHOST OF CATS* writes to us:—

"As a disembodied spirit, conversant with spirits, I am in the best position to know how some of the Special Correspondents of the London Press at the late Tercentenary Festival of the University of Leyden discharged their duty, by studying Leyden at Schiedam, and finding more interest in a Schiedam bottle than in a Leyden jar. The only night one of these envoys passed at Leyden, he retired early to his bed-room to consult the spirits, in deference no doubt to the impression that Hollands must be the proper medium through which to look at Holland and the things thereof—including its Universities. In this instance, unluckily, the spirits consulted seem to have led him to see 'half' instead of 'double,' for certainly the famous old University and its Festival never before loomed so small as in the report of this representative of British journalism.

"When reading the sensible reports of the *Journal des Débats*, *Kölnische Zeitung*, and, among English journals, the *Academy*, the Ghost of CATS cannot but wonder how English journals of high standing could have entrusted the task of representing them at the Tercentenary of his Leyden Alma Mater to such ambassadors. If JOHN BULL knew how heartily the Dutch sympathise with English literature and English character, manners, and customs, he would be more solicitous about the deportment of Britannia to the Dutch Minerva. Oxford, he learns from a recent paragraph in the *Times*, has been fain to apologise to the *Senatus Academicus* of Leyden for the neglect of her Vice-Chancellor even to acknowledge its invitation to the Tercentenary Celebration. Better late than never.

"Considering all that Leyden has done for Scientific Law, Literature, and free opinion—the illustrious students it has reared, the famous Professors it has fostered, the noble champions of free thought it has sheltered, methinks," says our Ghost, and we quite agree with him, "she has a right to more cordial and respectful recognition than she has found from England on her last Tercentenary."

* A great light of Leyden, and glory of Dutch letters in the seventeenth century.

"AS GOOD AS A PLAY."—Performing a Funeral.



A SCHOOLMASTER WANTED.

John Thomas (writing to his Sweetheart). "DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW IF THERE'S SUCH A THING AS A 'K' IN LANCASHIRE, MR. RUGGLES?"

Mr. Ruggles. "OF COURSE THERE IS."

John Thomas. "AH! SO I THOUGHT. BUT I DIDN'T EXACTLY KNOW WHEREABOUTS TO PUT IT." [*Mr. Ruggles volunteers no further information.*]

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.

MR. NEVILLE-GRENVILLE a few days since wanted to know "whether it was intended that Parliament should be called upon to contribute anything to the Philadelphia International Exhibition." This question was put to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, when, of course, it should have been addressed to the Right Honourable Gentleman who is really at the head of Her Majesty's Government. However, with his usual good-nature, the RIGHT HON. MR. PUNCH forgives the HON. MR. NEVILLE-GRENVILLE, and begs to supply him with the required information. The following is a list of "exhibits" that have already been promised:—

Exhibited by the RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—A file of the *Standard* newspaper for the last ten years—pages quite clean and uncut.

Exhibited by the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—A Souvenir of the proposed Russian Conference—a Portrait of the British Lion convalescent.

Exhibited by the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.—An Index (in three volumes) of proposed Articles for Reviews and Magazines.

Exhibited by the LORD CHANCELLOR.—An Essay upon "Crown's Quest Law," edited by MR. CROSS.

Exhibited by SIR WILFRID LAWSON.—A Collection of British Sign-Boards, presented to their Owner by ex-Licensed Victuallers recently converted to Tea-totalism.

Exhibited by MAJOR ANSON.—Facts and Figures culled from the Reports of the Inspectors-General of Recruiting.

Exhibited by MR. SAMUEL PLIMSOLL.—A Life-Preserving Apparatus, in Manuscript, constructed with a view to being launched in the British House of Commons.

Exhibited by MR. WHALLEY.—A Collection of rare old Songs once very popular in Parliament.

Exhibited by MAJOR O'GORMAN.—A Comic History of Ireland.

Exhibited by MR. SULLIVAN.—A Scientific Treatise upon "the Introduction of the Potato Famine into the Emerald Isle by the Saxon Government."

Exhibited by MR. JOHN MARTIN.—An Annotated Edition of THACKERAY'S *Ballad of the Battle of Limerick*.

Exhibited by MR. PELL.—As a Specimen of English Farm-Yard Education—the Learned Pig.

And, lastly—*Exhibited by the RIGHT HON. MR. PUNCH.*—As a Specimen of the Intelligence of the Pot-teries—DR. KENRALLY.

THE GROAN OF THE OXFORD OARSMAN.

O! it's weariful work is this training
For the great Inter-Varsity Race:
Raining, or snowing, or sleeting, or blowing,
We have never a single day's grace!

To the day and the minute, for practice
We start at sharp twenty to three.
If I've not long since broken my back, 'tis
No fault of the O. U. B. C.!

What with regular journeys to Ifilly,
And long courses "farther than far,"
And trotting home limpingly, stiffly,
As e'er screw worked in watering-place car!

Let me give you some sort of idea
Of the torture we daily go through:
First, they stint a poor oave of his "beeah"—
Which the song says it's sinful to do.

We've our beef-steak or chop in the morning,
Our chop or our beef-steak at one,
And at six, all variety scorning,
More beef-steak or chop—underdone!

Only one wine, post-prandial, we drink of,
And that of the driest dry sort—
Don't it make one's mouth water to think of
Those two figs and two glasses of port?

The joys of the weed they forbid us
(O, it's fiendish barbarity that),
And all this with the object to rid us
Of what they call superfluous fat!

(Here the Writer suddenly becomes sarcastic under suffering.)

O, those breakfasts and lunches and dinners,
So luscious, so varied, so rich!
They're a great deal too good for us sinners,
Too coarse to appreciate "sich."

I'm sure, *Mr. Punch*, if you'd tell us
The truth, just for once in a way,
You must feel most uncommonly jealous:
So enjoyable—ain't it, eh?

More especially just at this season,
Fahrenheit such a height in the shade!
When a oave's fingers never feel freezing,
And the ice never forms on your blade.

O, it's weariful work is this training
For the great Inter-Varsity Race:
Be it raining or snowing, or sleeting or blowing,
We have never a single day's grace.

Practice—practice—without relaxation!
Informed, and in print, one's form's had:
Practice, ending in scarification,
And (see the rhyme) "driving one mad!"

Were reading as hard fag as rowing,
Fewer fellows, a long sight, would read:
Now it's we "idle" men are kept going;
All work, and no play, wine, or weed!

Fond of his Paper.

A STRANGE character, with a most unaccountable taste, has been before one of the Police Courts. It was given in evidence that he "went into a beer-shop, took up a newspaper, and ate the whole of it." We have often heard of persons "devouring" books, and "devouring" the news, but this must be the first instance of a man having so depraved an appetite as to devour the newspaper. It should be added, that he was drunk when he did it. Perhaps he had disagreed with the paper; if so, the paper would probably in its turn disagree with him.



"A FELLOW-FEELING," &c.

Major O'Dodger (of the Scallionshire Rifles). "WELL, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF!"

Full-Corporal Farrell (a Prisoner—late for Tattoo). "WELL, NOW, YER HONOUR, I'LL JUST TELL THE WHOLE TRUTH. I TOOK TO PLAYING CYARDS ABOUT HALF-PAST NOINE LAST NIGHT, AN' LOST ALL I HAD; AN', BE JABERS, I SHOULD STAY TILL I WON IT ALL BACK, AN' THAT WASN'T TILL FOWER O'CLOCK THIS MORNIN'—"

The Major (an inveterate Loo-player, who had left off his own little Game precisely at the same Hour—very hastily). "ADMONISH'D, ADMONISH'D!"

Sergeant. "LEFT TURN! QUEERCK 'ARRCH!"

A HOME-RULER'S HOWL.

Now the last link that bound us to England is broken,
By the last straw that's piled on the proud courser's back;
And JOHN BRIGHT's is the pen of all pens that has spoken
The foul words of insult, base, burning, and black.

Is it "childish," this call of a chivalrous nation!
This hurrah for Home-Rule—is it "monstrous," vile word!
O, the venomous reptile's cold vituperation,
That stamps Freedom's cause with the brand of "absurd!"

We peruse the revoltin' expressions with wonder,
All the more when the libellous phrases are those
Of the Tribune that used from the platform to thunder
In the teeth of our tyrants, and rulers, and foes.

Sure we fondly believed in his fixed resolution
To pull England's foul aristocracy down;
To subvert the Three Kingdoms' effete Constitution.
And abolish the Lords, widd the Church, and the Crown.

Now what do we find? No Conservative greater,
For consarvin' the State, of all Tories, than him.
'Tis to Ireland alone he has turned out a traitor—
Is it snakes and deceivers?—it's he's one o' thim!

In his letter to FATHER THADDEUS O'MALLEY,
See the hight and the dith of his baseness displayed;
Such remarks by a Judge at the Saxon Old Bailey,
In doomin' a MITCHELL might well have been made.

Let us hurl back his insults and mane imputations,
Widd the yell of derision and hissing of scorn:

Widd the taunts, and reproaches, and wild execrations
Of disgust, indignation, and infamy born.

Sure, we don't care a straw for his ribald attacks on
Ould Ireland's Home-Rule, and disimberment's right.
Who'd e'er again trust a cometherin' Saxon,
Now the mask is thrown off by that sarpint, JOHN BRIGHT.

STUPENDOUS ACT OF STATESMANSHIP.

A EUROPEAN sensation has been created by the Bill framed in opposition to the POPE's late Encyclical by the Prussian Government. It authorises the stoppage of the salaries of Priests repudiating the new ecclesiastical laws, and practically suspends the Bull *De Salutis Animarum*. LUTHER burnt the POPE's Bull, but to suspend it was reserved for BISMARCK. Fancy the Papal Bull suspended, as it were a ram over a draper's shop! Suspending a Bull with the strong arm is an exploit worthy of a Hercules, a Theseus, or a Milo of Crotona. Perhaps some patriotic German sculptor will represent the great Chancellor in the character of one of those heroes performing the feat.

Answer to a Parliamentary Correspondent.

P.U.M.P. writes to us thus:—

"On Thursday last DR. KENNELY appeared in the House with a complaint. What was it?"

We are unable to state the exact nature of DR. KENNELY's complaint, but, from what he said, we gather that, whatever it was, he had "caught it" from the HON. EVELYN ASHLEY.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FRIDAY, March 24.—On the plea that "fair-play is a jewel," we must thank Dr. PLATFAIR for exposing, in a thin House, the very unsatisfactory state and results of the so-called "National" Irish Education. It began by being "mixed" Roman Catholic and Protestant. But the mixture has been gradually resolving itself till Irish National Schools have fallen under exclusive clerical management, Roman Catholic, Episcopal,

and Presbyterian, with an issue pithily described by the Professor, as

"Untrained teachers, untaught scholars, and an ignorant population."

While, of the cost of 19s. per. child,

—"the children's fees averaged 2s. 7d. a head, the contribution of the State 15s. 8d., and the local contributions, in the form of subscriptions and endowments, 9d."

No wonder if even a dull House were startled by such a "tattle," and still less if, with such miserable results, Irish Members object to teachers' payments being regulated thereby. If this be what Dr. PLATFAIR called it, a sample of "Unmitigated Home Rule," it is not encouraging. But query, if much better could reasonably have been looked for, as a result of the policy of confiding education to its most systematic antagonists—the Priests. Of course Mr. MARTIN had his explanation:—

"The Irish system of education was instituted, as every one knows, to denationalise the population. The stepping-in of the Government between the free professors of education in Ireland and the people accounted for the inability of a very large proportion of the people in some counties to read and write."

The best Sir M. H. BRACE could say was—

"It was at any rate now a truly national system" [—does that mean "a monstrously mismanaged one?"—] "and that from small beginnings, and in spite of great struggles, it had at length come to this—it educated, at least to a certain" [uncertain] "extent, nearly a million of children in Ireland. He did not think it wise to propose any sweeping change. He would wish rather to deal with the system in the way of preservation and reformation, and to restore it where it required restoration to what it was originally intended to be—a system of united secular and separate religious instruction."

Mr. W. HUNT gave details of the cost and arrangements of the Arctic Expedition, but did not say that FRANKLIN's nephew was to be one of its officers; and, strange to say, nobody observed on the omission.

Monday.—(Lords.) No knock-down blow so damaging as one from your own backers. The LORD CHANCELLOR ruefully informed their Lordships, that in consequence of the serious opposition which the Judicature Bill was likely to encounter from the ordinary supporters of Government as well as from their opponents, the only course open to him was to withdraw the measure. In un-Parliamentary English, the "tail" of the Conservative Party has wagged "the head"—and so hard, that it has forced it to drop the substance of a good Court of Final Appeal, for the shadow. LORD REDESDALE triumphs, and the codini or tail-peers, whose organ he is, exult. LORD DREY and LORD CAIRNS may regret, and LORD SELBORNE may wig and wail, for the abandoned measure may be called his own child, but the Government is helpless, and helplessly

drops the Bill. (See Cartoon.) *Punch* is bound to admit that the Scotch and Irish Bar, and a very large and weighty proportion of the English were against it, and even the mild wisdom of WALPOLE had consented to become their mouthpiece. If LORD CAIRNS can tinker the Lords Committee of Appeal into a tribunal, sitting compulsorily without breaks, and can transmute into it new blood from the best of the Bench, an ancient name may be preserved, and a strong working machinery of appeal secured. But though many have tried to do this, no one has hitherto succeeded.

(Commons.) Another oppressed nationality. To the grief of Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, Wales is not to have a Cymric breed of County Court Judges, as it has of wigs and rabbits.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON thinks the pacific assurances of Foreign Powers warrant a reduction in our forces. True, they have monstrous standing armies; but it is not "standing," but "marching" armies that are dangerous. Sir WILFRID was never pleasanter; and the House, which laughed to the echo, seemed to see the fun of his speech, almost as well as the amusing Baronet, who has succeeded, without a rival, to the cap and bells of Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE, and is even more gracious in his fooling. In fact, we quite regard him as the Member for *Punch*, and trust he will long continue to prove his right to that proud position, by administering as much good sense in doses of fun as he generally does now, whenever he is not exercising his Permissive Bill hobby. But he must not often venture on such broad burlesque as his Monday's proposal, though he did find 60 to follow him into the Lobby.

The Army Estimates. Mr. HARDY was bold, to what some may have thought foolhardiness, in owing that the present system was on its trial, and that he was determined the trial should be a fair one. He had even—with courage unprecedented in a Minister—gone to Aldershot to test, with his own eyes and judgment, the quality of our new food for powder, which COLONEL LAWSON and most of the cloth say is only worthy of HORACE WALPOLE's treatment of the cucumber after dressing—viz., throwing out of the window. Mr. HARDY says it might be better; but then, it might be worse; and it seems doubtful if it is so much worse than it has always been. The scum is not usually the best part of the contents of the pot; and we must still trust mainly to the scum for our national *pot-au-feu*. But the utilisation of refuse is one of the economic discoveries of the day, and we contrive to utilise into good military material a fair proportion of even the scum; while all we are doing for the increased comfort and self-respect of the soldier ought gradually to leaven the scum, and to make the battle-broth "slab and good."

Tuesday.—(Lords.) LORD HOUGHTON wants the Bill for more Bishops referred to a Select Committee. LORD LYTTELTON objects. He thinks it hard, when he only proposes Bishops by voluntary contributions that the drag should be put on his Bill. LORD VIVIAN said Cornwall did not want more Bishops. It preferred JOHN WESLEY, his Church. LORD LYTTELTON said that "the Bill was intended to meet the case of counties which did not want Bishops." As it will also meet the case of those that do, it will meet all cases, and therefore ought to be passed. Q. E. D.

LORD ELLIOT said he had heard of a parish in Cornwall in which it was said—*horrescobat referens*—"that a Bishop had not been seen since the Reformation." Mr. MIALL would call that a state of "Cornubial felicity."

We have heard that Pariahs in this parish contrive to be born, married, and buried, as if unconscious of their own awful state of Episcopal outer-darkness! But LORD ELLIOT thinks the sight of a Bishop would give these benighted Cornubians an appetite for lawn-sleeves. *C'est possible!* There is no accounting for taste.

(Commons.) Mr. PRASE, backed by some Dean and Chapter lessees, who have "good things" in the county of Durham, made a sharp move to get the Dean and Chapter's management of their estates looked into by a Select Committee. The fact is, that the Chapter have now turned over a new leaf, and taken to manage their property for the good of the Church, its *swans*, instead of sharing the fat between Incumbents or Prebends for the time being, and the lessees, as they used in the good old time.

As the PRASE move had substantial self-interest at



INCOMBINABLE ELEMENTS.

First Medical Student. "WHAT ARE YOU SIGHING FOR, JACK?"

Second Ditto. "UGH! I WAS THINKING OF THAT INFERNAL CHEMISTRY CRAM TO-MORROW, AND WHAT A DETECTED PRETTY GIRL I SAW IN GOWER STREET JUST NOW!!"

its back, it got substantial support, and was only defeated—most properly—by 17.

While this was going on, an awful discovery was made of two strangers, and not "little strangers" either, coolly sitting with their hats on, on one of the benches below the gangway. They turned out to be a brace of licensed victuallers, who had thus extended the terms of their licence. Our little bird suggests that they must have come in under Mr. Cross's wing. There is such a thing as carrying gratitude too far. The intruders were hustled into the gallery staircase, while the House feverishly sat upon them. We are thankful to say they were not beheaded on the spot with one of the SPEAKER's kitchen-choppers, brought in for the occasion. The Door-keepers, on interrogation, pleaded the difficulty, under recent returns, of knowing who might not be Members of the House; and the innocent, but audacious, intruders were admonished, and allowed to retire with their heads on, as well as their hats. By the last advice, they have been raised to the rank of Lions, and are shaking the mountain dew-drops off their manes nightly in their respective bars, where their pictures of the House in Session, from a Licensed Victuallers' point of view, are highly relished.

MR. DIXON called attention to the new Education Code, and gave LORD SANDON an opportunity, of which he availed himself with excellent effect, to describe what the Department by its last edict has done in the way of screwing up the standards, to which little HOPPER and GUTTERBLOOD must reach, to give their teacher claims to payment by results. The general upshot, it is hoped, will be that "ordinary schools would get just as much as before; that good schools would get more; and that very good schools would get a great deal more." This is just what the country ought to wish. The only fear is, that the standards may not have been screwed a little too high, and so out of reach of the poor little scholars, with all the master's efforts in the way of a lift. We have not yet invented mechanical lifts for schools, as for eight-storied hotels.

MR. SALT's Bill for putting on an Extra Clergyman to pull in aid of a jibbing or lazy clerical poster, is referred to a Select Committee—not in a friendly spirit—though MR. SALT is thankful for

it. They had a saying, in the Middle Ages, "*Tout chemin mène à Rome.*" The Parliamentary parallel (in legal French) has come to be "*Tout Bill mène à un Select Committee.*"

Wednesday.—VANS AGNEW on Hypothec—

"Hypothec, Hypothec—word of fear,
Unmeaning to a Southron's ear!"

All we know is, a large majority of Scotch Members want it abolished, but English country gentlemen think it will carry "Distraint in its train;" and English tenants, as a class, are not so solvent as Scotch ones. So Hypothec is not to go at present. But, "shouter to shouter" is Scots' motto. The Members from north o' Tweed will have their way yet.

Thursday.—The Lords are as sorry to lose SIR JOHN SHAW LE-FEVRE, for twenty-nine years their Clerk of the Parliaments,—most exemplary of officials, deep-learned of lawyers, ripest of scholars, and most courteous, kindly, and accomplished of gentlemen—as were the Commons to lose their Sergeant-at-Arms the other day. "*Par nobile fratrum.*" They were lovely in their (Parliamentary) lives, and in their (Official) deaths they have not been divided.

The Patent Bill is to receive amendments, enlarging the preliminary tribunal of examiners and referees, and the much-needed Bill for bringing the salaries of Metropolitan Stipendiaries to the level of County Court Judges passed the Lords. Too much of Justice's journey-work lies upon stipendiary shoulders, to admit of the weakness that comes of short salaries in a highly-paid profession.

In the Commons, the Navy Estimates. MR. WARD-HUNT, having got over the scare which drove him a little out of his bearings when he first came into the Admiralty—it must be enough to frighten a man, if it is half as bad as it is painted—now gets through his work very well. But he had better not try to prove that he was right in that "phantom" and "paper fleet" business. He asks for ten millions and a half, and promises to give us value received for it—(for details see daily papers).

Both in Army and Navy Administration there seems a real determination to make the best of our bargains, and to improve, where improvement is practicable without too much relaxing purse-strings.

THE COMING RACE.

(Contributed by our own intelligent Frog, suffering from a fit of the Blues.)



APRISTI! At least so I should exclaim were I a French Frog, with time to cry out before being cooked and eaten! But, "botheration!" or "blow it!" or "bother it!" or "hang it all!" is what I mean, on this occasion, by "*Sopristi!*" and nothing unparliamentary, on my word, as a respectable Thames-river Frog, with the fear of vivisection before my eyes.

Talking of "eyes," bless my old goggles if it ain't enough to make your poor friend Mrs. CROAKER shed her skin in a fit of the trembles, and to go off in a marsh-fever, to be obliged to witness all this row and rampus repeated year after year, and—here we are again!

Any vivisector will tell you I'm one of the most nervous creatures in existence; and here let me remark, that, though it may be true that I do not suffer much when my *membra* are *dissecta*—(I've had a fine classical education, having been brought up, as a Tadpole, at Eton—someway up the Thames, you know—and then having gone in for higher-up-the-Thames studies at Oxford)—yet I suffer enormously—unspeakably—by anticipation, being so peculiarly, and unfortunately, nervous. Such an imagination as I have, too, all through my nerves! Wasn't this known to the ancients? Of course it was. Didn't *Æsop* select me—I mean one of our race—(bother that word "race!" as it brings me back, willy-nilly, to the subject of my present complaint—a complaint worse than my normal rheumatics and chronic cramp—but to proceed)—didn't *Æsop*, I say, select one of our kind as exemplifying imagination? Wasn't it the height of fancy, in a Frog, to imagine he could ever swell himself out into a Bull?

And for the Aristophanic Frogs—well, I'll engage that your poor friend here, meaning myself, who is obliged to fly for his life before the invading hordes of outer barbarian Cockneys and cads, knows more about those Aristophanic—not, by any means, Aristocratic—Frogs, than any four in the two eights who are preparing to row their blessed—(you know what I mean)—race, on this dear, charming, delightful, dirty, picturesque, muddy, aromatic, stinking, pleasant old River Thames.

I protest. Sir, to you, I protest, in the name of all the inhabitants on the Right and Left, on the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left, and of the Centre of these troubled waters, I do protest.

Here's a good day for flirting and finery, and a bad 'un for Frogs! I hate flirting. I've settled down ever so long ago; in fact, I've been thoroughly domesticated, since the days when Froggie would a-wooing go, whether his mother would let him or no, after which I married Miss ALICE (related, of course, to the pretty young lady who passes so much of her time in Wonderland, and went through a looking-glass), who is now ALLY CROAKER.

No more flirting for me or for her. A family of Tadpoles demand our care; waggle go their heads, and wiggle go their tails all day; and just when we'd settle down so comfortably among the Reeds (quite a Gallery of Entertainments, I assure you) we are turned out neck and crop (not much of either to lose, by the way) and forced to fly, like the coloured tribes before the face of white men, only there isn't much white among the shady lot who disturb our happy home. Brekekekex! Koax! Koax! Quarrrr!



RUDIMENTS OF ECONOMY.

"MAY I LEAVE THIS PIECE OF BREAD, NURSE?"

"CERTAINLY NOT, MISS MAY. IT'S DREADFUL WASTEFUL! AND THE DAY MAY COME WHEN YOU'LL WANT A PIECE OF BREAD!"

"THEN I'D BETTER KEEP THIS PIECE OF BREAD TILL I DO WANT IT, NURSE. HADN'T I?"

Here they come! Regiments of Blues! charging us as the Life Guards charged at Waterloo, and being (thank retributive justice!) charged heavily in return. They don't, any of 'em, come down here for nothing. Empty heads and full purses: going back with no heads, and empty purses. As to their hearts, it's a fiction to say they can lose them: vivisection a boatload or a carriageful of 'em, and you won't find a heart, I'll be sworn.

Here they come! the Great Unwashed! Father Thames is my *beau idéal* of the real Great Unwashed, and these, who make a run on both banks, and go on without a check (except in trouser patterns), these are the sons of grimy old Daddy Thames.

Men may come, and men may go—at least, I can't prevent them—and here are more of them. From every quarter—from North, South, East, and West-Central districts—the stream of men and women, and dogs and horses, and boats, and wharves, and launches with lunches, and big steamers and small steamers, on, on, on—till, literally, all is Blue!

Here's an indigo merchant and a violent Bismarckian Blue treading on everyone's heels and toes, and here are dark blue eyes, and light blue eyes.—O, ALLY CHOKER!—then Blue River Police artfully getting a splendid view of the race on pretence of clearing the way! O, Police, Police, stop it all! Let me remain in peace, and let University Dons pass a law that this Race shall only come off once in a Blue Moon! Here's a Blue-jacket, and a Bluecoat boy with canary-coloured legs; then, after him, a lawyer's clerk, who has brought his luncheon in his master's blue bag (if there were only some wasps'-nests by the river-side, blue bag would be useful then—O, don't I wish there were wasps here!); and, perched high up on the box of a four-in-hand, sits a statesman who's given up his study of Blue-books for this day only! Then a

pretty girl with blue eyes, tinged by the reflection of her own violets; and a Blue-stockings, who is making a book, in gloves, on the Race. There should be GAINSBOROUGH'S *Blue Boy* somewhere to make the thing perfect. But I don't see him, unless he's hidden among the Blue bevy of forget-me-nots and Blue Belles, among whom that old rascal *Blue Beard* could pick up another wife or two for his Blue Chamber, as I would were I in his place, and "that's the sort of Frog I am."

"Who's winning?—Oxford or Cambridge?"

Who's winning? all's won. I mean, all's one to me, Gentlemen, if you'll only get it over, and go to your brotherly dinner when all is oar—I mean o'er.

Hark! Go it, Oxford—Go it, Cambridge! I detest it all—I protest against it all. Yet I cannot help it. I'm an English Frog, a regular John Bull Frog, with all the pride of his annual race in him—and I must just see the finish. Five to one, on the first boat, in anything—Hooray!—Bravo!—I said so—I know it—I wish I'd betted hundreds on them. I knew that would be the true blue at the last!—Hurrah!!

Now then, Tadpoles, the current is retiring—the rush is past, let us return to our *Roads Entree*, and dine off roley-poley Gammon and Spinach. "Heigho!" sighs one who takes this opportunity of signing himself

"ANTHONY ROWLEY."

SPIRITUAL THINGS.—A Loo Table. A Dark Cabinet. A Hand-bell. A Tambourine. An Accordion. Tapes and Sealing-Wax. Some Sticks of Phosphorus. Light Hands and Nimble Fingers. A deal of Credulity. An equal quantity of Cunning.

CORNISH-MAN V. BISHOP.

(See Wednesday's Debate in the Lords.)

WHERE be we to vind a Bishop's fee,
With his lawn sleeves and mitre vine?
What good will a Bishop do for we,
As 'll pay vor un's vittles and wine?

We'd a Bishop down to St. Germain's once,
When ATHELSTANE he were king,
But at we they did scoff, and took 'un off
To Exeter Minster to zing.

And drat me if a zee what a good he'd be,
Brought back to St. Germain's town—
Which best mate it supply be pilehard-pie,
With 'ard cider to wash it down.

Is pilehard-pie with 'ard cider surelie
Mate and drink in a Bishop's way,
That his livin' do zeek droo Latin and Greek,
Not droo puggin' o' China-clay,

Nor droo minin' deep under grass, wi' the zee
A roarin' and ravin' above:
Bishop ne'er'd come to we—not for money—
not he,

Though a' might, p'r'aps, come for love.

And love breeds love, they do zay, and the same

I hold it may well be true:

And p'r'aps a Bishop as tried that game,
A' might vind we try it too.

For 'twas dark i' these parts, both hovels
and hearts,

When JOHN WESLEY he vought his way,
Droo mine-dirt and zweet, at our souls to get.

Till we grewed men to preach and pray.

Seems latish to send a Bishop to we,

From WESLEY our hearts to win:

We've to live, leastways, on the tin we raise,
And so he'll have to raise his tin.

And if tin in stream or in vein and seam

Be so hard to vind and raise,

To win love's ore do cost still more,

Though, when won, it better pays.

AN OLD TITLE IN A NEW LIGHT.—*Law's Serious Call*—a Bill of Costs.

MISSIONARIES IN MOTLEY.



A T Islington Hall these
Revivalists Yankee,
Pious pair, D. L. MOODY
and IRA D. SANKEY,
Are drawing, they tell
us, immense congregations,
By eccentric devotions,
and droll ministrations.
Their manner seems
strangely at odds with
their matter,
The former grotesque,
and most serious the
latter.
They proclaim Gospel
truths, spite of grave
prepossessions,
In colloquial slang, and
commercial expressions,
State Scriptural facts in
American phrases,
And interpolate jokes
twixt their prayers
and their praises,
Their intent is sincere—
let us trust, in all
charity—
But Religion they cloak
in the garb of Vul-
garity.

And, under a visor of seeming profanity,
As comic evangelists, preach Christianity.

These discourses of theirs are an exaggeration
Of the jocular species of pulpit oration,
Which was brought into vogue by that eminent surgeon,
And physician of souls to the multitude, SPRAGGON.
An impressive people are they that sit under
These 'cute Boanerges, these smart sons of thunder,
Who cause them, at will, to sing psalm or doxology
By an influence much like electro-biology.
IRA SANKEY performs, as a musical Stentor,
To the mobile vulgus the part of Precentor.
His remarkable name may suggest the inquiry
If he ever exhorts them to sing "Dies Ira?"
Quorum hæc? Can tomfoolery kindle true piety?
Maybe so. Human nature is fond of variety.
Mr. Merriman's unctuous sallies might irk us,
But although a Revival American Circus,
IRA *Clown* in the Ring, decent people would anger,
Couldn't MOODY and SANKEY join HENSGLER and SANGER?
If it didn't conduce much to edification,
It would probably pay, as a good speculation.

THE LADIES' UNIVERSITY.

(AS IT SHOULD BE.)

SCENE—The Examination Room of the University.

PROFESSOR PUNCH seated at table, writing. Enter Candidate for Matriculation.

Professor. My dear young Lady, pray take a chair. First let me say that I am glad to see you have adopted a very proper costume in which to present yourself before the Authorities. A plain stuff gown, a neat cap, and a brown holland apron. Nothing could be better.

Candidate (seating herself). I am delighted to have gained your approbation, Professor. My choice was regulated by the reflection that I intend to work and not to play.

Professor. Well said! And now, are you desirous of becoming a Member of this University?

Candidate. I am. I covet the honour.

Professor. It is necessary to ask you a few questions. What do you consider to be the "Rights of Woman"?

Candidate. She has but one right, which involves many duties—the right to be the Sweetness and Light, the Grace and Queen of home.

Professor. Very good. You would not wish to sit in Parliament?

Candidate. When my household duties were over, I should not object to an occasional seat in the Ladies' Gallery—that is, supposing

my husband were a Member of the House fond of addressing the SPEAKER.

Professor. A very proper reply. You do not wish to be a doctor or a lawyer?

Candidate (laughing). Certainly not. My ambition would be quite satisfied were I a good nurse and an efficient accountant.

Professor. An efficient accountant?

Candidate. Yes—that I might be able to check the butcher's book.

Professor. Very good, indeed! Now do you know the chief object of this University?

Candidate. I believe so. It is to elevate the art of Cooking into a Christian duty. As Mr. BUCKMASTER said the other day at York, "Our health, morality, social life, and powers of endurance depend very much on our food, and if it be a Christian duty to cultivate the earth, and make it bring forth food both for man and beast, it is equally a Christian duty to make that food enjoyable and wholesome by good cooking."

Professor. You are quite right. I too will quote from Mr. BUCKMASTER's very excellent speech. He said—

"So long as people prefer dirt to cleanliness and drink to food, and who know nothing, and don't care to know anything, of those processes and conditions or laws which God has ordered as the condition of health, and without health there can be no happiness, so long as this ignorance and the prejudices which flow from it exist, all efforts except teaching will be comparatively useless. . . . No law can prevent people from eating improper and unwholesome food, or accumulating heaps of filth in the dark corners of rooms, or compel them to open their windows or wash their bodies. Nothing but knowledge or a better education in common things will ever bring about these desirable results. It is for these and many other reasons that I am most anxious about the education of girls. The future of this country depends on their education. Every girl's school should have a kitchen, with such appliances as they would be likely to have in their own homes, and every young lady should be able to prepare, from first to last, a nice little dinner."

Do you agree with Mr. BUCKMASTER?

Candidate. Most cordially. I think Mr. BUCKMASTER deserves the thanks of every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom.

Professor. And so do I. What classes do you wish to join?

Candidate. The Cooking Class, the Dress and Bonnet Class, the Furniture-Judging Class, and the Domestic Economy Class. After I have passed through these, I should very much like to finish my University career by undergoing a final course of Music, Painting, and Modern Languages.

Professor (signing certificate). I have much pleasure in informing you that you are now a Member of the Ladies' University. You have passed your preliminary examination most creditably.

Candidate. A thousand thanks, Professor.

(Rises, curtains, and exit to join the Cookery Class.)

Professor. A sensible girl that!

[As the Scene closes in, PROFESSOR PUNCH smilingly returns to his work.]

LEANDER OUTDONE.

"CAPTAIN BOTTON adheres to his original determination of attempting to swim across the English Channel."—*Morning Post*.

WITH a nipping East wind that brings pluck down to zero,
And without any chance of an evening with Hero,
CAPTAIN BOTTON, in water-tights, means paddling over
To Calais (a twenty-mile transit) from Dover!

When Leander was wooing the Lady of Scotos,
He'd his waterproof suit made of Cupid's "asbestos;"
When athwart the wild waves BROTHER breasted perdition,
He breathed the calorics of fiery ambition.

If the Hellespont's wide, Dover Channel is wider,
Though by no means too broad for a neighbour-divider,
What canards to be flown, and what feuilletons written,
If he does go, on this cool invader from Britain!

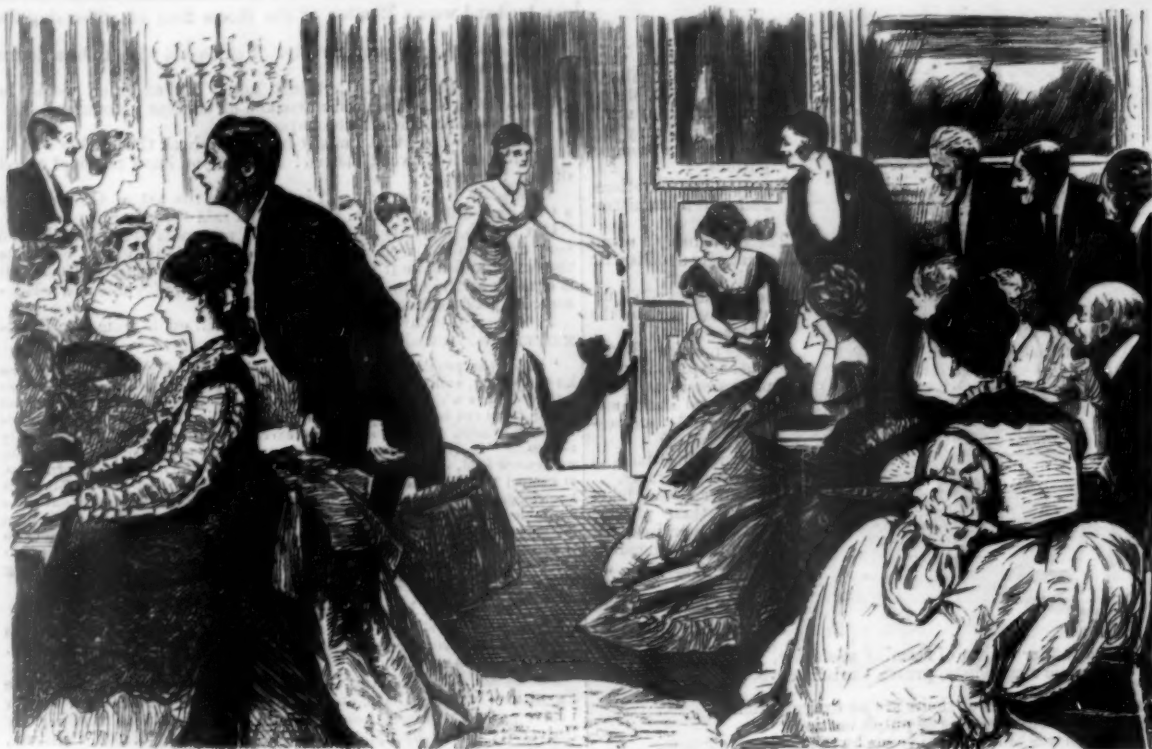
A Regular Sell.

It is not difficult to realise the disappointment of a man with an appetite for sensational stories of beheadings, executions, the guillotine, &c., buying *The Book of the Axe*, and discovering it to be an account of a river.

EXTRAMPTU FAIT À LOISIR.

After a Visit to the Hollar Exhibition, at the Fine Arts Club,
17, Durlington Row.

If an itching for etching makes Punch an art-scholar,
It is thanks to the Club, where no foxes they follow,
Yet manage this Season to give a "VIEW HOLLAR."



A PICTURE PUZZLE.

Tenor Warbler (with passionate emphasis on the first Words of each Line)—

"ME-E-E-E-T ME ONCE AGAIN,
ME-E-E-E-T ME ONCE AGA-A-AIN——"

[Why does the Cat suddenly jump up off the Hearth-rug, rush to the Door, and make frantic endeavours to get out ?

THE DISESTABLISHED ENCENIA.

ANOTHER disestablishment! Meseems
The world reels drunken with destructive dreams,
All surest-based phenomena of life,
Wheeling and whirling in new clash of strife!
What have the young Oxonians done, that they
Should lose their happy summer holiday,
When for a week they've liberty from lore
To dance and flirt, to revel, and to roar?
Commemoration comes in joyous hours,
When Oxford all breathes summertime and flowers,
And grey walls smile from green grove and parterre,
And Isis, bright beneath the balmy air,
Keeps holiday with light sail, glancing oar,
Beauty afloat, and love along the shore.
What if blown youth for once wax riotous,—
Is it not rather hard to scourge it thus?
What if, all full of bread and flush of life,
Unweaned from joy by sobering stress of life,
It cheer too loudly for the belles in blue,
Or howl down males in ties of hotter hue?
Granted, grave Dons, the young man might be quieter;
Is't wise to pull up short this harmless rioter,
Who, summer-drunk, from schools and lecture freed,
To his sweet cousinhood shows Christchurch Mead,
And limpid Cherwell, winding calm and clear,
And Magdalen tower and cloisters, lawns and deer?
Cheering term's desert, does not this oasis
Aid him to place things on their proper basis,
Teach him that, though the world of books is wide,
Wider the world of love and life outside,
Show him that, were e'en HELEN brought from Hades,
She'd find her rival among English ladies,

Whose sweet unwonted presence more refines
Than books or billiards, sports, or haacks, or "wines?"
Muses forbid that sloth or revelry
Oxford should sink to a Ciceronian sty,—
That famous Colleges should settle down
To the low level of the untutored town.
But other sins might visited have been,
Ere the Encenia vanished from the scene.
There's just this chance, Oxonian rulera.—Rads
May rise among your noisy Undergrads:
They possibly may take rebellious tone,
And hold a loud Encenia of their own,
Bring up allies whom now you scarce anticipate,
And take a whole long summer month to dissipate.
You'll say, "We'd rusticate!" A vain reply.
What! Send down all the University?
Coarse Saturnalia there are ways to curb,
Nor yet the Encenia's gracious rites disturb.
If Oxford fails the milder course to try,
'Tis because Dons are not true *Domini*.

Two of a Trade.

MOTTO FOR THE SWINGING-SALOON STEAMER (By the *Twin-Ship Company*).—"Corruptio optimi Bessemer."

RETALIATORY MOTTO FOR THE CASTALIA (By the *Swinging-Saloon Steamer Company*).—"Misfortunes never come single."

ALARMING PROSPECT.

A CERTAIN Member threatens to make the House too hot for Honourable Members, who show him any coldness,—to make it, in fact, "a perfect Stoke-Hole."



“DESERTED!”

Mrs. BEVILAK. “TAINT NO BABY OF OURN, POLICEMAN!—CERTINGLY NOT! IT BELONGS TO ANOTHER PARTY.”
 Mrs. CARRER. “WHICH IT WAS LEFT ON OUR ‘ANDS, SIR. WE TOOK IT IN LAST YEAR, AND DID OUR BEST FOR IT; BUT WE CANT DO FOR IT NO LONGER!”

THE OXFORD COMMEMORATION.

"Reform it altogether."—*Hamlet*.

SECOND Meeting of the Hebdomadal Council, held to take into consideration the character of the entertainments to be given at Oxford during the Commemoration Week:—

The minutes of the last Meeting (in which the Council expressed their conviction of the propriety of checking the waste of time and money during Commemoration) having been read and approved,

DR. DRYASDUST said that he was quite sure that the Council had pursued a proper course. The excesses of the Undergraduates were of no recent date, and at last they had become intolerable. It was true that until two years ago (the date, by the way, of the marriage of his

only daughter with a gentleman who was then an Undergraduate), Commemoration used to be a very pleasant season indeed. But now all was changed. Since that date Commemoration had become dull, insipid, and, so far as he could see, utterly useless. Moreover, the Undergraduates had become unruly, and must be governed with a rod of iron. The Council were aware that he had had considerable experience of scholastic tuition in his earlier years. (*Hear, hear!*) The experience in question was now of great value to him. As he knew perfectly well how to deal with boys, he trusted he was quite fit to preserve discipline amongst men. (*Hear!*) If the Undergraduates whose names were enrolled on the books of his own College were guilty of levity after this announcement, he would have no hesitation in resorting to the harshest measures. He would omit pudding from the *menu* in Hall, and thus strip the even-song meal of one of its greatest attractions. Nay, he would even go farther. In extreme cases he would crown the ringleaders with head-dresses of foolscap, and place them with their faces towards the wall, standing ignominiously in the corner. He had found the punishments he had just mentioned most effective with the junior boys of the Lower First Form in the school of which he once had had the honour of being Head-Master; and he saw no reason to doubt that the same punishments would be equally effective at Oxford. (*Cheers.*)

DR. SOBERSIDES thought it was high time that the satirical sallies of the Undergraduates should be suppressed. The theatre on Commemoration Day had become, of late years, a perfect bear-garden. (*Applause.*) The cheers for the "ladies in blue" and the countercheers for the "ladies in pink" were calculated to cause a great deal of unseemly rivalry between the persons thus singled out for unofficial recognition. (*Hear, hear!*) But this was not all. On one occasion, he was told, three groans had been given for "the old woman in black." He was informed, on inquiring, that these words marked an allusion to the Authorities of the University! (*Prolonged sensation.*) He could hardly believe that the Undergraduates were so utterly lost to every sense of decency and decorum. He was told that the cheers and groans of the Undergraduates were merely "chaff." He had looked out that word in Dr. JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*, but could find no meaning assigned to it that could justify its finding a place among the solemn proceedings of their annual *Ensenia*. (*Hear, hear!*) He was very glad indeed that the Council had decided upon putting down the levity which was an abuse of Commemoration festivity; and he was quite sure that their decision would receive the support of every elderly person, both male and female, in the United Kingdom—nay, might he not say in the whole serious world? (*Loud cheers.*)

DR. HEAVYSTERN complained of the mismanagement of the various balls, which he understood to be alluded to in the expression "entertainments on a large scale." To give an instance. At the Masons' Ball last year, there was not a single suggestion that the members of the Hebdomadal Council should dance a *pas seul*, whether antique or modern. (*Hear!*) He did not for a moment suggest that the Hebdomadal Council would have accepted the invitation (*cries of "Yes, yes!" and "No, no!"*); but, at any rate, the compliment might have been paid to them. (*Cheers.*) The promoters of the Oxford Balls had been very disrespectful to their Heads. He was assured, on very reliable

authority, that on one occasion "no less than six Doctors of Divinity and a celebrated Professor had to sit out as "wall-flowers," whilst a number of first-year men, who had secured all the partners in the room, were gaily dancing the "Lancers." (*"Shame, shame!"*) If proper respect was not paid to years and University standing during Commemoration Week, how was discipline to be maintained for the rest of the year? (*Hear, hear!*) He might add that, in the same spirit of insubordination, the dance programmes had been altered, and much for the worse, of late years. (*Hear, hear!*) Once the list consisted of dances suitable to Heads of Colleges. For instance, the dignified First Set (*hear, hear!*) reigned supreme. (*Cheers.*) Now nothing was set down but waltzes and galops—dances, in the opinion of many, scarcely suitable to the Heads of Colleges. After this disrespectful treatment of the Authorities, he was very glad indeed that "entertainments on a large scale" had been condemned by the Council. (*Cheers.*)

DR. WOODENHEAD said that he had prepared a list of Rules to be observed at the Commemoration, which he considered would thoroughly carry out the views of the Council. With the permission of the Council, he would read the list.

REGULATIONS TO BE OBSERVED AT THE OXFORD COMMEMORATION, 1875.

1. Undergraduates will appear during the Week, both in private and in public, in caps, gowns, black woollen gloves, and blue spectacles.

2. Any Undergraduate caught laughing in the High, or flirting with his cousins in Christ Church meadows, or Magdalen Walks, will be liable to immediate rustication.

3. No Undergraduate will be permitted to ask his relations to any private entertainment whatever, with one exception. On obtaining the permission of the Vice-Chancellor, an Undergraduate, on proper reason being shown, may accompany his grandmother to the Bodleian Library.

4. No *pis-nis* to Nuneham, Blenheim, or Woodstock, will be permitted under any circumstances whatever.

5. In lieu of the usual Christ Church Ball, an entertainment of Dissolving Views (subject, "Travels in Siberia") will be given in the Debating Hall of the Union.

6. The entertainments given on board the various College-barges this year to consist exclusively of tea and muffins. The strength of the tea to be first tested by the senior tutor. No Ladies under thirty years of age to be admitted to these festivities.

7. The Vice-Chancellor will be careful to choose the foggiest day in the week for the annual Procession of Roats.

8. No Flower Show will be permitted, except in drizzly weather. Ladies will be expected to wear long waterproof cloaks, and bonnets of a pattern to be obtained at the Oxford Workhouse.

9. Undergraduates (for their guidance, and in the hope of their co-operation) are informed that it is the intention of the University Authorities to give to the Commemoration entertainments at Oxford as much as possible of the character of SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S Northern Tea-feasts, excluding, however, the Baronet's own amusing speeches.

The Council have been moved to make these somewhat radical changes by the misconduct of a few fresh men at the Commemorations of recent years.

Brothers in Blue.

If Cambridge win first place
In this year's well-pulled race,
A tie twist Cam and Isis we shall see.
Of mixt dark-blue and sky,
Weave the ribbon for that "tie:"
And a true-lovers' knot its fastening be!

Reasoning for Ritualists.

CLERICAL defenders of Vestments might assert, with truth, that these "ornaments of the Minister" usually serve a double purpose, as, after having been used in Church, they furnish ample material for Ecclesiastical Suits out of it.



BIRDS OF A FEATHER.



A FINAL APPEAL.

"NOW, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, I THROW MYSELF UPON YOUR IMPARTIAL JUDGMENT AS HUSBANDS AND FATHERS, AND I CONFIDENTLY ASK, DOES THE PRISONER LOOK LIKE A MAN WHO WOULD KNOCK DOWN AND TRAMPLE UPON THE WIFE OF HIS BOSOM? GENTLEMEN, I HAVE DONE!"

PROVERBS REFUTED.

It has been said of old that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the Bush." Try it. Take a bird (any bird will do), in your hand, and hold it securely; then take a passage in the first vessel you can find (any vessel will do), and proceed to the Antipodes, still retaining the bird in the hand, where the Bush is supposed to be. When you arrive, examine the bird which you have in your hand, and compare it with any two birds you can find in the Bush. Estimate their relative value. You will find that the proverb has led you astray.

Again. It has been said that "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back." *Imprimis*, how long would a man go about until he had satisfied himself that he had found the "last" straw? But we will grant, for the sake of argument, that the "last straw" has been found. Now take your camel (any camel will do), and cautiously deposit that straw upon the back of the camel, and carefully observe whether the spine of that quadruped is dislocated. It is to be imagined not. How then this proverb?

Once more. It has been spoken, and written, that if you "Take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves." Make the experiment. Take pence (say three pence) and place them in your purse, and put your purse in your pocket. Button your pocket, if your pocket is buttonable; or deposit the three pence with your banker, or invest them in a Canadian oil-well. Next take a sovereign (anybody's sovereign will do), and place it carefully on the pavement (the centre of a coal-plate is not a bad spot), and after retiring up the stage, and "dissembling," observe how that sovereign takes care of itself.

It is not impossible that attention may be directed to the fallacy of other proverbs in due course.

N.B.

In consequence of the great success of *The Transit of Venus* in 1874, when thousands were unable to witness the performance, arrangements have been made for its reproduction in 1882. Seats can be booked seven years in advance. No fees. Spectators are politely requested to make it convenient to be in their seats as early as possible before the commencement of *The Transit*.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

ILL-used birds of the air,
Your best counsel prepare—
You may plead self-defence in this nice nipping weather;
Resistance to plan
'Gainst your enemy, Man,
Or be birds, soon, of not e'en so much as a feather!

There's no ostrich so tall,
And no tom-tit so small,
No flyer or climber, no swimmer or wader,
No sea-bird nor land-bird,
No steppe, swamp, or strand bird,
But should put best wing forward against the invader.

The Greeks, more æsthetic,
Or more sympathetic
Than we, wore no plumes, their own tresses content with;
Even Rome stooped to spare
The poor birds of the air,
Though she spared little else that her Empire was blent with.

Note, from Prince next the Throne,
Who boasts for his own
The three ostrich feathers, with *Ich Dien* for motto,
To the Red-Skin, full-drest,
Whose sea-eagle-tail crest
Shades lank-hair and hatchet-face stained with arachno—

From the gay *militaire*,
On whose *coiffure de guerre*
Waves the spoil of some bird's neck or back, train or
pinion,
To the Court-belle, and Caffre,
For feathers who chaffer,
One to stick in her wool, one to hoist o'er her *chignon*:

From the peacock's-plumed eyes,
With their green and gold dyes,
To the shimmer and sheen of the humming-bird's gorget,
Twixt the Pole and the Tropics,
Man's search telescopic,
Finds each feather of price, or, unfound, rogues to forge it.

Not a hat, *toque*, or bonnet
But has feathers upon it,
For Back-Slum or Belgravian Girl of the Period.
If you ask what's their use,
You're set down with abuse;
In the teeth of *La Mode* the fair sex think the query odd.

Age or clime, rank or sex,
No matter; none reck
The plea of that birds' angel, *BANONNES COURTS*:
Far too much of a feather,
In this flock together,
Savage biped and civilised, both alike brutes.

Then claim, hosts of air,
Birds' plumes for birds' wear.
Punch will lend you his *bâton* your robbers to leather;
And such spoilers proclaim
Towards all, to their shame,
Who, whate'er their plumes' colour, show all the *white*
feather!

Our Good Wishes.

A REMARKABLE Actor, who for some years past has won admiration by his finished performances in modern comedy, has ventured into a new path, and become the Manager of the Court Theatre. The best wish *Mr. Punch* can offer him is, that he may very speedily be able to speak of himself as "the HARE with many friends."

An Irish National School-Lesson.

Master. Spell "Patriotism."

Scholar. P-a-t, "Pat;" r-i-o-t, "riot;" i-s-m, "ism."

Master. Now spake it together.

Scholar. Pat-riot-ism.

Master. Ah, then it's the good boy you are entirely.

MORS UTRINQUE.



EXPECTED PUNCH,—we "Men of Kent"
By dire intestine strife are rent.
In Ashford Vale are found no foxes,
Or only such as, fetched in boxes
From happier wilds, afford no sport—
A bagged 'un's wind is always short.
"Death to the foxes!" cry the keepers;
"That kill our pheasants,—crafty creepers."
"D'aeth to the rescue!" cry the riders;
"D'aeth seize the selfish vulpicideers,
To kill poor foxes all too willing!
Which we want for our private killing."
He who nor shoots nor rides to cover,—
Of pheasants nor of foxes lover,—

Views in amaze D'AETH's and Death's pother,
And votes one six, half-dozen t'other.

SEASONABLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

POPPY.—Meet me at the Boat-Race on Saturday. I shall be near the Soap Works. Look out for the Windsor uniform.—BROWN.

DARLING.—The old Tabby has got the estate, but it is entailed, so your poor Kittums must after all go to Lapland, and miss the Boat-Race and you. She has just sent for another dozen of pocket-handkerchiefs, all ready hemmed. Think of her when you pass the Water-works.

MR. E. P. CURE.—We hope to see you at Luncheon after the Race, if the Buffet Ministry stands and the young potatoes arrive in time; but the mail has been detained by bad colds, and vegetation is backwards. Bring the telescope dining-tables with you, and the cold roast cassowary, if the Secretary can spare it. We want some candles (dips) for the bath-room.—CRONTER.

MAID MARIAN.—The blue rock has come back to its crystal perch, and the answer is perfectly soothing. Have you inked your fingers lately? The winter turnips saved me. D. counts the apples in the Library as usual, without relaxing a muscle, and is very Moody. The windmills know all about you, but they will not venture on an opinion while the wind is in the east. The Doctor found his fee in the pumpkin! If there is anything in this which is not quite clear, I will explain it on Saturday on Barnes Bridge. Be there in good time, and remember my parting words about Vaticanism and the soup-ladle.—JASPER.

OLD HAND TO YOUNG BEGINNER.—I have consulted the Spirits as to which will win. ARISTOTLE and ALBUCH say Oxford; EUCLID and NEWTON Cambridge. I must leave you to decide for yourself. Please send a P.O.O. for my fee, two guineas.

W. E. G. TO H. E. M.—Let us meet once more at Mortlake, on Saturday. Wear your new hat and stockings.

Hard Work for French Adapters.

To get into a fix, and get out of a fix,
Asks, each, its own art, and France should be a dab in it:
See what planning of sections and shaping of sticks,
From a BUFFET's materials to fashion a Cabinet.

GROSS INCONSISTENCY.

How can those Ritualists who so strenuously maintain themselves to be orthodox Members of the Western Church make such a point as they do of the Eastern Position?

JOCULAR ENTOMOLOGY.

Professor. Define a blackbeetle?
Pupil. A coaly-hopterous insect.

IN MEMORIAM.

Sir Hope Grant, G.C.B. Sir Arthur Helps, B.C.B.

BORN 1818

DIED, MARCH 7, 1875.

BORN 1812

So frequent falls the heavy hand of death,
Time fails for wreathing each fresh funeral crown:
Men, whose own hair is grey, read with drawn breath
Of loved and honoured suddenly struck down.

O well for England that when living names
Pass to the death-roll in her Book of Gold,
'Tis rare that search finds stain to soil their names,
Proudly in that proud fellowship enrolled.

And ne'er were purer names writ in that book
Than these, whose record last by Death was sealed:
The soldier, kind of heart and blithe of look,
Joyous in camp as grim on foughten field.

Who, patient, brooked neglect, and bided time,
And lost no chance of laurels, when it came;
And through sore stress of hot war, and hard clime,
For duty lived; nor cried, nor craved, for fame.

One whose pure life had no need to divide
The Christian and the Captain—well content,*
To pray with his own soldiers side by side;
Yet boy for harmless sport and merriment.

Who lived full in the rude camp's watchful eye,
Unblamed, beloved, respected; who lay down
To well-earned rest, as one for whom to die
Is humbly to exchange life's cross for crown.

Nor less a type what scholar ought to be,
The sage, whose death-bell with the soldier's blends:
Who in his office long and faithfully
Gathered the lessons his books taught his friends.

For all his readers grew his friends to be,
Won by that wise and working kindness,
Which without quest of cure no ill could see,
Yet knew not chafe of impotent distress.

Keeper of his Queen's secrets—trusted, true,
Ruling with like discretion pen and tongue:
A friend of friends in council, whom none knew
Unless to love,—high or low, old or young.

'Tis hard the loss of such lives to make good;
The good of such examples hard to shun;
Unkind to hold them still here, if we could,
From that sweet sleep—the rest from duty done.

* SIR HOPE GRANT often attended the services in the simple soldiers' Mission-house at the Camp.

Not to be Gainsaid.

WHETHER the newly-formed French Ministry remain a long or a short time in office, one thing is quite certain that they will have their *Say* in the Assembly.

Mem. for Miners.

HOLD on Strike, and, no doubt,
Soon the Workhouse you'll win;
You've provoked a Lock-Out;
You will gain a Lock-In.

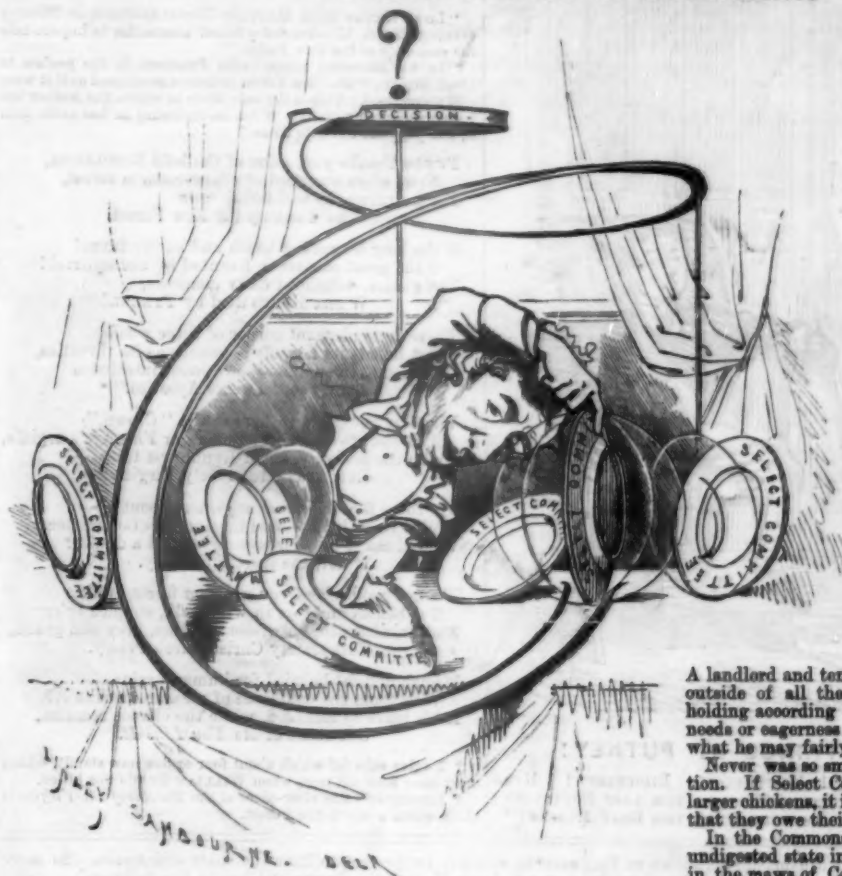
CONUNDRUM BY A COUNTESS.

WHEN is a Lady going to Court, in a crush, like one too late for the Railway?
When she loses her Train.

BOAT-RACE QUERY.

WILL RHODES marshal WAY, or will WAY show RHODES—to victory?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HE "Great Council of the Nation" was once the title of Parliament. The "Great Public Inquiry Office" would be a better name for it now-a-days, when everything is referred to a Select Committee. But in the Lords (Friday, March 12th) the DUKE OF RICHMOND performed the now uncommon feat of bringing a Bill out of, instead of sending one into, a Select Committee.

His so-called Tenant Right Bill is a mild attempt at securing for tenants compensation for unexhausted and authorised improvements of their holdings. It is the outcome of a Select Committee obtained by Mr. PHILIP PUSEY as far back as 1848. Certainly, it cannot be said that Government has not taken time for "consideration."

The Duke apologised, almost pathetically, for taking up their Lordships' time in explaining his Bill. Unfriendly critics might call it a glaring example of "class legislation," what with its classes of improvements, classes of owners, classes of tenants, classes of customs, classes of notices, and classes of procedure. But with all these classes the Bill is not to interfere with "freedom of contract" between class and class.

A landlord and tenant may make a class for themselves, outside of all these classes, and settle their terms of holding according to the exigencies of the one and the needs or eagerness of the other. The Duke has got in what he may fairly call the small end of the wedge.

Never was so small an offspring of so long an incubation. If Select Committees did not occasionally hatch larger chickens, it is clearly not to their breeding qualities that they owe their present popularity.

In the Commons, Mr. RATHBONE's complaint of the undigested state in which Acts of Parliament are found in the maws of Consolidation Acts, like the contents of a tar's pocket in a shark's stomach, was met by the universal recipe—reference to Select Committee.

SIR J. MCKENNA tried to prove that Ireland is unfairly taxed.

MR. LOWE nailed the fallacy on which his argument rested. It is not Ireland that is taxed, but Irishmen, and Irishmen pay less than Saxons. Besides, SIR JOHN, think how Irishmen are allowed to tax the patience of the Saxon in and out of the House.

MR. T. BRASSEY wants another Commission on the practice of Marine Insurance, which might, from one view of its consequences, be best described as "scuttling made profitable." But strange to say the Commission was not granted as prayed. MR. BRASSEY should have asked for a Select Committee, "*Ca ne se refuse pas*," as the French phrase runs.

MR. O'CONNOR POWER asked for a general amnesty for the Irish "political prisoners," a phrase which in Irish covers Manchester murderers and soldiers who have been false to their oath. We need not say the request was refused—"with regret," as MR. CROWE said, but with determination.

Monday.—(Lords.) LORD SELBORNE tried to put a back-bone of compulsory registration into LORD CAIRNS' Land Titles and Transfer Bill, but without effect. "Inexpedient and impracticable," says the LORD CHANCELLOR. "We don't make laws to compel people to do what they don't like." That's our notion of "harassing legislation." We had thought till now that three-fourths of the statutes were passed for precisely that purpose. But all Bills now-a-days are to be Permissive Bills—except the one SIR WILFRID LAWSON wants.

(Commons.) CAPTAIN FIM is going to pick holes in MR. E. J. REED's ships, and to ask (of course) for a Select Committee to help him. Take care, CAPTAIN FIM; MR. E. J. REED wields a pen in the Press as well as a tongue in Parliament, and his assailants' coats may prove as easy to pick holes in as his ironclads. Nobody believes in himself—and his ships—more absolutely than the late Chief Constructor of the Navy. If he and MR. BRASSEY together put down sea-sickness in the Channel, who is there they mayn't feel strong enough to put down on dry land?

Then we had the debate on the Second Reading of the Regimental Exchanges repeated on the Bill going into Committee. But the Bill "has got to be passed," as the Yankees say, and argument and amendment are alike idle. Great wrath of the Guards Officers and their organs at MR. GOSCHEN's City way of looking at things, when he charged the Officers of the Household troops, in the words of a Guards Colonel, with selling "their prestige and their privileges."

Perish the thought! "*Non cauponantes bellum, sed belligerantes*" is these indignant warriors' description of themselves. Still, an exchange into the Guards does command a higher price than any other sample of the article; and what is the fancy price for, if not for "prestige and privileges?" No doubt, it was very rude in MR. GOSCHEN to apply City terms to a high military transaction.

Tuesday.—(Lords.) POOR LORD LYTTELTON was very pathetic, in his grim, serio-comic fashion, on the cold shoulder given by the Government to his Bill for Bishops by Voluntary Contribution. Of course, said LORD SALISBURY, Government could not be expected to be responsible for the Bill, because they could not be confident as to its practical working.

LORD KIMBERLEY very rudely wanted to know if Government had any opinion on the subject. "Any opinion," indeed! Far too many opinions to be pleasant.

(Commons.) Called at two o'clock—to MR. NEWBOATE's serious disgust, who had, *mirabile dictu*, been absent when the morning



AWFUL STATE OF THINGS AT PUTNEY!

University Coach (to Commiseration). "IT'S PERFECTLY RIDICULOUS! HERE YOU'VE GONE AND GAINED AN OUNCE AND A HALF IN THE LAST FORTNIGHT! IF YOU GO ON LIKE THIS, I MIGHT JUST AS WELL STEER THE BOAT MYSELF!"

sitting was announced. Of course the Head-master was down on the model boy—the last he should have expected to complain of a few extra hours of School! The School ought to have got a black-sheep to utter this grievance, not one who seems to like the School so much, that he is, as a rule, one of the first boys in, and one of the last out; one who, as the Head-master profanely put it, might have been expected to look at the Parliamentary papers, he would not say, *first* thing in the morning, but "next thing after his prayers."

Funny, but wrong—and a hit, at once, at Mr. NEWDEGATE'S regularity and religiosity, which the House laughed at, of course, but, we hope, blushed for in contrition afterwards.

A third course of the Regimental Exchanges debate, but, to-night, with the formidable addition of the big gun GLADSTONE to the battery of argument against the unlucky Bill.

As we said before, it has got to pass, not by force of reason, but by might of majorities: overwhelming majority overwhelms, not reasons. Besides, as everybody contradicts everybody else point blank on every point of the Bill—cause and effect—why should Mr. GLADSTONE waste his powder and shot on what can no more be wounded than the impalpable air?

Mr. HARDY congratulated the House on the eloquent voice that had, once more, made itself heard among them, and then held up to horror and contempt Mr. Lowe, "who had spoken of the Officers with sneers and scorn, and had throughout imputed to them the most degraded motives; and Mr. GOSCHEN, the beginning, middle, and end of whose speech had been money?"

And what but money, *Punch* must ask, has been the beginning, middle, and end, of the Regimental Exchanges Bill?

The Bill passed through Committee.

In the evening sitting Mr. ANDERSON narrowly escaped a Count-Out for his lecture on Currency. He, too, rash man, asked for a Royal Commission, instead of a Select Committee, on the Bank Acts, and, of course, didn't get it. Lord H. SCOTT, better advised, did ask for, and, of course, got his Select Committee to inquire into the operation of the Deer-removal Act in the New Forest. The deer are past praying for, but their holts and glades, their lawns and

THE NEW FOREST.

"Lord Henry John Montagu-Douglas-Scott on Tuesday evening, March 17, obtained a Select Committee to inquire into the enclosure of the New Forest."

"In the following pages," says PRACOCK, in the preface to *Gryll Grange*, "the New Forest is always mentioned as if it were still unenclosed. This is the only state in which the Author has been acquainted with it. Since its enclosure he has never seen it, and purposes never to do so."

PUNCH thanks you, scion of the bold BUCKLEUCH,
Now, when our need of elbow-room is sorest,
For bearding the utilitarian crew
Who'd cut up the New Forest.

O the long leagues of heath and sunny furze!
O the great oak-trees, haunted by the squirrel!
The glades, delight of daily pioneers,
Where RUFUS died by TYRREL!

There is no pleasant corner of those woods
But breeds its legends plenteous as its throistles,
Which sing in summer hours sweet interludes
Amid the "Twelve Apostles." *

Who has not eaten rashers at the "Crown,"
And gone to Church by Faith's or Fine Art's urgin's,
To see the froese, pride of Lyndhurst town,
Leighton's ten lovely Virgins †?

Are there five wise ones anywhere about?—
Will there be five wise men on this Committee,
Who'll make the Forest safe beyond a doubt?
If not, the more 'a the pity.

'Tis not good wheat you grow on forest land,
But health and joy, in wild walk, coppice briery,
And broad heath, on whose sky-line, grey and grand,
Cuts stately Christchurch Priory.

If such delight be good for human brains,
Why from the catalogue of pleasures strike it?
Let's leave to England, while the chance remains,
One scene of *As You Like It*.

* Twelve oaks (of which about four or five now stand), which must have been old trees when WILLIAM RUFUS was killed.

† LEIGHTON's fine altar-piece of the *Parable of the Virgins* is alone worth a trip to the Forest.

coverts, still ask for protection from the share and spade. So more power to Lord H. SCOTT's elbow—and less to the enclosers'.

Wednesday.—Not a Church, but a Scotch Currency Wednesday. Mr. GOSCHEN made a grand stand in the Bankers' breach, to keep back a threatened invoad of Scotch Banks into London, and maintain the dyke against a flood of one pound Scotch notes, already, he says, overflowing the Northern Counties.

This led to a fierce clash of restrictionists and relaxationists—including Mr. GLADSTONE on the side of the former. Open the dykes that confine the English banks, said Mr. ANDERSON; don't build up a dyke to wall in the Scotch ones. After a series of sharp rounds, *pro* and *con*, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER flung down his warder—a Select Committee, of course. This put Mr. LOWE's categorical and practical back up. "Almost everything before the House was either going, or had gone, to a Committee, or a Commission, and he thought they had reached a point beyond which the force of Committees could no farther go. It was all very well to talk about 'circulation'—what was wanted was something to quicken the circulation of Right Honourable Gentlemen opposite, to stir them up from the slothful habits that led them to shift the responsibility of action by hiding themselves behind some Committee, or Commission, or even their own majority." First blood for white-headed Hon! The fairest, hardest, and best aimed hit of the Session.

Thursday.—(Lords.) In answer to Lord SELBORNE's interrogation, the Lord CHANCELLOR declined to pledge the Government to deal with such a Reform of the Marriage Acts as should make a man or woman married in Scotland or Ireland wall married in all the British dominions, and if not, not. At present, as witness the Yelverton Case, it is a toss-up if the splice good for Scotland may not be bad for the rest of Great Britain.

Lord CHILSFORD did not see his way to legislation, and Lord SELBORNE repeated Mr. Lowe's last night's punishment of the faintest Government.

(Commons.) In a thin House, Mr. CAWLEY, quite in the spirit of the times, moved to refer the Artisans' Dwelling Bill, to that refuge for the destitute (of policy and ideas), a Select Committee. For once

the request was refused, and SECRETARY CROSS was firm in resisting all amendments of his Bill, even one so reasonable as lowering the limits of population which shall bring the Act into operation in Ireland, though the present limit (25,000) will only let in five Irish towns.

When the Government does make up its mind to be obstinate, its obstinacy can be wonderful. In the course of the debate, the large and genial presence of MAJOR O'GORMAN was welcomed back to the House with cheers!

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY!

(A Sequel to the New Bill.)



EST-EST Auction Room. Auctioneer in his rostrum. Intending Purchasers seated at table. Two Men holding up for inspection the State Belts belonging to the Uniform of an Officer of the Guards.

Auctioneer.—There, Gentlemen! Those beautiful things are worn at Levees, Drawing Rooms, and State Balls. They look equally well in the daylight and at night. And think of the social prestige! A Commission in the Guards! Such advantages!

The run of the Opera—membership of one of the most exclusive Clubs in London! Both these advantages are sold with the Commission—I mean, go with the Exchange. I am told too that the Regiment did very good service in Flanders and the Crimea. The colours (which may be inspected at Head-Quarters) are covered with victories embroidered in the richest style. Come now, what shall we say?

Intending Purchaser No. 1. A thousand pounds.

Auctioneer. Surely, Sir, you must be joking! A thousand pounds for the honour of belonging to a Regiment that fought at Waterloo!

Intending Purchaser No. 2. Fifteen hundred pounds.

Auctioneer. Thank you, Sir. But surely the social prestige is worth more than that!

Intending Purchaser No. 1. Two thousand pounds.

Auctioneer. Thank you, Sir. But think of the excellent quarters in London and Windsor.

Intending Purchaser No. 2. Two thousand five hundred pounds.

Auctioneer. Thank you, Sir. And the all but nominal work.

Intending Purchaser No. 1. Three thousand pounds.

Auctioneer. Thank you, Sir. Only three thousand! (A pause.) I don't mind telling you, Gentlemen, that the present holder of this Commission would never have thought of parting with it had he not been forced to dispose of it by circumstances over which he had no control. I don't mind telling you, Gentlemen, just to encourage you to bid freely, that the present owner of this Commission has fought and bled for his country. Moreover, he belongs to one of the oldest County families in the Kingdom. Surely it would be an honour—worth far more than three thousand pounds—to become the successor of such a man! He only quits the Guards because he cannot at this moment afford to live in London and Windsor in a manner becoming his birth and position. I may tell you too (in strict confidence) that he really wants the money. He is quite prepared to Exchange with anybody. He will go anywhere. As the money is wanted to liquidate a debt of honour, he is prepared to sacrifice everything to obtain it. Distance from home, and character of climate, are immaterial to him. Come, Gentlemen, after this you must bid. It is my privilege to point out that the officers-in-waiting are always taken from this favoured branch of the Service, and that they are always invited to the Royal Balls and Garden Parties. The Moss is frequently honoured by the presence of the most exalted—

Intending Purchaser No. 2 (eagerly interrupting the Auctioneer). Three thousand five hundred pounds!

Intending Purchaser No. 1 (quickly). Four thousand!

Auctioneer. Thank you, Sir. Four thousand pounds! Any advance, Gentlemen? Remember Waterloo, the Opera Box, invitations to the Palace Balls and Garden Parties, and the charms of London Society! All going for the ridiculously small sum of four thousand pounds! No advance? Going, going, gone (raps). The Exchange is yours, Sir. (To Purchaser.) Your name, if you please, Sir.

Purchaser. LIEUTENANT BROWN, 5th West India Regiment—just got it from the Mudborough Militia. (Gives cheque.) Here's the money.

Auctioneer. Thank you, Sir. Where shall I send the Commission?

Purchaser. O, to my father's shop in Bond Street!

(Exit, with dignity.)

Auctioneer. Certainly, Sir. Now for the next article. (To Men.) Just display the Uniform of the 7th Hussars. This is a very nice thing indeed, Gentlemen. Admirably suited (if I may be allowed to say so) to the son of an eminent soap-boiler, or a distinguished pork-butcher, anxious to "obtain his proper weight in the social scale." A crack Cavalry Regiment, you will observe, Gentlemen! Now, what shall we say, Gentlemen? Fifteen hundred pounds?

(The scene closes in as the bidding recommences.)

"WHAT MUN I DO? AND WHERE MUN I GOO?"

Song of the Country Lad. By One who knows him.

(HEARTFULLY DEDICATED TO LORD RANDOLPH.)

Leave me alone—I don't know now;
I don't want nuther to write nor read—
My fother and nuther can do wi'out,
And they are the sharpest as e'er I seed.

Schoolmaster says I mun go to school,
And learn to read and do some sums;
But Farmer Donsie he says, "Tenpence a-day
Is better nor all their 'fo-fah-fums.'

"You wan at the school, wi' his musky tasks,
Will mak' thy hands as soft as silk;
He'll straighten thy legs like beam-shafts,
And he'll turn thy face as white as milk.

"I don't want lads to follow my plough
As will laugh at every word I say—
Who can tell me the Latin word for 'cow,'
But can't clean one out or cut her hay."

Parson says, "You mun go," says he,
"And learn to be a Christian lad:
For what is the use of A B C,
If your heart is wrong and your morals bad?"

Gov'ment says, "You mun go, get that there,
(If you wants it so bad) some other way;
We don't pay grants for Collets and Texts,"
And so Schoolmaster he puts Bible away.

Feyther says, "To school ye mun go,
To comply with the 'Cultural Children's Act';
And if the supboard has nowt to show,
We mun go wi'out it, and that's a fact."

But I don't want to go—and I don't mean to learn—
And I don't care for Schoolmaster, Parson, or Squire.
They may pull as they like—I shall stand where I am;
They can't get me lower—they shan't get me higher!

Where Can they have Got it?

A Parting Contrast.

NUMBER of cases of Drunkenness reported in MAJOR GARRO'S REGIMENT for 1874 23,303	NUMBER of Publicans convicted for permitting Drunkenness in Liverpool during 1874 3
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"If any Licensed Person permits drunkenness, or sells any Intoxicating Liquors to any drunken person, he shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding for the first offence Ten Pounds, and not exceeding for the second and any subsequent offence Twenty Pounds."

THE ATTACK ON THE "NORTHERN HEIGHTS."

HAMPSTEAD may fairly be regarded as one of "the lungs of London." The greatest care, therefore, should be taken not to introduce disease into it.



VERY LIKELY!

"NO, GRANDMAMA, IT'S ALL OF NO USE! I LOVE HIM, I'VE LOVED HIM FOR YEARS, AND HE LOVES ME, AND THEY MAY PART US, AND IT MAY KILL ME; BUT I'LL NEVER CARE FOR ANYBODY ELSE, AND I'LL THINK OF NOTHING IN THE WORLD BUT HIM, MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT, UNTIL I DIE!"

"POOR DARLING! NOW, TAKE MY ADVICE. COME AND SPEND A FEW WEEKS ALONE WITH ME AT LITTLE PEDDLINGTON, AND LEAD A QUIET LIFE, YOU KNOW, AND LOOK AFTER THE GEESE, AND THE POULTRY, AND ALL THAT, AND YOU'LL SOON FORGET HIM!"

A SUBURBAN PLAY(GUE) GROUND.

(See Cartoon.)

IN spite of the strongest possible protests, the Asylums Board of Hampstead hold to their determination of building a Fever Hospital next door to the residence of SIR ROWLAND HILL, K.C.B. When the much desired Select Committee of the House of Commons inquire into the matter, the following evidence ought to be laid before them. *Mr. Punch* is, therefore, only anticipating a little when he publishes the testimony of Mr. BENJAMIN BLOCKHEAD. It will be noticed that if this witness is not actually a Hampstead Vestryman himself, he has at least many Members of the Board acting as the direct Representatives and supporters of the views he so ably expresses.

MR. BENJAMIN BLOCKHEAD, examined. Has great influence with the Asylums Board. Knows nothing about Sanitary Laws. Hates argument. Does not believe in grievances. Thinks when the Board have decided upon anything, they should stick to it. Those are his sentiments. Is perfectly aware that SIR ROWLAND HILL protested against the erection of the proposed hospital seven years ago. Is also aware that the hospital grounds are, for three hundred yards, contiguous with SIR ROWLAND'S premises, that the Hospital buildings are in full view from the windows of his house, and that the road by which the sick and dead are carried, passes directly under the balcony of his study. Has heard that advancing years have confined SIR ROWLAND to the study and balcony—that there he passes nearly the whole of every day. He (Witness) cannot help that.

Chairman of Committee (to Witness). You speak very disrespectfully of SIR ROWLAND HILL. Do you know who that gentleman is?

Witness (Alpantly). O! I don't know. Something to do with penny postage-stamps—eh?

Chairman of Committee. SIR ROWLAND HILL, K.C.B., is one of the ablest Civil Servants this country has ever known. The house he occupies in his well-earned retirement is, so to speak, the gift of the nation—a gift that very poorly represents the gratitude and respect he has the right to expect at the hands of every Englishman.

Witness. O, that's it, is it! (Examination continued.) He was also aware that the present site of eight acres cost £1,950 an acre, and is estimated by the Asylums Board to be worth £26,000, that this sum the Hampstead Committee had offered to pay down, although they knew that when they came to sell the property, they would lose from £6,000 to £10,000. He was also aware that the Board had been offered an estate of twenty-three and a half acres for £29,300. He was sufficiently a mathematician to understand that by this arrangement the Board would become possessed of an additional fifteen and a half acres for a further outlay of £3,300. He was also aware that were a circle of moderate radius drawn round the site already possessed by the Board, it would include four hundred houses. He knew, too, that were the same radius drawn round the site proposed by the Hampstead Committee, it would include only twelve houses. He was also aware that DR. MURCHISON had declared that the new site proposed by the inhabitants of Hampstead was in no respects inferior, and in some most important respects superior, to the site selected by the Asylums Board.

Chairman of Committee. And yet, in spite of all this, it is your opinion that the Asylums Board should persist in their determination of erecting the Fever Hospital on a site so inconvenient and so objectionable as the one they have selected?

Witness. Certainly. If I did not, I should be unworthy of representing the Asylums Board and of being called—Blockhead!

SAYING FOR SOLDIERS.—Sell the Kit and deserve the Cat.



“HAPPY HAMPSTEAD!”

(A SUBURBAN PLAY(GUE) GROUND.)

SUNDAY-OUTER. “HA, MY DEAR! NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL PLEASANT AND SALOOBRIOUS! DO THE YOUNG 'UNS NO END O' GOOD. LET'S GET ON TO THE 'EATH.”



"HAPPY HAMPSTEAD!"

IN ANSWER TO HAMPSTEAD.

"HAPPY HAMPSTEAD!"—THESE WORDS ARE WHAT I HEAR FREQUENTLY AND REVERENTLY IN THE
STREET, AND NO ONE BUT A FOOL WOULD SAY THAT THEY ARE NOT TRUE.

THE RACE OF THE TRUE BLUES.



HOUGH grey-beards
groan and pe-
dants moan o'er
books to blazes
flung,
M.D.'s complain
of overstrain,
and risk to heart
and lung,
While boys are
blithe, and
young limbs
lithe, and young
strengths con-
test dare,
The boat-race will
be boat-race
still, and London
will be there.
Though brawn and
thrusts we less
may use than
our forefathers
went,

The joy of strife makes life of life the life in battle's front;
This true-blue race with no disgrace of craft or crew is run,
Where the winner wins but honour, and the loser loses none.

What myriads pour along the shore, by foot and wheel and rail,
What myriads team on Thames' broad stream, by oar and screw and sail;
Onholt and bridge, and piled road-ridge, what crowds on either side—
In the midst the mighty river's, as its banks the city's tide.

All eyes are bent, all minds intent, where, oars a-point to dip,
Each rival eight the signal wait like greyhounds in the slip,
Of England's sons the champions for pluck and blood and bone,
Strong wills well broke their cox and stroke to know—and them alone.

How fair they show, trained fine to row, those sixteen striplings strong;
Just weight enough, no ounce of stuff but helps their ship along.
Each coxswain yare, with yoke-lines square, each boat on even keel,
And level laid each stout ash-blade, held in a grasp of steel.

A hush, a word, more felt than heard, twice eight oars dip like one,
The lithe boats leap, the ash-blades sweep, and flash 'twixt stream and sun;
A steady swing of backward fling, and home-pulled forward stroke,
With all the aid that tough ash-blade demands from heart of oak.

'Tis either's race, so timed the pace, so equipoised the strength—
No, bow and bow are severed now, a quarter—half—a length—
Now Cambridge slows, cool Oxford rows, but still 'tis well-pulled all,
And no oar drags, no courage flags, from stroke to coxswain small.

What boots to tell the sink and swell of challenge-shout and cheer,
Of hot blood's rush as fade and flash alternate hope and fear;
Of bright eyes filled, and hot hopes chilled, as, 'gainst the keen north wind,
The light-blue oars show, from the shores, more and more lengths behind;

For styles are styles, and miles are miles, and when work, weight, and will
Their best have done, the race is won by these plus sleight and skill:
Dark-blue once more Light-blue shows o'er, and Cambridge, beat, may say,
"We took our RHODES to honour, but they found Victory's WAX."

NEW MONSTERS AT ROME.

[A recent telegram announced the arrival of certain English Baptists going to assist at the opening of a chapel in Rome. The following reference to that event, reported to have been made in an Allocution delivered, the other day, to certain Eminent Personages, can hardly be thought to require confirmation.]

You cannot, Venerable Brethren, but have admired the curious felicity with which we lately, representing the haunts of the Vices under the names of temples of the heathen gods, denounced as still worse than those sinks of infamy the houses of Protestant worship now at length also suffered to exist at Rome. O most impious excess of toleration! And now behold a new monster—a nasty, dirty, abominable conventicle, profanely styled a Baptist chapel, erected near the tombs of the Apostles! Lo, also, a gang of those so-called Baptists, a sect of Protestants almost as pestilent as even the Anglican Ritualists themselves, arrived in Rome to abet the opening of that den of heresy! Yea, we witness this Holy See invaded by no fewer than sixty-one of these rebels, these wretches, these reprobates, these abandoned miscreants! You have heard, Venerable Brethren, some visitors of 'profane theatres lament grievously the weariness and, so to say, bore they endured at a certain spectacular and musical performance, by name, in the language of the Gauls,

Le Prophète, 'through the singing of some three insufferable Anabaptists. By how much more will our ears be offended by the sacrilegious psalmody of as many as sixty-one ministers of that vile denomination, together with all their inharmonious followers, under Our very nose!

What next, Venerable Brethren? We expect now in a very short time to see a lot of mean and unsightly buildings, as much eyesores as scandals, arise on every side in all quarters of the City, the centre of this Holy See, having sacrilegiously inscribed over their ugly portals the names of Ebenezer and Little Bethel. We may not at all wonder if even now at the head of that newly arrived band of those most unbridled Baptists, there is that most shameless merry-andrew, their notorious leader, BRUNZONI, about to proclaim from the pulpit the doctrines of heretical depravity.

Baptists, they call themselves, Venerable Brethren, do they?—those snakes, vipers, serpents, alligators, crocodiles, toads and frogs, those spiders, those scorpions, those unspeakable reptiles, insects and vermin—Baptists, indeed! Ah, if only the Holy Office, exempt from persecution, could now freely exercise its rightful powers, would it not soon baptize them?

"CITY TERMS" AND MILITARY MANNERS.

(See Discussion in the House on the Regimental Exchanges Bill.)

"THE Guards," their ardent champion affirms,
Are sweetly ignorant of "City terms."
They doubtless deem "Commercial" nomenclature
Beneath the notice of a noble nature:
And proudly scorn to entertain a notion
Of honour, taken merely *d la GOSCHEN*.
D'ye think that COLONEL BOUNCE and MAJOR BLUSTER
Beneath the flag of *Mammon* o'er will muster?
Pooh! pooh! it really is quite too funny
To talk to military swells of—Money!
"Purchase!" The word is destitute of meaning
To *militaires*—they would not stoop to gleaning
In Trade's Tom Tiddler's ground, or—scarcely worse—
Barter prestige for cash, or make a purse.
Where is the gallant Guardsman who could tell
The esoteric civic sense of "Sell" ?
Or where the *beau sabreur* could bear the onus
Of being called on to define a "bonus" ?
"Charges" they understand, but only those
Made in the field against their country's foes;
And comrades who should prate of loss or profit,
They'd doubtless send to Coventry—or Tophet.
How sweet and solacing it is to find
The glorious modern military mind
As wholly free from mercenary taint
As that of any peaceful, purposeless Saint!
How very nice to know there's yet a place
Where Honour still can show a stainless face:
A sanctuary safe from lucre's worms,
Who chance to know the use of "City terms"—
Souls that but sigh for Glory's bright awards,
And probity enlisted in the Guards!

'Tis said, indeed, keen scrutiny might find
That o'en the artless military mind
Over just one "Commercial" subject ranges—
The theory (and practice) of exchanges:
Nor shows reluctance (how extremely odd it is!)
To hold Commissions vendible commodities;
Nay, some one hints—but this *must* be a story—
Would make a sale of Household martial glory,
In Fame's inheritance hard cash invest,
And put proud Honour out at interest.
But let us shun these sordid, *Loce*-suggestions,
For on such purely military questions
The mere commercial mind is no authority;
Leave them to Mr. HARDY's mute majority;
Or, if the cads will wriggle, crush the worms,
With supercilious sneers at "City terms"!

ONLY A LETTER BETWEEN 'EM.

MENDELI is a principal General on the Orlist side.
"Mentiri" seems to be a general principle on both sides.



NOT SO FAST AS IT LOOKS.

Cousin Charley. "I SAY, GIRLS, THIS IS GOING RATHER FAST, ISN'T IT!"

Miss Lily. "O, DEAR, NO! IT TOOK US A GOOD HOUR TO DO THE TEN MILES!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Court, Princess's, and a Séance.

SIR, If ever there were an illustration of "The Hare and many Friends," it was afforded by the spectacle which presented itself at the opening of the Court Theatre, ten days ago, on the first night of the new management, which was also the *première* of a comedy, and the *début* of an actor in the character of an author. To MR. HARE, as, indeed, to any self-respecting manager sincerely intending to do his utmost in the cause of true dramatic Art, and settling himself in the good opinion of the public on the basis of thorough respectability, thorough judgment in the choice of his pieces, and thorough taste and care in their presentation, I, for myself personally, and for those whom I represent, do cordially wish all the success that such an undertaking undoubtedly deserves. And—so say all of us.

Lady Flora is MR. HARE's first essay in management, and MR. COGHLAN's first piece, and it is next to impossible to pronounce a fair critical opinion of any play, much more one under conditions at once so favourable and unfavourable to success, on its first night.

As a matter of course it was well received, as, probably, would have been a piece of not half its merit on this special occasion. We may say at once that it earned its success by the good taste and finish of most of the acting, and the effectiveness, point, and humour of much of the writing. It is palpably deficient in back-bone. The two most decided successes in the cast—in some measure, because the one actor was an entire, the other a comparative, stranger to the audience—were MR. H. KEMBLE, as *Binnis*, an old Butler, who doesn't appear, and more's the pity, after the First Act, and of MR. C. KELLY, as a bluff, untaught, bullet-headed, and right-hearted fox-hunting Lord. At some future time it may be of service, in the interests of dramatic Art, to consider *Lady Flora* critically; at present, I can only quote MR. JEFFERSON's *Rip Van Winkle*, and say, "Success to you, an' your children, an' may you live long an' broader!"

Round the World in Eighty Days, at the Princess's, is an adap-

tation, by somebody, of *Le Tour du Monde en Quatre-vingt Jours*, one of the latest and greatest Parisian successes—that is, as a spectacle. Those who know JULES VERNE's most ingenious and exciting romance, from which this play, with the Author's collaboration, has been adapted, will be as disappointed as a warm admirer of DICKENS, who, having been delighted with Mr. *Micawber* in the novel, should expect to be doubly gratified by his appearance in the flesh on the stage. The scenery, by French artists, is effective, the dresses brilliant. I suppose the piece would have been placed on the stage of Drury Lane, but for the forthcoming Opera. The cost of production must have been considerable, and had the adaptation been really good, the success of the piece in London would have far exceeded the original outlay and nightly expenses. Even as it is, with all the drawback of excessive length and a first night of "hitches," it may work into a satisfactory result.

MR. HENRY SINCLAIR and MISS HELEN BARRY (who have, both of them, a rough time of it) are "starred" in the bill; that is, they have their names in letters half again the size and thickness of anybody else's. The reason of this is not apparent, as MISS CARLISLE, whom I have seen as an earnest and artistic *Portia* at Manchester, and as an intelligent and pleasing *Juliet* at the Crystal Palace, figures only in small type. But, for the matter of that, the Elephant, the real live Elephant, is not even mentioned in the programme. The Steam-Engine is capably played by MR. A. SAG; no Machinists could be better than MESSRS. NEZEL and WARTON—(perhaps some fastidious people may prefer MR. WARTON to MR. NEZEL, but that's a matter of taste); and you will, I am sure, be glad to hear that MR. COOPER is the *Gas Engineer*.

There are four pictures of MISS HELEN BARRY in the programme, in as many costumes, and one of MISS CARLISLE.

Either MR. COOK, or MR. GAZE, ought to have speculated in *Round the World in Eighty Days* as a first-rate advertisement; but they have missed their chance. I hear, by the way, that the enterprising MR. COOK did take all his excursionists to witness the piece at the Porte St. Martin, and that the whole party rose as one man, when our National Anthem was played, and cheered lustily. Rather startling this for a Parisian audience.



LINLEY. SAMBOURNE. DEL.

A THING PUNCH WANTS TO KNOW.

WHY YOUNG LADIES—AY, AND YOUNG WIVES, FOR THE MATTER OF THAT—WILL ENCUMBER THEMSELVES WITH GARMENTS THAT ARE A GRIEVANCE TO THOSE THAT WEAR, AND STILL MORE TO THOSE THAT PAY FOR THEM, WHEN SOMETHING LIKE THE MODEST COSTUME IN OUR SKETCH WOULD COST THEM ONE-HALF THE TROUBLE, AND THEIR FATHERS OR HUSBANDS ONE-HALF THE MONEY!

One word before closing my account, only one word, about MESSRS. MASKELYNE AND COOKE. *Psyche* is a mystery still impenetrable. Twice have I seen him. But let all who feel any interest whatever in "Spiritualism" make a point of going to MESSRS. M. AND C.'s Dark and Light Séance at the Egyptian Hall. It will repay them, I should say, far more than going to hear the Converted Ethiopian Serenader and his Companion at Exeter Hall, even though a real live Lord should be there to give his blessing from the platform. Let MR. SERJEANT COX, the learned *Psychic-forscist*, assist at this session—I mean *séance*—and tell us if it is any longer worth his while to waste his valuable time in interviewing Mediums. Tambourines, guitars, hands, anything, everything, fly about; MR. COOKE is stitched up, bound up, tied up, screwed up, screwed down, and suffers all sorts of indignities like a lamb, and yet he is able to ring bells, chuck a tambourine over a curtain, play a guitar, play a mouth-organ, drink a glass of water, and, in fact, do *all* that the best spiritualistic Media profess to have done for them by spirits.

These ingenious Professors do deserve a good word from everyone who is anxious to expose a gross imposture and dissipate most dangerous delusions. They, at least, perform what they profess, and profess no more than they perform. Having worked myself up to this pitch, I shall now let myself down gently, and, perching on the paper, with my still fluttering goose-quill, I sign myself now as ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Of our most interesting visit paid to DR. LYNN by myself and a few other scientific gentlemen, more in my next.

Notice of Motion.

(In anticipation of the Notice-Paper of April 1st.)

MR. J. MARTIN to move a vote of censure on the English Government as being at the bottom of the growth and spread of the Colorado beetle.

AN EXPLANATION.

MR. PUNCH is always ready to express regret when he has given pain, inadvertently, or unintentionally. In some lines of his last week's number on MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY'S services he meant to criticise only some points of manner which seemed to him fairly open to criticism, not to throw any doubt on the motives or the sincerity of MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY. It seems to him that even in the most earnest religious appeals good and bad taste may be shown, and that no offence ought to be taken when what Mr. Punch thinks bad taste in the style and manner of such appeals is pointed out. He respects, he trusts, as deeply as any of those who have objected to the lines in question, all true religion, all earnest efforts to make men better, alike in the highest or humblest forms that the expression of such beliefs, and such efforts, can assume.

Keeping His Word.

DR. PIERCE CLAUGHTON, ex-Bishop of Colombo, has been appointed Chaplain-General of the Army. Those who hoped that the vacancy would have been filled by ARCHDEACON WRIGHT, the Senior Military Chaplain, who has served with the Army in all climates for twenty-eight years, when urging his claims on the appointing authorities, were assured by the voice potential that his award would be "*Fiat justitia*"—"Let right be done?" WRIGHT has been done. Who can deny it?

Bohn's Catalogue in Black and White.

HARK, from Pall Mall, the Christie-Minstrel groans—
"What—CHRISTIE'S self knock down these lots of BOHN'S!"

MAKING COMMON CAUSE.

WHAT the County of Durham Ritualist Clergy and MR. FLOWER alike want to put down—The B(e)aring Re(i)g'n!



HOW THE LUGGAGE IS LOST.

Lady's-Maid. "THOMAS, WHY DON'T YOU SEE THE BOXES PUT IN THE VAN! THEY MAY BE LOST!"

Thomas. "I'M NOT GOING TO TROUBLE MYSELF WITH ALL THAT THERE LUGGAGE. IT'S THE PORTER'S BUSINESS. HE'S PAID FOR IT!"

THE VOICE OF THE KENSINGTON WESTRYMAN.

Who cares about the Noospapers? Not me, I must confess. One Volunteer like me is worth a score of that there Press. We are independent Britons. We sit at home in ease, Smokes our pipes, and reads our *Englishman*, and does just as we please.

The people down at Kensington's complainin' of their dust, Whereas we Independents laughs, until we're like to bust. Let 'em write indignant letters; let 'em peg up their big D's—What's the use of bein' a Westry but to do just as you please?

Western Bohemia too, we hears, is full o' guips and quirks, Wantin' to turn a Board of Words into a Board of Works. And who's to put the screw on us? Perlicemen, if you please. Perlicemen fraternise with us, and does just as they please.

We are independent payiors. It may lead to broken bones; But on foot-ways we digs pitfalls, and in roads piles pavin'-stones. They may tumble, if they like, and break their sanguinary knees—What's the odds to us, perwided that we do just as we please?

There's a chap in West Bohemia do wax uncommon wrath, As has caught a young octopus a-swimmin' in his bath. He wants his cistern covered. Of course he never sees The claims of young octopuses to swim just where they please.

We're for the Rights of Subjects—octopuses or men: If it interferes with "Order" or with "Proputtty," what then? Our motto's "Strike," not "Hear"—a creed we learnt at BRAD-
LAUGH'S knees.

We are all High-conoclastesses, and do just as we please.

Then hooray for the West End Common, which such liberty affords As scots Litter-ary Dustmen, Westry Clerks, and District Boards! If it wasn't for the "static" force in such consarns as these, We should all be made "dynamic," and not do just as we please.

HOME-RULE AT LARGE.

HOME-RULERS shall not be called disreputable, any of them. It is more than a breach of privilege to defame some of them so—it is a gross misnomer. Witness the *Pail Mall Gazette*, thus:—

"The Home-Rulers of the House of Commons held a meeting on Monday at their rooms in King Street, Westminster, when it was agreed to offer a strenuous opposition to all the future stages of the Peace Preservation (Ireland) Bill."

No peace for the Irish or British either! No preservation of Peace for Ireland, and of the Empire's integrity too! Resolution distinctly characteristic, and decidedly reputable. O sweet Home-Rule!

On the abovementioned occasion the Home-Rulers organised themselves into a "Party," with a "Leader" and a couple of "Whips." As, though highly reputable, the Party is not numerous, would not one whip suffice them—if it were well wielded?

Cardinal Points to be Observed on my Return to England.

(From the Note-book of C-ED-N-L M-NE-XO.)

Not to wear my red hat in wet weather.
Nor when PIUS P. sends over a new Bull.
To give up wearing paper collars.
To send back to WHALLEY the cotton umbrella I borrowed from him.
To invite MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY to supper.
To write to MR. SPURGEON as to precedence.
To ask MADAME TOUSSAULT not to put me next to KENEALY.

SONG FOR THE SOUTH WALES STRIKERS.

"Come let's set the Kettle on." Would they could, poor fellows,—either RUPERT KETTLE, for arbitration, or the tea-kettle, for comfort!



BEARING-REIN.

"Fair for the Horse, fair for the Man."

SWEET LITTLE DEVICE TO KEEP COACHMAN STRAIGHT ON THE BOX.

TO E. F. FLOWER.

(On his excellent Pamphlet, entitled "Bits and Bearing-Rein.")

BY AN OLD HOME.

THANKS, kindly FLOWERS, for sharing,
By sympathy, our pain:
You show why there's no bearing
Our plague, the bearing-rein.

May he who first invented,
Or who still uses "gags"
(In your pamphlet as presented),
Know a torture like his nags',

When gag-bit snafes and saws in
Fools' hands, to drive unfit,—
May they ne'er have, their jaws in,
A comfortable bit!

Would It Were!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

March 23rd, 1875.

MY admirer, young THINSKIN (who has been in such a bad temper ever since the East wind set in), says that he "hopes nothing will stand in the way of the Volunteer Review on Easter Monday, as it will afford the greatest satisfaction to everybody to see the usual March past!"

Do you consider this a word in season?

Yours ever,

SNEEDER.

An Apt Anniversary.

A DISCUSSION respecting the proposed Hospital for Small-pox and other contagious fevers at Hampstead, at the last meeting of the Asylum Board, terminated in a resolution "that the Board should visit the site on the 1st of April next." If they go to inspect that spot with a view to build a pesthouse on it, could they possibly take that step on a day more appropriate than the Feast of All Fools?

SITE FOR A RAGGED SCHOOL.—TATTERSALL'S.

GIN!

(A Ballad for British Workmen.)

'Twas a British Working-man of the sort
That demagogues flatter and publicans court.
His nose was red, eyes watery and dull,
Till his pocket was empty his glass was full;
As with husky throat, through the tap-room's din,
He thus sung the praises of British Gin.

"As Briton and Working-man, my boast
Is to come of the race that should rule the roast;
And the seal of a Briton's rights and kin,
Is the sign of the tap where he takes his gin.
Hang the rot-gut tippie of German and French,
That won't make a man drunk though his skin he drench!
But give me my gin, and I'll soak my brain
While a brown I have left to pay for a drain.

Gin! Gin!

Fill up my skin,

With the liquor of liquors, Blue-ruinous Gin!

"They may call me a sot, but I care not a jot,
While happiness out of the quartern is got;
They may prize of the pleasures and honours of work!
'Tis a slavery every good fellow should shirk.
Or if one must drudge for some twelve hours a day,—
Since 'en good brother Bung will not 'part' without pay—
Let us haste to end labour, and pleasure begin,
In the warming embrace of toil's antidote—Gin!

Gin! Gin!

Work is wages of sin,

And its only sure solace is strong British Gin!

"Sobriety? Fudge! he's a white-livered fellow,
Who hasn't the pluck to get muzzy or mellow,
A cove go home drainless to kids and their ories,
Or spare his old woman a brace of black eyes?
Sheer slavery! Lose all the sweetness of life,
For a Sunday-best coat or a treat with one's wife?
Not for Jon! Him as makes should, by rights, spend the tin,
Let home go to blazes so I gets my gin!

Gin! Gin!

Where's the home worth a pin

To a jolly warm bar and a skinful of gin!

"Dignity? Stuff! 'tis the bugbear of fools;
Your right British Working-man scoffs at its rules.
Hand to cap for a drink, a cove's day's work to shorten,
What's the pride of a man to the price of a quart'n?
If your breeches are thin, and your coat show the rub,
There's revivers for both at the very next pub'.
Let the foreigner flout, and aristocrat grin,
You may laugh them to scorn o'er a noggin of gin.

Gin! Gin!

For a hide that's too thin

There's no hard'n'g mixture like strong British Gin!

"Try to cut off a free Briton's lash! That's all bosh:
As well bid a hog say good-bye to its wash.
'Tis the be-all of bliss, and the end-all of life,
And better than dignity, health, home, and wife.
Our Paradise here is the Publican's bar;
The broad doors of that heaven stand always ajar:
So let's soak, till our souls are well steep'd in the draught,
'Tis the badge of our creed, and the sign of our craft.

Gin! Gin!

What are rights yet to win,

To the right to get mad-drunk on strong British Gin."

The clock struck BUCK and CUCK as the chorus died—
The last quartern was drained, the bar-door was flung wide;
With fumbling fingers, that vainly searched
In a penniless pocket, the drunkard lurched
From the toper's Eden, turned neck and crop out,
And the British Working-man, free and stout,
Hobbled to his home—home!—grimace of quips
That ever passed the foul fiend's lips—
A pale woman shrinks to the drunkard's side,
Bruised—blackened—that British Working-man's bride!
That's Home incarnate! She'll scarce begin,
An Lo-Pan to British Gin.
What's the husband's greeting? Kick, curse, and blow!
Tull, bruiser and bruised, down, a heap, they go!
Now British Working-man, one more flagon
To Moloch the mighty, not Bel, but the Dragon—
And drink round his shrine, and roar your chorus,
In Blue-Ruin's praise, with its work before us!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ASTER is come; and the Houses skedaddle, And leave Paschal eggs a lot—most of them addle! Good - bye, boys—Punch wishes you all happy holidays. Country air, country pleasures, long nights' rests, and jolly days!

But before they broke up:—

In the Lords (Friday, March 19th), LORD KIMBERLEY felt exercised to know why the Agricultural Children's Education Act should fix eleven for little GILES, while the Towns' Elementary Education Act fixes thirteen for young GUTTERBLOOD of the back-alums, as the end of compulsory school-days.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND admitted, but did not explain it. He would not promise legislation, but would "watch the working of the Act." Punch sees a pretty picture: subject, *The Duke watching the Working of the Agricultural Children's Act*. MR. MILLAIS is welcome to it, with the line for the Catalogue—

"Abroad in the meadows to watch the young cram."

Then their Lordships did the honours of First Reading to the Regimental Exchanges Bill, and adjourned, much exhausted, for the Easter recess, after a laborious night's work, ending at the late hour of twenty-five minutes to six!

In the Commons, miscellaneous Friday fire of question and answer, after the Head-master had promised that, if the school would be good boys, and got through their Peace-Preservation Bill on Tuesday, the Easter Holidays should run from that night till the following Monday week! SIR C. DILKE showed up the weak parts in the Ballot Act machinery, which, in spite of the pains of SIR H. JAMES and MR. FORSTER, seems very shaky indeed. SIR CHARLES followed suit of the Session by asking for a Select Committee, which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL pro-

posed him—for next Session. The fact is that, for this Session, there are neither members, rooms, nor clerks available for more Select Committees.

MR. P. A. TAYLOR moved for a free pardon of LUKE HILLS, a labourer, fined £5 and £3 18s. costs, or three months' imprisonment, for leaving a service which an employer swore was a hiring for a year, though HILLS and his wife denied it, and there was no written engagement. SIR H. JAMES pointed out that that alone invalidated the contract, on complainant's own showing; it was one to commence at a future day, which by law requires writing. MR. CROSS fully admitted the hardship of the case, but explained that the Crown could not pardon, as the man was committed for non-payment of damages. MR. P. TAYLOR deserves all credit for bringing forward a really cruel act of magisterial oppression and an example of a statute put to ill-use. A few Members, to mark their strong sense of this, have since subscribed to pay off the damages and costs for which LUKE HILLS was sent to gaol, and the case has, we have little doubt, driven the last nail in the coffin of the Masters and Servants Act of 1867, under which the alternative of fine or imprisonment was open to the Bench.

Then the House was treated to another grievance, perhaps not quite so substantial as that of LUKE HILLS, though we don't feel quite sure as to that. SIR W. FRASER, in pathetic terms, complained of the cruel snub inflicted upon him by MR. CROSS, when, the other night, he, a "humble and constant supporter of the Government," having innocently asked whether it was right that remanded prisoners should be made to scrub their own cells, MR. CROSS jumped up in a tiff, and protested that *that* was not the sort of a question to put to a HOME SECRETARY, and by look, manner, and matter, let loose a douche of derisive cheers from his minions behind him on the head of the harmless and respectful questioner.

MR. DISRAELI hastened to apply one of his soft-sawder plasters to SIR W. FRASER's raw. But SIR W. has reason to feel sore. His question was quite a proper one. It is very hard that prisoners on remand, or waiting for bail, should be put on a level with convicted offenders, as to certain menial offices and personal indignities of the prison-house; and the HOME SECRETARY might be much worse employed than in getting the regulations overhauled, at least in the prisons under his authority.

Then the House went into Committee on the Artisans' Dwellings Bill, attacking, in business-like fashion, the ten pages of Amendments on the paper. MR. CROSS was unusually stiff in the back, holding his own with rare tenacity. MR. FAWCETT was evidently out of temper with the Bill, which he says has been turned into a paternally patronising one for 'providing dwellings for the Working Classes—'which vexes me'—as MR. PEYRE would have said. "What are 'Working Classes'?" asks MR. FAWCETT. "Does the term include Curates and Clerks on small salaries?" Altogether, the excellent and strenuous Member for Hackney was, what the "Working Classes" would call "nasty," and what Mammies and Nurses call "fractious," throughout the Committee, and finally blocked the Bill at half-past twelve.

Monday.—Among the notices was one for which MR. PEMBELL deserves the thanks of those who go down to, and sometimes in, the sea in ships, for calling the Board of Trade's attention to the advisability of keeping a night Assistant-Secretary on the premises, with authority to answer nocturnal telegrams from Surveyors at the outposts. On an immediate answer to these may often depend the detention of an unseaworthy ship, the lives of its crew, and safety of its cargo. SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY, under office-prompting of course, tried half to shirk, half to pooh-pooh the suggestion, but it is one that should be attended to. The Admiralty have a night-bell and keep a night-Secretary for emergencies of nocturnal work on their premises, and why should not the Board of Trade?

On the Second Reading of the Peace Preservation Bill, LORD R. MONTAGU supported a futile motion by a futile speech, after which



DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Maud (with much sympathy in her voice). "ONLY FANCY, MAMMA, UNCLE JACK TOOK US TO A PICTURE GALLERY IN BOND STREET, AND THERE WE SAW A PICTURE OF A LOT OF EARLY CHRISTIANS, POOR DEARS, WHO'D BEEN THROWN TO A LOT OF LIONS AND TIGERS, WHO WERE DEVOURING THEM!"

Ethel (with still more sympathy). "YES, AND MAMMA DEAR, THERE WAS ONE POOR TIGER THAT HADN'T GOT A CHRISTIAN!"

there was the inevitable surrender of a night to the Irish Home-Rule Members.

If JOHN BULL could be talked out of his seven senses, and aggravated out of his common sense, to boot, the Home-Rule Members are the boys to do it. But, happily for Ireland, he is not so to be humbugged or irritated. Thanks to his ballast of stolid Saxon solidity, Ireland is still to be kept from doing herself a mischief, to the great comfort of peaceful and sensible Irishmen, and of none more than not a few of the Home-Rule "boys" themselves.

MR. SULLIVAN deserves credit for his cleverness in Parliamentary *tu quoque*. Thus he meets the Irish Peace Preservation Bill by suggestion of a similar measure for England, implying that England is just as bad as Ireland in lawless disregard of life, yet Government, he says, don't disarm or strait-waistcoat England.

This sort of thing may be called "smart," but it is idle, and MR. SULLIVAN should really be able to find better employment for his own cleverness, and the time of the House.

Of conspicuous English Members, MR. ROEBUCK was in excellent sense; MR. WHALLEY in most admirable fooling. On the Irish side, the speeches of MR. CONOLLY and MR. CORRY, THE O'CONNOR DOX, and MR. O'REILLY, stood out like cases in the desert of declamatory rhodomontade from the Home-Rule spouters, to whose froth and fustian SIR M. H. BRACE opposed a barrier of imperturbable good humour, and unanswerable good sense.

Tuesday.—The Irish debate continued. MR. GIBSON (Dublin University), MR. LESLIE, and the Irish SOLICITOR-GENERAL, must be added to the list of sensible speakers on behalf of Ireland; MR. SULLIVAN and MR. BUTT to the worst class of sophistical rhetoricians who misrepresent her. Of that worst class they are the worst examples, because the most deliberate substitutes of the worse for the better reason, and the most clearly conscious of their own sophistries.

MR. DISRAELI wound up the debate by a speech in the best spirit, truly describing the Bill as a "measure of necessity, framed in a spirit of conciliation," which he and his Government and England

alike as sincerely regretted as they firmly believed it to be necessary, and then the Bill for keeping Ireland from doing herself a mischief, passed Second Reading, by 69 to 264. The debate will not be useless, if it teaches Ireland that there can be no mistake about English determination that Ireland must be made to obey the law, and that life must be protected against the Lynch-law of Riband conspiracy, and the dyke-shot of the assassin.

Increase of the Episcopate.

WANTED, a few active Young Men, between thirty and forty years of age, to take orders and travel for a well-known and highly respectable Establishment. They must be prepared for the longest journeys at the shortest notice, and be capable of undergoing considerable bodily fatigue. Physique more an object than mental capacity. Candidates who have been trained in University crews, and for athletic sports, who have also no incumbrances beyond a portmanteau, will be preferred.—Address, prepaid, in the first instance, MATER ECCLESIA, care of LORD LITTLETON, St. Stephen's, Westminster.

Love's Sadness.

(By a Sentimental Ornithologist.)

NAY, ask not wherefore I am sad:
The heart that loves is never glad:
True passion is with sorrow fraught—
The love-bird has no merry-thought!"

* Quite true, in ornithology as in sentiment. The Love-Bird (*Psittacula*) has no furcula, or "merry-thought" bone.

NEW NOVEL.—*Hansom Is as Hansom Does.* By MRS. GIACOMETTI PRODGER.

SABBATARIANISM SUPERSEDED.



...M.P., in moving a resolution at the meeting above-mentioned, expressed the pleasure with which he had heard that the Society was recognising the principle of persuasion instead of coercion, as a higher and better principle in carrying on the benevolent work they had taken in hand." Your bitter Sab-

batarians would probably much rather hear, that the Sunday Rest Association had got so many shops closed on the Sabbath by pulling up so many Sabbath-breakers before a Magistrate, and getting the shop-keepers fined under the Act of Parliament for that purpose made and provided in the twenty-ninth year of our Most Religious and Gracious King, CHARLES THE SECOND. What next? Once acknowledge the principle that moral suasion should supersede coercion, in respect of the observance of Sunday, and there will be every reason for fanatics to fear, and for sober persons to hope, that the same principle may be brought to bear for the purpose of weaning the people from gin and beer. Then what will become of the agitation for the Permissive Prohibitory Bill, and the enthusiastic excitement which attends the meetings of the United Kingdom Alliance? And what will SIR WILFRID LAWSON do without his hobby? Get a real good horse instead, perhaps, and ride it to some useful end, and with no further waste of wit, humour, and valuable time, on Wednesdays in the House of Commons.

Lines Written at the "Cock," Fleet Street.
(Dedicated to the Laureate and LOVELACE.)

CHAMPAGNE will not a dinner make,
Nor Caviare a meal:
Men, gluttonous and rich, may take
Those till they make them ill.
If I've potatoes to my chop,
And after chop have cheese,
Angels in FORD AND SPIERS's shop
Know no such luxuries!

BLUE RUM.—Betting on the Boat-race with a party of Ladies, who will have fifteen to four on Oxford in six-and-a-half (first quality, French).

A RED STUDY.

Too bitter for blessing, too happy for banning,
See where, Red Hat on knee, muses CARDINAL MANNING.
For coolness of head 'tis high climbing that tries man:
Query, in his new Hat, will this new man prove wise man?

What's his thought? Has Rome reached the long-sought
opportunity—

To re-knit a long-lost Apostolic community?
Will a mightier than BREAKSPERE* yet put lance in rest,
To make Anglican Church and Dissent vail their crest?

Will his hand and his crook be the ones to lead home
St. Augustine's stray sheep to the safe fold of Rome?
Will he break JOHN BULL in to brook Red Hats, nor roar,
When Bulls of Rome venture to land on his shore?

Is that a tiara before him he sees—
Solid-seeming as that Scarlet Hat on his knees?—
Was he musing or dozing, that, when he awoke,
It took shape in the fire: will it vanish in smoke?

"'Non Angli sed angeli'—Popes' word are we:
What a BREAKSPERE hath been, why should MANNING not be?
If a Cardinal could on such theme pun be planning,
Peter's barque never, sure, had more sore need of MANNING.

"POPE ADRIAN an interdict put upon Rome.
Why couldn't I do as much here, nearer home?
He fought EMPEROR FREDERIC, and Sicily's King—
Why BISMARCK and DÖLLINGER should not I fling?

"He brought ARNOLD of BRESCIA down to the dirt—
GARIBALDI, in Monk's frock, instead of red shirt;
With Church-terrors he made Rome's democracy shake,
That they cheered, as he bid, round their chief at the stake.

"St. Peter's cathedra he shifted at will,
To Orvieto's scarped rock, and Anagni's bare hill:
Why should I not convey that infallible chair
Out of Roman malaria to Malta's fine air?

* NICHOLAS BREAKSPERE, the one English Pope, elected 1154, under the title of ADRIAN THE FOURTH.

"The *Guardia nobile's* blue-mouldy blood,
Why should not I dash with the old port-wine flood
Of our HOWARDS and PETERS—and—convertites true,
Of our RIFONS and BUTES—whose blood blends gold with blue.

"Yes, there's much to be said for an Anglican Pope,
And I'm ready to face those who cry, 'Give him rope!'
'Tis not vulgar ambition that out of the fire
Builds up that tiara that keeps rising higher:

"What if a mild poke at the coals I essayed?
To try 'omen or phantom'—here goes—marred or made!"
So saying, the poker the Cardinal thrust
'Twixt the bars—the smoke swelled—sank—the vision had—burst!

HINTS FOR HERALDS.

In a letter to the *Times* on difficulties of precedence likely to grow out of the new Cardinal's Red Hat "An English Protestant" points out that "His Grace" is an English and Protestant title exclusively given by modern usage to Dukes and Archbishops. What have the archiepiscopal and ducal dignities in common specifically graceful? The idea of Grace is peculiarly connected with the Fine Arts. Would not "His Grace" be a fitter title for the President of the Royal Academy? Or Grace being taken to mean Elegance, might not some consummate teacher of dancing and deportment be aptly styled His Grace the Ballet-Master? The "English Protestant" further mentions that in modern Papal Rescripts a Roman Catholic Archbishop is addressed as "*Vestra Amplitudo*"—"Your Amplitude." Now Amplitude in the human form is commonly regarded as the reverse of Grace. In fact ARTIFICIOUS and Amplitude are to us incongruous ideas. We associate the idea of Amplitude with HERR BREITMANN. The title of His Amplitude seems to English notions much less suitable to an Archbishop than to an Alderman, and particularly unsuitable to so very slender a Prelate as ARCHBISHOP MANNING.

A Long Price.

"PRESTIGE," so says HARDY, "can never be sold!"
Very possibly: still, 'tis undoubtedly strange,
That what men cannot part with for silver or gold,
Is allowed to change hands by a Bill of Exchange!



REGIMENTAL ATTACHMENT

IN THE YEAR 1917, A REGIMENTAL ATTACHMENT WAS MADE



REGIMENTAL EXCHANGES.

(A PRIVATE VIEW, AND A READY-MONEY TRANSACTION, WITH NO BILL.)



A RED STUDY.

(WHAT CARDINAL M-NN-NG SAW IN THE FIRE.)

THE POWER OF THE PRESS



A NEW STUDY

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

NURSERY RHYMES NEW SET FOR THE TIMES.



TAFFY was a "welcher,"
TAFFY was a thief,
Would not pay his lost
bets,
So I came to grief.
When I spoke of
TAFFY's tricks,
And my unpleasant
plight,
Everybody turned on
me,
And said, "It served
me right."

II.

THERE was an old woman,
and, what do you think?
She dressed herself gaily in
sky-blue and pink,

With nice painted eyebrows, and lovely false curls,
And affected the ways of the gayest young "girls."
This dreadful old woman's sole object in life
Was to find some young swell who would make her his wife;
And, as she had gold her old ruins to gild,
This old woman's seeming wild hope was fulfilled.

III.

ROBIN and RICHARD were two knowing men,
Who financed, rigged, and ciphered enough for ten.
They went to the City, and every day
They financed, and they rigged, and they ciphered away.
Those who ciphered, financed, and rigged, too, but less well,
With envy of ROBIN and RICHARD would swell.
They boiled over at last, when it chanced, one fine night,
Half a million—with ROBIN and RICHARD—took flight.

Muling the Roast.

THE practice of cremation has been by some theorists supposed to have originated from fire-worship, which is said to have been formulated and systematised by ZOROASTER. "Take Zo," says AERY, "away from Zoroaster, and the remainder is a good name for the Teacher of Fire-Worship."

TRIP FOR "COOK'S EXCOMMUNICISTS."—To Table Bay.

THE COMING HAT.

"THE Cardinal's Hat is always kept upon a table, either in the Throne-room, or the ante-room of his apartment."—*Times*, from an Occasional Correspondent at Rome.

THERE is much more than this to be told about the new Red Hat which is shortly expected to arrive in England.

The Hat will never be placed in a cupboard, in a hat-box, or hung up in the hall, on a hat-peg, or a hat-stand, but, as is said in the *Times*, it will always be kept either in the Throne-room or ante-room on a table (of Roman Mosaic) in a magnificent cut glass case ornamented with precious stones, and bearing the Cardinal's coat-of-arms on the top.

The Hat will never be left alone: a Retired Hatter will always be in attendance upon it.

At dusk the Hat will be transferred to a patent fire-resisting safe, and a Watchman will be on duty all the night in the Hat-chamber.

The Hat will have an establishment of its own. There will be a Keeper of the Hat, assisted by a Conservator of the Tassels, a Secretary of the Hat, an Usher of the Hat, four Hat-bearers, one for each quarter of the year, and a Beadle. There will also be a Hatter in Ordinary, to reside in London, and a Hatter Extraordinary, the manufacturer of the Hat, who will visit England from Rome once a year, to inspect the Hat, and report upon its appearance and condition, and make such suggestions as he may deem advisable for its proper preservation and custody.

The Hat will be on view on certain days and at certain times, to be advertised in the Public Papers. To prevent overcrowding, a charge will be made for admission. The proceeds, after payment of expenses and the salaries of the establishment, will be handed over to the Home for Decayed and Indigent Hatters at Feltham.

Whenever the Hat is borne in procession from the ante-room to the Throne-room, a red flag will be hoisted and a volley of blank cartridge fired off in the back garden.

On all the great festivals of the Church the Hat will be decorated with choice flowers.

The glass case will be unlocked and the Hat carefully dusted every Saturday morning by the Keeper of the Hat, or, in his absence, by the Conservator of the Tassels. A limited number of tickets will be issued to persons desirous to be present, at double the price charged on ordinary days. Any attempt on the part of visitors to touch the Hat will be followed by instant expulsion from the room by the Beadle.

When the Hat lands, it will be received by a deputation of eminent ecclesiastics and distinguished laymen, who will bear the Hat-box in an open carriage-and-four from the place of disembarkation to the railway station, and from the terminus in London to the Hat's destination.

There will be a private view of the Hat, immediately on its arrival in London. Admission by invitation cards only.

N.B.—It may be a relief to some people to know that, as the Hat must always be kept either in the Throne-room or ante-room, it can never be sent round.

A PROOF AFTER LETTERS.

THE POPE's failure to take in the People's WILLIAM is the clearest proof yet given of his In-falli-Billy-ty.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—APRIL 3, 1875.



(Accompaniments of the rising female generation.)

THE FAIR SEX-TETT.



(STREET)-ARAB BOY-HUNTING.

ENTERTAINMENTS ON THE FIRST OF APRIL.

A GRAND banquet will be given to VISCOUNT CARDWELL at the head-quarters of the National Rifle Association, by the officers of the Brigade of Guards. The toast of the evening will be "Abolition to the Purchase Exchange System." MESSRS. GOSCHEN, GLADSTONE, and LOWE, and SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, will also be invited to be present on this occasion.

An amateur concert, in aid of the Royal Patriotic Fund, will be given by the whole of the Members of Parliament belonging to the Home-Rule Party. The solo in "Rule Britannia" will be sung by MR. BUTT, Q.C. MR. O'SULLIVAN, in the course of the evening, will introduce his well-known burlesque song, "The Little Trigger Finger." LORD ROBERT MONTAGU will sing, for the first time, a *chansonnette bouffe*, entitled "The Home-Ruler: or, I am not myself at all at all."

MR. WHALLEY will invite MESSRS. NEWDEGATE and GLADSTONE to dinner, to meet CARDINAL MANNING on his return from the Vatican. In the course of the evening "Rome, Sweet Rome" (arranged as a glee) will be sung by the host and guests.

The SPEAKER of the House of Commons will entertain DA. KENNELLY at the Temple, to meet the Judges and the Benchers of Gray's Inn. The health of "The Irish Member for Stoke" will be proposed by the HON. EVELYN ASHLEY, in the absence of MR. DIBDAL.

The Dean of Christ Church will give a garden-party to the Undergraduates of Oxford University, to meet the Members of the Hebdomadal Council. The entertainments will be of the same character as those usually given during the Commemoration Week.

CAPTAIN BEDFORD PIM will invite MR. REED, C.B., late Chief Constructor of the Royal Navy, to be present at a lecture, entitled "Honduras—alone!"

SIR WILFRID LAWSON will take the Chair at a Licensed Victuallers' Dinner in the London Docks. The Honourable Baronet will be supported by MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK and deputations from the Good Templars' Association and the Infant Band of Hope. Coffee will be supplied at the conclusion of the speeches—underneath the table.

Lastly, Mr. Punch will invite the chief Members of his Staff to a

banquet at 85, Fleet Street. Amongst those present will be SIR WILFRID LAWSON, MAJOR O'GORMAN, DOCTOR CUMMING, PROFESSOR DARWIN, ADMIRAL ROUS, and MR. TOST (private secretary).

A CONSERVATIVE CAVEAT.

THE Government proposes to replace the Adulteration Act of 1872 with a Sale of Food and Drugs Bill, which seems calculated not to bear too hard upon adulteration. It disentitles the buyer of an adulterated article to redress, except on proof that the seller cheated him knowingly; and further provides that, "if the defendant in any action can prove to the satisfaction of the Court that he sold the article in the same state as when he himself purchased it, and that he bought it as the same article in nature, substance, and quality as that demanded of him, and with a warranty in writing to that effect"—irrespective of the genuineness or good faith of the warranty—"he shall be discharged from the prosecution."

These improvements of the Adulteration Act may appear to savour just a little of retrograde legislation, but they merely propose a return to the ancient ways in re-affirming a legal maxim which a too stringent statute has partially reversed. The previous rule of *Caveat emptor* had been in a measure replaced by the Adulteration Act with that of *Caveat venditor*. In the Sale of Food and Drugs Bill it is proposed to rehabilitate the good old principle of *Caveat emptor*.

Chance for a Composer.

It is said that the ensuing Opera season will be distinguished by the performance of HERR WAGNER's *Lohengrin*. Let us hope to hear so much of the music of the future realised. Certain of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN's late regulations appear to have nearly done for *Opéra-Bouffe*, but still perhaps there may be room for the exercise of native musical genius in the production of a comic *Lohengrin*, under title of *Lohengrin through the Hores-collar*.

AWKWARD POSITION FOR THE PROJECTED BISHOP OF ST. ALBAN'S.
—Half sees over.

"OR ELSE!"

"We have come to a crisis, when there shall be no mincing matters. Parliament must either go with the People or against them. I represent the People of England—the great and irresistible Working Classes of the Land. I know that they are perfectly serious, and determined to have justice. Parliament must learn and know the same, or else—"

DR. KENEALY'S Manifesto to the "True Men of Reading."



TERRIBLE "threat, all the worse that 'tis vague, From the Doctor whose mission's to rave and to plague! What is to be done with this power irresistible, Who claims all the trumps at the Parliament whist-table?"

We tremble to think that the Member for OXFORD is determined the life of St. Stephen's to shorten, Disestablish at once both DISRAELI and HARTINGTON, And mop back Old Mrs. like a new MICK PANTINGTON.

That red-nosed Old NOEL, when he turned out the Mace, Had a strong brain to put in the Parliament's place;

But though our new CROMWELL can brag very freely, What more than mere brag can we get from KENEALY?

That terrific "Or else—" might bring men to repentance If they only believed he could finish the sentence: But the general Public are often defiant Of the dwarf who ('gainst evidence) says he's a giant.

Perchance, after all, the old Parliament train, Though KENEALY attacks it, may travel again: Its Driver's a man who in fight is no joker, And he'll quickly suppress this rumbustious Stoker.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the *Première* of *Nicholas Nickleby* at the *Adelphi*.

SIR,

In order to thoroughly enjoy a dramatic version of any one of CHARLES DICKENS'S works, total ignorance of the original is, I should say, a qualification absolutely necessary. In most instances the unbiassed mind would pronounce a verdict unfavourable to the drama, and could it have been possible to have reversed the order of production, so that the drama might have been given to the public before the novel, the chances of popularity for the original would have been remarkably small. It has been said that MR. WILKIE COLLINS wrote two of his works of fiction first as dramas, then as novels, in which latter form the public became acquainted with them. But in such melodramatic and sensational stories as MR. COLLINS'S, the dramatic might well assist the narrative form, and the narrative the dramatic. In both "situation" is nine points of the law; and to realise situation is after all the primary intention of the Dramatic Act. What the novel is forced either to leave entirely to the imagination, or to occupy pages in describing, that the drama places before us in instantaneous action, supplying by its living illustrations, the want of the illiterate, the unimaginative, and those who have the inclination, but not the time for such reading.

To all who know their *Nicholas Nickleby* as they do their *Pickwick*, almost by heart, and who could pass with honours a stiff examination in both books, the present adaptation at the *Adelphi* must appear most unsatisfactory. What may be its effect on the half-read and un-read public "remains," one may wisely say, "to be seen." *Nicholas Nickleby*, as adapted to MR. CHATTERTON'S stage, by MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY was on its first night received with enthusiasm, and its success carried by acclamation. Everybody appeared to be gratified and satisfied; and as MR. VINCENT CRUMMLES himself (who has not been fetched out of the novel to

appear in *propria persona*) would have said, it was from beginning to end, "Cheers, tears, and laughter!"

Few modern pieces, whatever their merit, have been so strongly cast as this. In fact, its strength was cast-iron. Who could be better, to commence with, if you were thinking over it, than MR. FERNANDEZ as *Ralph Nickleby*, unless, perhaps, MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER in his best days? Then MR. JOHN CLARKE was evidently cut out for *Squeers*; but unfortunately *Squeers* had not previously been cut out for MR. JOHN CLARKE. There might have been some doubts about putting MRS. MELLON into MRS. *Squeers*, but these doubts would have been entirely dispelled on seeing her admirable make-up (after PHIZ'S pictures, to the life, only too cleanly), but that she could not help being cheery in her rendering of the part; and "cheery" is not the word for MRS. *Squeers*. As to MR. BELMORE, he is so clever and versatile, that it was quite on the cards for his *Newman Noggs* to have been the success of the piece; but the adapter had clearly set his face against any such result as this, and either *proprio motu*, or by special request, had so changed the character of *Newman Noggs*, that nothing remained of the original save the name. MR. HALLIDAY is, of course, a worshipper of DICKENS; but "When he who adores thee has left but the name," it is rather hard on the adored one. However, nothing succeeds like success; and if MESSRS. HALLIDAY and BELMORE have achieved this, it is not for Your Representative to say another word on the subject. Our old friend MR. C. T. SMITH as *Shawley* was excellent, but not stout enough. What noisy heartiness could do for the Yorkshire farmer John Brodie, was done by MR. KENEALY to perfection. On the first night he was three by honour, and the odd trick; and I fancy so it will remain to the end of the run, for there are some touches of nature (to be credited to MR. HALLIDAY developing a hint of DICKENS'S) which secure for John Brodie the sympathy of the entire auditorium, from the languid swell in the front row of the stalls, who subsequently gives his opinion that it was "doped good," to the little unwashed in the back-row of the sixpenny gallery, who applauds lustily, and won't be satisfied until he has had "HEMERY" out before the curtain at the end of the Act.

MISS LYDIA FOOTE as *Smike* reminded me not in the least of DICKENS'S *Smike* and PHIZ'S portrait, but of the boy (*Joseph*, I think), in MR. CHARLES READE'S *Never too Late to Mend*, at the Princess's, who sees angels and beautiful faces in the air and all the rest of it, whatever it usually is that is seen in the dying moments of interesting stage-boys doomed to a breeches part in melodrama and an early death. Let the readers of DICKENS remember that when MR. CRUMMLES first saw *Smike* his professional eye selected at a glance the poor abject, half-starved wretch for the part of *Apothecary* in *Romeo and Juliet*. Now, would anyone in their senses ever have hit upon MISS LYDIA FOOTE as the very *beau idéal* of the *Apothecary* in *Romeo and Juliet*. Had this been suggested to MR. CHATTERTON by MR. HALLIDAY, would the latter have now been alive to tell the tale, or if alive couldn't his friends have provided for him as My Aunt, in *David Copperfield*, provided for MR. DICK'S eccentricities? Undoubtedly this was a difficulty which former adapters felt, and relieved themselves from by, as it were, changing *Smike* at nurse, and substituting a pretty interesting, intelligent girl, for the half-famished, hollow cheeked, pinch nosed, "poor half-witted creature" (DICKENS'S own description this) that the original *Smike* is represented to be in the novel.

There was no love interest about *Nicholas Nickleby*, so it was necessary, in order to get up any interest at all, to rouse an audience on behalf of *Smike*. The old piece was called, if I remember rightly, *The Fortunes of Smike*, and that is exactly the title that any knowing Crummles would have chosen. I fancy, however, that this was a dramatised version, unauthorised by CHARLES DICKENS, who, however, with his strong dramatic instincts, and his knowledge of the practical requirements of the stage, would have been the first to acknowledge that if there was any necessity for the work to be dramatised at all there was at once a necessity for *Smike*'s being played by a young actress who could appeal to the sentimental susceptibilities of the audience.

MR. LLOYD'S scenery is good throughout; and the old inn-yard, showing the start of a real coach and horses, is a thoroughly realistic picture, which brought down the Act-drop to immense applause, and brought out the scene-painter to receive an ovation. All the clever people came on at the conclusion of the piece, and "everyone was right and no one was wrong, upon my life and soul—oh, demmit!" as MR. MANTALINI would have said had he been in front on the first night of *Nicholas Nickleby* as was

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

RIBANDS AND RACES.

THE Turf has but one Riband Blue, Whereas the Thames can boast of two.

A PHAYRE TRIAL.



Then straightway LORD NORTHBROOK sent Pelly,
Who brought a cool head to the *mêlée*,
Phayre's residence ended,
The GAIKWAR suspended,
Stirring India from Ceylon to Delhi.

A Commission was sworn in for trial
Of the point who had emptied that phial;
They found no end to swear,
To the "who, when, and where,"
But each oath had an oath in denial.

MULHAR-RÖW, his realm loth to surrender,
SERJEANT BALLANTINE fee'd as defender;
Who put PHAYRE through the mill
With such Old-Bailey skill,
He, not MULHAR-RÖW, seemed the offender.

The Commission found plots had been woven,
But the GAIKWAR's guilt voted "not proven;"
Where in such a mess mixed are
Rogue, liar, and trickster,
To doubt the best judge is behoven.

So scot-free of the charge, if not shriven,
MULHAR-RÖW may be said to have thriven;
Besides BALLANTINE's fee,
He wins fame over sea,
And PHAYRE from Baroda is driven.

For the names "MULHAR-RÖW," of the latter —
I mean "row,"—there's no want in this matter;
But for "muller," I fear,
Ne'er the GAIKWAR will bear
That name, without feeling its satire.

EWARE the GAIKWAR OF
BARODA,
Lest some day in your
brandy and soda,
A dose he have mixed
That your flint will have
fixed,
Before you can spin a
pagoda."

So to COLONEL PHAYRE whis-
pered BHOW POONIKER,—
Now, a man may be aught
but a spooney our,
Though he closely to test
shun
Such pois'nous sugges-
tion,
E'en should fair chance of
testing it soon occur.

Now, BHOW POONIKER hated
the GAIKWAR;
Of two rogues, we know, like
will with like war,
And by foul means or
PHAYRE
His whole thought and
his care,
From his throne MULHAR-
row how to strike were.

Whether POONIKER's self was the dropper
Of the diamond-dust ars'nic and copper
In PHAYRE's pomelo-juice,
To inquire 'tis no use;
On the charge now the Court's clapped a stopper.

But such poison was found (whether Palace's
Or POONIKER's) proved by analysis,
So PHAYRE jumps to conclusion
The noxious infusion
A last touch of MULHAR-RÖW's malice is.
And he wires, "The last game GAIKWAR tries on me,
Is attempting in sherbet to pison me;
If the liquor I'd drunk,
PHAYRE by foul play had sunk;
Broken-hearted Baroda relies on me."

NORTHBROOK, spite of PHAYRE's charge, should have shied it,
E'er to such awkward issue he tried it:
They have both given *Punch* colour
To call one of them "muller"—
Or perhaps between both may divide it.

ONLY A HALFPENNY MORE.

SIR,
WHEN Halfpenny Post-cards were first started, we were justly
charged sixpence a dozen. To this, any one who had played cards
with flash-counters could have had no possible objection. But after we
had been allowed to discover what a saving in time and money the
new post-card was, when, to put it poetically, we had learnt to love
the pretty Post-office infant, and felt our inability to do without it,
up went the price of the dozen to sixpence-halfpenny; presumably
for the benefit of the stationer. This year we can't buy our packet
of a dozen halfpenny post-cards under sevenpence. I begin to regret
not having liberally invested in post-cards when they first came out
—they'd have paid better than even the Brighton Aquarium, or the
Langham Hotel at the present moment. The Post-card of 1875
would have paid me over fifteen per cent. on the original invest-
ment. Will they go up another halfpenny? If so, I feel strongly
inclined to buy for the rise. On the other hand, if people can only
get sixpence for their sevenpence, they'll take to writing fewer
letters, and the demand for post-cards will be sensibly—very
sensibly—diminished.

I remain, Sir, yours
SPEC JUNIOR.

THE GRECIAN BEND.—"She Stoops to Conquer" (A Great Mis-
take).



NOTHING LIKE LOGIC.

Orton Demonstrator. "I DON' CARE WHETHER HE'S ORTON OR TISHBO'N' OR CASHIE' OR WHO HE IS, BU' I DON' LIKE T' SEE A PO'R MAN KEF' OUT OF'S PROP'RTY!!"

Second Orton Demonstrator. "JESH SHO!"

[They retire to refresh.]

TWO VIEWS OF THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY AND HIS DONKEY.

"Nostrum delictum est asinus."

VIRGIL.—Cops.

"He has made humanity one of the Characteristics of Shaftesbury." SHEEL.

"The annual tea-meeting and donkey-show of the costermongers connected with the Golden Lane Missions was held on the 24th instant at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell. . . . The event of the evening was the presentation of a donkey to LORD SHAFTESBURY. The animal was with some difficulty driven on to the platform, whence his Lordship, standing with his arm round its neck, addressed the meeting. The Emily Club of costermongers presented LADY EDITH ASHLEY with a bouquet."

(From the Philosopher's stand-point.)

COULD there be better gift? The patient beast Who bears the stick, and will on thistles feast, Yet in hard duty struggles to the end, Is always grateful to a human friend, But seldom finds such friend; is roughly fostered By costermongers, sellers of the costard, Sellers of other things from door to door, And very useful traders for the poor— He bears a cross, we know; and legends say Has borne, in memory of a wondrous day, When love wrought miracles, in stress and strife, And sick were healed, and dead men raised to life. Since when, 'twixt hard knocks, hard words, and hard fare, He and his owners both their cross must bear.

The Earl, who loves his race, loves other races: He has sought evil out in darksome places, And bravely grappled with its many arms, And tamed its strength, and paralysed its harms.

MR. SQUARETOES' SACRIFICE

TO THE MANCHESTER CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

BOUND on a voyage to the Pole,
Heroes, and maybe martyrs, go.
Would I go, if still young and whole?
Perhaps, if 'twere to save my soul,
On other terms—distinctly, No!

Ice-bound in darkness, want, and cold,
No martyr of his crown should doubt,
More than did martyred Saints of old.
Otherwise 'twere more wise, I hold,
To die a martyr to the Gout.

Martyr, that's witness, to good things;
Their martyr through enjoyment free,
Whence, in due time, Dyspepsia springs,
And thence the pang this toe which wrings—
That twinge in it just now! Ah, me!

But yet if Science could appease
My pangs, my former health renew,
Wealth for the cure can find the fees,
Not so with victims of disease
Who poverty groan under, too.

There are infirmaries for such;
And my subscription to bestow
On one of them won't hurt me much,
As does—O!—Ah!—the slightest touch
Of this unfortunate great toe.

A Children's Hospital—is one
To which peculiar help seems due.
These helpless innocents ne'er won
Their own complaints, as we have done;
Myself, I mean, friend, if not you.

Some sacrifice, within some bounds,
I'm game to stand—a guinea, nay,
A sacrifice of several pounds,
Which plainly to great good redounds,
So won't be money thrown away.

Yes—I'll invest my mite, nor reck
Expense to succour babes withal.
Methinks those studs this breast might deck,
Away, my crutch! Here, take this cheque,
Fair tenant of yon fancy-stall!

Brought aid to weakness, moved dead weights away,
That crushed the soul down, deep, in mire and clay.
The greatest, by descending, may ascend:
The peer who is the costermonger's friend,
Dares on the platform stroke an ass's ears,
Rises above the level of his peers.

Though SHAFTESBURY'S arm around a donkey's neck
Might prompt a laugh, all ridicule we check:
That donkey to Saint Giles's Park will pass,
To feed, and roll, his fill in lordly grass;
Mounted by many a high-bred boy and girl,
And praised and petted by the kindly Earl.

What though the shade of the Cabal-list sneer,
At such bucolics, or that sager Peer,*
Who of his age Characteristics penned,
And whom the best men of his time called friend,
Wander around Saint Giles's grey old hall,
On Asinus no fear of them will fall.
He'll let those pale ghosts form and fade in mist,
Nor prick an ear, till the philanthropist
Bring him the kindly carrot, or, more prized,
The thistle, of all beasts save him despised;
Then, though a creature who on rough fare feedeth,
He'll proudly bear the weight of LADY EDITH,
And wonder how from a foul ooster's slum,
To honour in an Earl's park he has come.

(From the Costermonger's ditto.)

If I had a Donkey what would go,
D'ye think he should drudge in a cart? O, no!
He should win me a prize, and I'd cry, "Brayvo!"
And "Go it, Neddy!"

* The philosophic LORD SHAFTESBURY, best known as the Author of the "Characteristics."

And if I 'ad for to accord
A noble friend a fit reward,
I'd give 'im that Moke, and say, "My Lord,
If I had a Donkey," &c.
A good old sayin' 's "Live and Learn";
And which yer will, if you reads your *STERN*;
You'll be able to toll wot a Donkey means,
Read his thoughts while drawin' a load o' greens,
Understand all he feels when he winks 'is heyes,
And see him so patient, and kind, and wise,
You'd say no man of sense would a Ass despise,
—And, praps, add the observation—
"If I had a Donkey," &c.

The point of my song I'll now explain.
We 'd a Donkey Show in Golden Lane—
In the yard be'ad the Mission 'All;
A instructive scene to great and small.
Inside, LORD SHAFTESBURY in the Chair,
Presidin' over our meetin' there;
And we Costers resolved, for the good he done,
To give 'im the winner—the Ass A One.
—A singin'—

"If I had a Donkey," &c.

So full comparisoned in we led
The Donkey, a patten' of his nose and 'ed.
The noble Earl on the platform there,
And the LADY ASHLEY's 'longside 'is chair:
And COWPER-TEMPLE, and several more
Benevolent swells wot befriends the poor.
A 'propriate speech our Foreman spoke,
Requestin' the Peer to accept the Moke.
Then into wociferous cheers we broke,
And—chorus!—

"If I had a Donkey," &c.

His Lordship was pleased to receive the gift;
But the Testimonial he bade us lift,
Which we did, to the platform, with pains and care,
For to make 'im the presentation there.
The noble Lord his arms he wound
The gentle hanimal's neck around,
Like a study he stood for a hartist's skill,
As I fancied I now be'olds 'im still;
Whilst rounds of applause the hair did fill—
—Mingled with wot the Mocosos calls the *refrang*—
"If I had a Donkey," &c.

"Thank you," he said, "each Christian friend,
Your docile present I shall send
To a 'appy 'ome in the country hair,
To be rode by kids wot 'is strength will bear—
My children's children—'oes why, my own
Is too 'eavy weights now, being all full-grown.
I ain't a got not much more to say,
But if words your kindness could repay,
I'd rise my voice in a popular lay—
—With a burden no doubt familiar to most of you—
"If I had a Donkey," &c.

"And I'll state my endeavour have always been,
In this here sublunary scene,
With patience unswervin' fur to go through
Whatever 's been put upon me to do,
And my life in resignation pass
Unmurmurin' like this 'ere pattern Ass.
This Moke, which in fond embrace I fold,
And a fig for the scouffers whose 'arts is cold—
—And hincapable of enterin' into the feelin's of a cove wot, over-
come with emotion, busts into melody, as I now beg to conclude
with—

Now I've got a Donkey wot will go,
I never won't part with 'im, O no, no!
My pride of the Costers' Donkey-Show;
My bang-up Neddy!"

A Negative Philosophy.

FROM the POPE's continual reiteration of *Non possumus* His Holiness would seem to be an adherent of the philosophy of Can't.

GAME FOR THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE PROPOSED HAMPTHEAD HOSPITAL.—"Catch who Catch Can."

NURSERY RHYMES NEW SET FOR THE TIMES.



HERE was an owl
liv'd in an
oak;
The more he
heard, the less
he spoke,
The less he spoke,
the more he
heard—
O, if men were
all like that
wise bird!

II.

Ding-dong-bell!
High-Church
bankers tell,
If they want to
see a Show,
They to Church
of Rome must
go—
If to Rome
they'd round
about,
From their old
Church best
turn out.

III.

THERE was an Old Woman
(My story is true)
With all of her children
She knew what to do;

Of her girls she made Parsons,
And Doctors, and Lawyers,
Her boys she made Shoeblocks,
Clerks, Porters, and Sawyers.

THE "HOLY ROSE OF HONDURAS."

A WITNESS, before the Parliamentary Committee on Foreign Loans, stated, a few days ago, that "he had been invested by the Minister for Honduras with the Cross of the Order of the Santa Rosa of Honduras, but that he did not know for what."

Mr. Punch congratulates the creditors of that interesting State upon this gratifying intelligence. It is refreshing to know that—

"There's a tower of roses hard by the Gulf-stream,"

though the nightingale who sings in it is not the Bulbul, but the JOHN BULL. His song has not been very inspiring of late, but this is not to be wondered at, for, as nightingales do not sing well in captivity, we must not expect much mirthful melody from those who cannot get rid of their Bonds. But the Bondholders' prospects are brightening. Hitherto the Blessed Rose of Honduras has been known to them only by its thorns; but they may now hope to have its bloom and its fragrance preserved for them in a decoration.

"Thus Memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year."

And thus "the Cross of the Santa Rosa of Honduras," if they can obtain it, may be as precious to them as the real Attar Göl. Indeed, *Mr. Punch* is informed that the authorities in Honduras intend shortly to change the name of that state to Gölistan.

No one can doubt that the British Bondholder will regard this novel and poetical decoration as a compensation in full for all his losses. It is recorded of a great English speculator, who died some years ago, that he was so charmed with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, which had been conferred on him, that he wore it even on his robe de nuit. In like manner, the Honduras Bondholder may attach the Rose of Honduras to the bonnet d'âne, or fool's cap, in which he lies down to rest. *Mr. Punch* is informed that the motto of the Order is taken from OVID's *Remedium Amoris*, and is "*Urtica proxima capite rosa est*"—"the rose often grows next to the nettle;" but as the Bondholders have already grasped their nettles, he recommends them now to go in for the roses; and, on their behalf, he says, with HORACE, to the Minister for Honduras—

"Parentes ego dexteras
Odi. Spargo Roma."

MR. THOM'S FAVOURITE TUNE.—"The Old Hundredth."



PROPERTY HAS ITS RIGHTS.

SCENE: Mr. Foote Lyter's back Drawing-room. Private Theatricals. Dress Rehearsal.

Mr. Foote Lyter. "I SAY, DRAWLE, WHILE THE DUKE IS HAVING HIS SCENE WITH DORA, WHERE AM I TO STAND!"
 Captain Drawle (amateur Stage Manager). "WELL—ER—MY DEAR FELLOW—ER—ER—IT'S YOUR OWN HOUSE, YOU KNOW—YOU CAN STAND WHERE YOU LIKE!"

SUITED TO A TEA.

THE following letters have been received by Mr. Punch upon the subject of the Great Tea Consumption Question. He publishes them for what they are worth—not very much.

The Growlery, April 2, 1875.

SIR, Now that Tea-drinking is under the consideration of the Public, I trust you will use your all-powerful influence to secure the abolition of that greatest of social pests—five o'clock teas. At this season of the year, my work in the City is over at about half-past four o'clock. You would imagine that at that time I would be glad to hasten home after my daily toil? Not a bit of it, Sir; not a bit of it! The spectre of five o'clock tea guards the entrance of my suburban mansion, and drives me away to an ante-dinner rubber at the Club.

If I go home what occurs? Why this. I enter the drawing-room and find the wife of my bosom the centre of a circle of local scandal-mongers, my girls giggling in corners with a number of ineane Dragons, and a bearded and anything-but-prepossessing foreigner strumming an accompaniment to a song of his own composition on the pianoforte. There is but one grain of satisfaction to be extracted from this painful picture—no one seems to be paying the least attention either to the foreigner or his *chanson*! Well, Sir, no one takes any notice of me, and I feel that I am not the master of my own house.

Yours indignantly,
 PETER PATERFAMILIAS.

The Boudoir, April 2, 1875.

MY VERY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

ALTHOUGH I have never had the pleasure of meeting you, I am quite sure you must remember my name. Our mutual friend, dear LADY GWENDOLINE SNOBKINS once wrote to you for a box for

the Opera—and I accompanied her to Covent Garden on that occasion, you know. So you see we are quite old friends.

I believe that my husband is writing to you (I saw your name traced backwards on his blotting-pad), and can guess the subject of his letter. Pray, take my word for it, my dear Mr. Punch, five o'clock tea is a very charming recreation. You Gentlemen have your Clubs, and I am sure I don't know what we poor Women would do if we did not have our little reunions. Besides, it is such a good thing for the children—I speak feelingly, as I have five grown-up daughters. Of course, you know, I married very young. If my husband says anything about the expense, pray do not believe him—he knows absolutely nothing about it. Any sort of tea will do for five o'clock tea, and my Grocer sends me in really a very good article indeed at eighteenpence a pound.

Yours very sincerely,
 A WIFE AND A MOTHER.

The Snuggery, April 2, 1875.

YOU DEAR WICKED NICE OLD CREATURE,

PA, Ma says, is writing to you to ask you to put down five o'clock tea. I suppose the dear old goose has been filling his nice old head with those stupid letters in the papers, about how to make tea and all that, you know. Don't help him, dear Mr. Punch—he knows nothing about it. Five o'clock tea is the jolliest thing out. You can't imagine how awfully nice it is to flirt—we mean, to chat—with FRANK and CHARLEY—we mean with CAPTAIN LACY and MR. MONTRESOR, whilst that stupid SIGNOR TOMPKINS is singing away at the piano. What has the tea to do with it? So mind you don't help, Pa, please. If you do, we will never love you any more!

Yours affectionately,
 FANNY AND ALICE.

WHAT'S IN A DAY?—PRINCE BISMARCK has been keeping his birthday—the First of April. The festival of All Fools can thus boast of one magnificent exception.



WANTED—A TONIC.

DR. PUNCH. "WELL, I HOPE YOU'VE COME UP STRONGER FROM THE COUNTRY?"

DILLY. "I HOPE SO, TOO. BUT THE WINTER HAS BEEN VERY TRYING."

DR. PUNCH. "TO EVERYBODY! *SYSTEM WANTS BRACING!*"



WANTED - A JOZIC.

DEAR SIR, I HAVE THE HONOUR TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE RECEIPT OF YOUR LETTER OF THE 10TH INSTANT, AND IN ANSWER TO INFORM YOU THAT THE JOZIC YOU WERE IN SEARCH OF IS NOW AVAILABLE. I HAVE THE PLEASURE TO INFORM YOU THAT THE JOZIC IS NOW AVAILABLE, AND I HAVE THE HONOUR TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE RECEIPT OF YOUR LETTER OF THE 10TH INSTANT, AND IN ANSWER TO INFORM YOU THAT THE JOZIC YOU WERE IN SEARCH OF IS NOW AVAILABLE.



NO DOG, NO COOK.

Lady. "BUT I VERY MUCH DISLIKE DOGS IN THE KITCHEN!"

Cook. "THERE IT WOULD BE TO USE MY ENGAGING OF MYSELF, MA'AM—FOR MY OBJECT IS TO GET A COMFORTABLE HOME FOR TINY AND MYSELF!"

BAZAAR RULES.

THE following Rules have been thought out on the summits of mountains and the tops of omnibuses, in "the busy hum of men," and the society of industrious women, by the Round Towers of Ireland and in the family circle. They have been drawn up with great care, written and re-written with particular attention to orthography and punctuation, settled by counsel, registered at Stationers' Hall, and enrolled in the Court of Chancery. Being prepared expressly for the Bazaar in aid of the excellent Children's Dispensary and Hospital at Manchester, they are copyright and none are genuine unless they bear the signature of the inventor on an embossed label; but any Bazaar Committee in England or her Dependencies will be allowed to adopt them, on payment of a handsome per-centage on the total amount of the proceeds of their sales to the funds of the Children's Hospital.

THE RULES.

1. All Visitors to enter the Hall with their pockets filled with gold and silver, notes, cheques, post-office orders, Bank stock, railway scrip, jewellery, small portable articles of plate, and any other valuables which the Ladies who preside at the Stalls may condescend to accept in lieu of cash.

2. No Visitors to leave the Hall with more money about them than is sufficient to pay their expenses home and remunerate a strong porter for carrying away their purchases.

3. As nothing is so likely to produce feelings of jealousy, frowns, and a general derangement of the system, as any appearance of partiality or favouritism, Visitors are requested not to confine their purchases to one or two Stalls, but to make a liberal selection from the contents of all.

4. Visitors should dismiss from their minds any such selfish consideration as whether what they are buying will be useful to them in their future life. They should remember that there are many thousands of persons in Manchester, the County Palatine of Lancashire, and the Three Kingdoms generally, to whom a souvenir of the Bazaar would be most acceptable. In the worst extremity, if purchasers feel the least embarrassment about the disposal of their acquisitions, the Ladies who preside at the Stalls will not object to receive back any article which they may wish to be relieved of. It seems almost necessary to apologise for adding that no money can, under any circumstances, be returned.

5. Visitors are requested to enter the Hall amply provided with capital stories, good jokes, side-splitting puns, ingenious conundrums, telling repartees, and clever impromptus. But no story, joke, pun, conundrum, repartee, or impromptu, is to be used more than three times in the same day, except on payment of a contribution to the funds of the Hospital.

6. In Manchester we might be expected to have something to say on change, but happily it is now unnecessary to dwell on this controversial topic. If Visitors will take the trouble to go to the Free Library and ask for the Law Reports (Vol. cccxxviii., Michaelmas Goose Term), they will see what was the unanimous decision of the Judges (sitting in banco) in the celebrated case of *Kerr Mudgeon v. the Grandchester Bazaar and Fancy Fair Committee*; and henceforth they can have no difficulty in knowing how to act in the most trying emergencies of life.

7. On the delicate subject of Flirtation it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule. Perhaps your wisest plan will be to go at once to Mamma, state the case fully to her, and be guided implicitly by her decision. We can say no more than this, except that if you are sure that by a little harmless pastime of this kind you can promote the great object of the Bazaar, you will not be doing very wrong by obeying the dictates of benevolence and humanity.

8. Invest your money freely in Raffles, and do not waste precious time by inquiring what the article to be raffled for is, or how much you are to pay for your chance of success. You will know what you have won when the prize is handed over to you, and the amount you have to disburse will be marked in plain figures when your name is entered in the list. Bear in mind what a great philosopher once said to his step-mother—"Marriage is a lottery, and Commerce is a lottery, and light pastry is a lottery; but each has its prizes as well as its failures."

Attend to these few simple Rules—golden rules we would call them, did we not know that the Executive Committee prefer notes as a rule—and you will leave the Free Trade Hall a wiser and a better man, with a light heart, a lighter purse, and an assortment of useful and ornamental articles which no change of Ministry, no fluctuations in the Money Market, no alteration in the Bank rate of discount, can ever tempt you to part with, except, it may be, to some other Bazaar and Fancy Fair in a totally different part of the kingdom—if you can find one which has as strong a claim to your support as that for the Manchester Children's Hospital.

HINTS ON HORSEFLESH.

THE Annual Horseflesh Dinner in Paris took place the other day at the Grand Hôtel. The menu, according to the *Post*, was as follows:—

"Potage—Le consommé de cheval à l'A.B.C. Hors d'œuvre—Le saucisson de cheval aux pistaches syriennes; les terrines de foie maigre chevalines. Relevés—Les turbots à la sauce arabe; le filet de cheval rôti aux pommes à la crème; l'aloyau de mulet à la coquette. Entrées—Langues de cheval, d'âne, et de mulet à la provençaise; friandeau d'âne braisé; filet de mulet mado à la gelée; cœrbots au maraquin. Rôt—Poulardes truffées; salade. Entremets—Les cépes sautés à l'huile; les asperges en branches à la crème. Glaces—Bombes, vanille, fraises. Dessert assorti."

Comment on the above is perhaps not wholly superfluous. It will doubtless occur to a good many Scotchmen that "*Hors d'œuvre*" is a very proper description of dishes composed of horseflesh. Some other readers even will, perhaps, question whether turbots with Arab sauce can refer to a sauce compounded of an "Arab steed." Among the entremets, "*les cépes sautés à l'huile*," may be translated "stewed toad-stools," the word toadstool being the only English one for *cépe*—known to British mycophagists, however, as the *Boletus edulis*; and, possibly, there are people, Scotch also mostly, who will not scruple to remark that the fungus most suitable to such a repast as that above chronicled would be the "horse-mushroom."

It will not, perhaps, escape notice that the *pièces de résistance* of the menu included not horse alone, but donkey. Who can restrain the observation that hippophagy may be endurable, but cannibalism seems going rather too far?

THE LAST DAY OF HUNTING.

(Stanzas for the First of April.)



To-day to bid a long farewell
 To the field's gladsome glee;
 To hang the crop upon its peg,
 The saddle on its tree.
 All Fools' the day, all Fools' the deed,
 That hunting's end doth bring—
 With all those stinking violets,
 And humbug of the Spring!

 Good-bye to pig-skin and to pink,
 Good-bye to hound and horse!
 The whimpering music sudden heard
 From cover-copse and gorse;
 The feathering stems, the sweeping ears,
 The heads to scent laid low,
 The find, the burst, the "Gone-away!"
 The rattling "Tally-ho!"

 My horses may eat off their heads,
 My huntsman eat his heart;
 My hounds may dream of kills and runs,
 In which they've borne their part,
 Until the season's bore is done,
 And Parliament set free,
 And cub-hunting comes back again
 To make a man of me!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Royalty—or somewhere else.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

You will see from this commencement that your Representative is in a good humour, more than ordinarily good. It's such a humour as makes me whistle and sing, and inclines me to smile on the Peasants of the Sunny South, who, a pair of them, perambulate the metropolis with a mechanical piano on wheels. It glads the heart of your Representative to record a success, it glads that organ—I mean my heart, which is as large and as full-toned in its cor *Ausonia* as the magnificent instrument at the Crystal Palace, or the Carmelite Church, Kensington,—I say, Sir, it rejoices this harmonium to record a success, and still more, that this success should be likely to last.

I am alluding to the present programme of the Royalty Theatre, where MADAME SELINA DOLARO is the Manageress, and MR. D'O'LY CARTE is the Acting Manager. The only thing that casts an occasional gloom over the soul of your Representative, is that his name can never be D'O'LY CARTE. Ah, MR. CARTE, did you but know how you are envied by the SMITHS, the BODGERS, the BUCKINGS, *et hoc genus omne*! D'O'LY CARTE might do anything, rule the waves, or be Emperor of the French—in fact, without going any further I feel sure that he might be at once Emperor of the French, if he'd only suggest himself for the vacant situation—and my! what an empire there'd be! "Were I not somebody myself, I would be somebody else," as the great commander observed of the man in a tub. Success, then, to MR. CARTE—no, 'tis nothing without the D'O'LY—success to MR. D'O'LY CARTE—but there, 'tis no use wishing it him, he is safe to have greatness thrust upon him, and be happy for ever afterwards. Under such auspices as those of MADAME SELINA DOLARO—I like the name of SELINA too, it sounds so soft and moony (your Representative is thinking of course of Seléné—O, isn't he, I mean myself, your Rep. a real Grecian!) Well, Sir, to resume,—under such auspices as those of SELINA MADAME DOLARO, with her own CARTE, and a good team, what could be more certain than a successful career, which not even the hazardous experiment of *La Perichole* has been able to upset. *Au contraire* (what a linguist I am! but now a Grecian, now a Frenchman) MADAME DOLARO has shown us that she is possessed of true artistic power, both as an actress and as a *cantatrice*. (Italian, by Jove!! Dutch to follow—you'll see—O, what a clever boy!) by her impersonation of *La Perichole*, which involves a situation (I mean the tipsy scene) in which MADAME SCHNEIDER at first almost disgusted even a French audience by her over-acting. Those who have seen MADAME SCHNEIDER's *Boulotte* will understand this perfectly.

MR. FISHER is that *varissima avis* (Latin, Gentlemen! Believe!—

what a scholar!!), an English comic tenor; but as your Representative has already drawn attention to this gentleman's performance at the Philharmonic in *Giroflé-Girofla*, he will say nothing more about him just now, except to hint to him that with such a career before him (he is the only comic tenor anything like DUPUIS) he must take care of himself and study, study, study. He has not got much to do in *Trial by Jury*, but throws himself into it with as much sense of the fun of the thing as he showed when he played *Mr. Gladstone* in *Happy Land* at the Court Theatre. In *Trial by Jury* (librettist, W. S. GILBERT; composer, ARTHUR SULLIVAN) both Mr. Words and Mr. Music have worked together, and for the first quarter of an hour the *Cantata* (as they've called it) is the funniest bit of nonsense your Representative has seen for a considerable time. That more might have been made of it, and with increasing effect, your Representative has no doubt, but Messrs. Words and Music, agreeing with Mr. Weller, junior, as to the art of brevity in composition, have only given themselves a little over half an hour for their musical and dramatic joke. The hits of the piece are MR. FRED. SULLIVAN's Judge, "with a song" (and such a song! Easy-going music and first-rate words, of which MR. FREDERICK SULLIVAN does not allow the audience to miss a single syllable in four or five verses); the Jury, whose chorus, like that of the Conspirators in *Madame Angot*, the old men in *Faust*, and the Pirates in *Giroflé*, receives a genuine encore; the Usher, whose steps are very funny, and the chorus of pretty Bridesmaids, with the fairest of whom the naughty little Judge establishes a flirtation, thereby proving to the public in court and to the auditorium that "of beauty he is a good judge too!"

MISS BROMLEY looks charming and sings nicely as the Plaintiff, and thoroughly enters into the joke when she accepts that old alibots of a Judge's invitation to sit on the bench beside him. O, then how they do go on, those two!

But I must draw a veil, and finish by advising those whom Providence has blessed with affluence and a good digestion, to leave their pleasant dinner-table, and, for the sake of a hearty laugh (it's to be got there, even though for only a quarter of an hour), to visit the Royalty, under the management of SIGNORA SELINA (*Signora* is Spanish, you'll observe! what a command of languages!), LA REINA DOLARO, and her prime minister, MONSIEUR LE DUC D'O'LY CARTE, to whom, greeting, mention the name of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—*Rose Michel* at the Gaiety ought not to have been a failure. Had it been adapted—i.e., cut and compressed—by some old experienced hand, and played by—well, let me suggest by MRS. HERMANN VREIN, as the wife, and MR. EMERY as the murderous husband, the success of the piece would have been as great as that of the *Two Orphans* at the Olympic, or, to go back further, of the *Isle of St. Tropez* at the St. James's, or, further



THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Critical Friend (whose suggestions are invaluable, comes to see *Picture* late in the afternoon on the very day it has to be sent to the *Royal Academy*). "O, WHY, WHY DIDN'T I SEE THIS PICTURE BEFORE!"

back still, of the *Courier of Lyons* at the *Princes's*, under the *Charles-Kean* management. The drama of *Ross Michel* has still to be well adapted, and well played, as it probably will be in a short time in all the leading provincial theatres. But certainly neither the version, nor the actress (*Mrs. GLEDSTANES*), lately seen at the *Gaiety Theatre*.

THE RED ROVER.

(*Evidence at the first meeting of the next Recruiting Commission.*)
EX-PRIVATE LIGHTFOOT examined.

Q. What did you know of the Army before you joined the Service?

A. That in the opinion of the Vicar of my native village it was the final resting-place of all ne'er-do-wells.

Q. What caused you to decide upon enlisting?

A. Having got into trouble in my native village, it appeared to me that suicide or the Queen's Shilling were the only two things open to me. I accordingly came up to London and accepted the shilling in preference to the other unpleasant alternative.

Q. Where, and under what circumstances, did you receive the Queen's Shilling?

A. In a Public House—from a Sergeant who filled my ears with stories of the glories of a military career. I subsequently found these stories to be utterly false.

Q. Be good enough to say what happened next.

A. Having been well supplied with drink, I was taken with some other recruits to the barracks to pass the night. The conversation turned upon the value of a free kit to the old-clothes-men, and I found that the majority of my new companions were old hands at desertion.

Q. Very good. And next?

A. I was taken before a Magistrate to be sworn in. His worship was good enough to explain to me that service in the Army was another word for ruin and disgrace.

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR.

In a recent advertisement of the London School-Board, for school-masters and school-mistresses in *Bermondsey*, it is stated that "candidates, invited to attend the committee, will be allowed a second-class railway fair" [sic]. As *Mr. Punch* has never had the good fortune to be present at "a second-class railway fair," his curiosity has been powerfully excited by this advertisement. It was his good fortune, when he was young, to see at a fair the fascinating *Miss BIFFIN*, whose foot-writing—for she had no hands or arms—was admired by every one who saw it.

"Surely," thought *Mr. Punch*, "there will be, at a second-class railway fair, many persons, who, having lost their limbs in a collision, and being thereby disqualified for any feat of arms, have made their arms of feet, and emulated the skill of *Miss BIFFIN*. Surely, at such a fair, the Living Skeleton will be represented by the Original Shareholder, whilst the *Preferencee Bondholder* will do duty for the *Fat Woman of Tutbury*. The *Merry-go-rounds* will closely resemble the *Board-room Tables*, and several able Managers, whose efforts to reduce the value of railway shares have been attended with complete success, will have charge of the *Knock-'em-downs*."

But, while *Mr. Punch* thus meditated, there came one to him, who said that what the London School-Board meant to offer, and would have offered, if their Inspector of Spelling had not been absent on sick-leave, was a second-class railway fare.

"Dear me," said *Mr. Punch*, "have I been feeding my imagination on such homely fare as this? If this be so, get thee from my sight, Little London School-Board! Fare forth, and seek thy fortune! Fare thee well, and, if for ever, then for ever fare thee well."

High and Dry.

Examiner (*Divine of the Old School*). Name an instance of benevolence and design united in the native productions of a specified soil.

Candidate. The growth in Spain and Portugal of the cork-tree, coincident with that of the vines yielding port and sherry.

Examiner. Very good indeed, Sir. I trust you will live to be a Bishop.

[*Candidate passes with flying colours.*]

Q. The Magistrate was acting according to precedent. After you were sworn in?

A. I was sent down to the dépôt with the remainder of the recruits. Already half of our original number had deserted, and those who remained discussed the advisability of following their late comrades' example.

Q. When you arrived at the dépôt what did you receive?

A. A free kit and a sum of money.

Q. What did you next do?

A. I spent the money, and, deeply impressed with the gloomy view that the Vicar and Magistrate had taken of my position, determined to better it if possible.

Q. Very good. What did you do to attain this praiseworthy object?

A. Taking a hint from the conversation of my brother-recruits, I sold my kit at a shop-shop and deserted.

Q. What did you next do?

A. I did not entirely give up the Army. On the contrary, with the kind assistance of the authorities, I have since been able to make desertion my permanent profession.

Q. What do you think of your present occupation?

A. I find it to be safe, lucrative, and amusing.

Q. Would you suggest any alteration in the present law.

A. Certainly not. The present law suits me admirably, and the most trivial alteration in it would be sure to throw me out of employment. Under these circumstances I say, speaking as a deserter of many years' standing, by all means let the present law alone!

NO GO.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* lately suggested a stamp-duty on proposals of marriage. The Editor must have forgotten the failure of *MR. LOWE'S MATCH TAX*.

THE SECRETARY FOR WAR'S MOTTO.—*Exchange no Robbery.*

THE COMICALITIES OF CANNON ROW.

It is not generally known that the Civil Service Commissioners have an almost inexhaustible fund of humour. But the popular ignorance on this head may be due to the fact that the Commissioners do not often exhibit the treasures which they possess, but hide their good things, as the Crown jewels are hidden in the Tower. Now, however, that the Regalia are to be exhibited gratuitously, on certain days, to the public, the Commissioners have come to the conclusion that an occasional exhibition of their wit may be welcomed by their admirers, and have been prompted to propound the following highly humorous proposition to some recent competitors for Clerkships in Class II.:-

"A speculator bought Spanish bonds (yielding no interest) at £18; 18 Honduras £100 bonds, paying 10 per cent. interest, at 36; and 27 Turkish £100 bonds, paying 5 per cent. interest, at 45. At the end of two years he sells the Honduras stock at 15, and, the following year, he sold the Spanish at 25, and the Turkish at 64. Including the interest, he gained £1146. What number of Spanish bonds did he buy?"

Mr. Punch is informed that the majority of the competitors were so unable to believe that any profit could result from a course of operations in Spanish, Turkish, and Honduras bonds, that they regarded the question as "a sell," and appended derisive remarks, to that effect, to the question-paper. A few, however, worked out the problem successfully, and have accordingly been appointed auxiliary supernumerary assistant clerks, of the Fifth Class, in the Foreign Bonding Department of the Customs, with a salary of fifty pounds per annum, and with the contingent advantage of having that salary reduced, so soon as the suggestions of the PLAYFAIR Commission are carried out.

The father of one of these successful young men, who has himself dabbled, not altogether successfully, in foreign Bonds, came over, the other day, from Dublin, which is his native place, and appealed to Mr. Punch, whom he properly regards as the great righter of human wrongs.

"I ask ye, Sir," he said, with tears in his eyes, "I ask ye, Sir, is it right that the Commissioners should put it into me boy's head that he may make money out of the dirty things? I ask ye once more, Sir, is it right of 'em? Is it prudent? Is it Dacent?"



BOYS AT PLAY (AFTER AN EXECUTION).

First Kilkenny "Boy." "DID YE SEE THE COCK-FIGHTIN' AT PAT DALY'S LAST NIGHT?"

Second Kilkenny "Boy." "I DID NOT."

First Kilkenny "Boy." "DID YE SEE THE 'BOYS' 'SUFFER-E,' THIS MORNIN'?"

Second Kilkenny "Boy" (listlessly). "I DID NOT."

First Kilkenny "Boy." "AH, THEN, YE TAKE NO DELIGHT OUT O' YERSELF, AT ALL, AT ALL!"

which would make them hesitate to rob or defraud anybody they possibly could?

A. One, perhaps. The fear of being stabbed, shot, or whipped by those they might attempt to plunder.

A CATECHISM ON COPYRIGHT.

Q. What is to restrain American publishers from theft, swindling, forgery, or any other act of fraud or dishonesty which is practicable and remunerative?

A. The fear of punishment by the law of the United States.

Q. Anything else?

A. The moral sense which restrains other men, and might restrain them, from stealing in any shape.

Q. Does any moral sense restrain American publishers from reprinting English books and selling them against the consent, and without the payment, of their authors and proprietors, at such a price as to undersell these persons, and thus appropriate to themselves a portion of the profit rightly belonging to others?

A. None whatever.

Q. If American publishers were liable to imprisonment and hard labour for pirating English works, would they desist from it?

A. No doubt—unless they hoped to escape detection.

Q. Well, then, were American publishers not liable to penal consequences for common larceny or felony, is there any consideration

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PARLIAMENT—or rather the Commons—re-assembled (Monday, April 5), all the stiffer in the back, let us hope, for their Easter holiday. A very thin house to a military night. CAPTAIN NOLAN, a practical as well as scientific artilleryman, wants to know—and not a day too soon—why, when all the military powers of Europe have adopted breech-loading ordnance, England stands, solitary, by her muzzle-loading guns—a question to be asked and answered—but certainly not answered on Monday night. All Mr. HARDY could say was that successive Committees had reported in favour of muzzle-loading; and so they have, but as against one system of breech-loading—SIR W. ARMSTRONG'S—which we adopted hastily, and, instead of amending, have abandoned.

As we shall have spent four millions and a quarter on great guns by 1876, Mr. HARDY recommended the

House to be cautious. The caution would have come better before we spent the money. Suppose we have to give up muzzle-loading, after all, for a better system of breech-loading than SIR W. ARMSTRONG'S? The probability seems to lie in that direction, and what of our money and our caution then?

The appointment of a Colonial bishop as Chaplain-General of the Forces, instead of one of the six Senior Chaplains, all of long service and exemplary deserts, was questioned, and not justified. All Mr. HARDY could say was that the Chaplain-General had some quasi-episcopal functions, and therefore he thought an ex-bishop would be the right man for the place. But we never heard that Chaplain-General GLISSE showed a want of either episcopal authority or unction. Is there any more reason why any of the six Senior Chaplains might not have done all the quasi-episcopal work required, whether in the way of confirming recruits, or wiggling subordinate chaplains? But the job is jobbed; and there is no use trying to put a varnish on it.

Then the House got to the Army Estimates. SIR A. LUSH, COLONEL GOUBLEY, and some other amateur critics, did the usual amount of nibbling and hobby-riding. Attention was called to some fine examples of the favourite official game of shutting the door after the steed is stolen—as the Beggar's Bush Barracks nuisance, the Crimean graves, and other cases in which the timely expenditure of a few pounds would have saved thousands; and the bulk of the Estimates was comfortably disposed of before midnight.

Tuesday.—It is wonderful how frank and full a Minister can be in admitting the faults of those over whom he has no control. The Jersey prisons are not the faults of those over whom he has no control. The Jersey prisons are not

under Home Office inspection. A weakly girl of fourteen, sentenced to a month's imprisonment—half of it solitary, on bread and water—has died from disease accelerated by her punishment. Mr. CROSS admitted the facts, regretted that the case should have occurred, and is glad to think it cannot occur again. But Jersey must be allowed her full privilege of local mis-government.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU has been saying disagreeable things about the Folkestone drainage, and has been accused at a public meeting, by a gentleman in shirt-sleeves, with a turn for unparliamentary language, of "telling a pack of lies about the town." LORD ROBERT did not propose to call the offender to the Bar of the House, shirt-sleeves and all, but himself waxed so unparliamentary in criticism of his critic, that he was pulled up by the SPEAKER.

Mr. J. HOLMS tried, in vain, to prove to the House that brewers having been relieved of the Hop-duty ought to be relieved of the Licence-duty imposed in its stead. The House declines to believe that brewers are too simple innocents to extract the amount of that, or any other, duty out of their customers. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER undertook to correct inequalities in the scale of duty which make it press unfairly on small brewers, and so cut away the only ground Mr. HOLMS had to stand on.

The Customs and Inland Revenue are to have the benefit of the Bank Holidays' Act; but the latter are to lose the Coronation Day, and PRINCE OF WALES's Birthday, which they have now. In the Docks the holidays are to be permissive.

Mr. NORWOOD thinks the Bank Holidays' Act an unwarrantable interference with the rights of labour. Punch thinks Mr. NORWOOD's an unwarrantable interference with the rights of play. Mr. NORWOOD is of opinion that the working-classes have too many holidays as it is. Mr. Punch begs to remind him that Sir J. LUBBOCK's Bill did not institute Saint Monday, and that clerks and employers, at all events, do not worship at the shrine of that saint of the working-man.

Before going into Committee on Sir H. JAMES's Bill for regulating Returning Officers' expenses, Mr. FAWCETT was defeated on his resolution for throwing election expenses on the rates, by 130 to 46. Neither side of the House wants a rush of impecunious candidates.

Wednesday.—Mr. FORSYTH, Q.C., member for the Spinsterhood of Great Britain, moved his little Bill of mighty consequence, to give votes at Parliamentary elections to women not under coverture. They bore the burdens of citizenship: they were interested in



"A PARTHIAN SHAFT."

Cook. "NOW, I'M A LEAVIN' OF YER, M'UM, I MAY AS WELL TELL YER AS THE KEY O' THE KITCHEN-DOOR FITS YOUR STORE-ROOM!"

WHAT WILL THE GLAZIERS SAY?

"LET all in vitreous tenements who dwell"
(TUPPER, an old saw set in a new strain)
"Forbear the flinty missile to propel."
Proverbial wisdom teachers must explain
Hereafter, when BROWN, ROBINSON, and JONES,
May in glass houses live, and yet throw stones.
MONSIEUR DE LA BASTIE, French sage,
Remote some distance from an ass,
Has added to the marvels of the age,
By finding out a way of toughening glass.
He dips hot glass in heated oil;
So the old heathen tried the Saint to boil,
Who rose the livelier out of that ordeal,
Which in a trice will glass anneal,
So as to make it stand the smartest whacks,
And bangs, unbroken and unstarred with cracks,
Rendering the glass, as 'twere, a sort of steel.

Paterfamilias, look what hope appears!
Thou as of old wilt be distressed no more
With jingle, too familiar to thine ears,
Of glass or tumbler dashed on kitchen floor;
And windows smashed by boys who roam,
Or thine own idle brats at home.
Thy casements shored and pebble will defy,
Nay, taws from "catapults" let fly.
Thy tumblers will stand falls, decanters flinging,
If guests should ever bottle shy.
Yet toughness hinders not hard glass from ringing,
With unimpaired sonority of tone:
Glass bells in steeples soon will chime;
Big Bells, perhaps, in no long time
Instead of being founded will be blown.

What may Posterity not make?
Cannon perhaps, fortifications,
Out of a glass no common force can break;
Our *Alexandras* and our *Devastations*
And *Minotauras*, "my Lords," in future days,
Instead of plating, possibly will glaze.

WHAT THE GUIKWAR DOES NOT SEE.—All the fun of the PHATTE.

four-fifths of our legislation: they were as competent to choose legislators as men. Under the ballot they need not fight their way to the polling-booths.

MR. CHAPLIN, MR. LEATHAM, MR. SMOLLETT, MR. BRENSFORD-HOPE, MR. NEWDEGATE, and SIR H. JAMES, vindicated the natural order of Creation, which has left the Ladies to do their governing vicariously, through the Lords, their subjects.

The small end of the wedge was ruthlessly employed against MR. FORSYTH, in spite of his protest against that ancient instrument of torture. Open the door to spinsters, and who shall keep out married women? Admit to votes, and how can you maintain seats against the lovely rush?

In spite of the aid of MR. STANSFELD—who shares with MR. FORSYTH the proud title of the Ladies' Member—and the less distinguished support of MR. O. SULLIVAN and MR. JACKSON, the House divided (187 to 152) against the Spinsters. But their minority is growing; and MR. DISRAELI gave them a silent vote. These are omens. How long will Man be able to hold the gate of Parliament in the teeth of his natural superior, Woman? Just as long as Woman continues, as at present, content on the whole with the power she exercises without a vote, and the representation she enjoys through that suffering sex on which she has laid the burden of legislating as well as of fighting and paying bills.

Thursday.—DR. KENNELLY should have been in his place to ask a question about two rebukes very properly administered to juries by MR. JUSTICE LAWSON at Limerick, and CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN at Brighton; and to ask, further, whether it was the intention of the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY to introduce any measure which shall have for its object the better maintenance of the rights of jurymen to deliver verdicts according to their conscience and to the best of their ability, without censure from the Bench.

In MR. KENNELLY'S absence MR. WHALLEY, who had just read a petition for a Royal Commission to upset the verdict in the Tichborne Case—put the question.

MR. DISRAELI answered it, very much to the purpose.

"It is not the business of Ministers of the Crown to judge the Judges. If

they misbehave, Parliament can move the Crown to take notice of it. But as the appeal has been made to me, I do not shrink from it. I should be as unwilling to interfere with freedom of expression of opinion on the part of Judges as I should with the freedom of verdict on the part of a jury. * * I feel sure no one in this House esteems more highly the institution of trial by jury than myself. * * But I do not believe juries are infallible, and I may say from what I have observed of the sayings and doings of the Member for Stoke and the honourable Member opposite himself (MR. WHALLEY), I believe that that is an opinion which to some degree they share. (Laughter.) At least I may beg the House to observe that this question to-day has been felicitously entrusted, in the absence of the Member for Stoke, to the honourable Member who has just presented a petition calling upon the Crown to impugn the verdict of a jury." (Cheers and Laughter.)

Perhaps, considering the terms of this answer, MR. KENNELLY may feel he was as well out of his place on this occasion. So, in a Christmas pantomime, we have seen the artful Clown step aside, to let the weight of the Policeman's *bâton* fall on the innocent and obsequious Pantaloon.

Merchant Shipping Acts Amendment Bill. SIR CHARLES ABDELEY is coming round—cooly and reluctantly, and under all official reservation of dignity, but visibly—towards MR. PLIMSOLE; and we may yet live to see the Board of Trade approving a load-line. Nay, they have approved one, by this very Bill—marry, how? permissively. The Ship-owner may fix it, and may tell the Board of Trade he has fixed it—if he likes. Quite in the permissive spirit of the Session and the Government.

MR. PLIMSOLE may be comforted. He may yet live to see a compulsory survey of unclassified ships, a load-line to be adapted to circumstances, a prohibition of deck-cargo, and a compulsory test of iron used in ship-building. And, when all this has come about, we should not wonder if the Board of Trade were still standing, and our mercantile marine had not been quite legislated off the face of the sea. So much for pluck, perseverance, and a good cause—even in the teeth of unscrupulous opposition, unprincipled greed, and official *vis inertia*.

LORD ELSINGTON made an excellent speech, and the Bill was read a Second Time without opposition, after a debate foreshadowing much useful improvement in Committee.

TWO ALEXANDRAS.



APRIL, coquette month of the year, plays with our hopes and fears ;
Oft when we woo her smiles the most, is readiest with her tears ;
Will closest wrap her head in clouds upon some gala-day,
When she should beam her brightest, her sunniest face display.

So that *Wednesday* of all days for sulks the wayward month
must take,

When she *should* have smiled her sweetest for our ALEXANDRA's
sake :

She who has still a smile for all, deserved a smile from thee,
Ouy April, when she went to launch her namesake of the sea.

There in her bed at Chatham *that* ALEXANDRA lay—
Strange contrast with our Princess, the gracious and the gay :
A monster hulk of iron—iron-clad from stern to bow,
Death in her iron throats, and death about her iron prow.

The ship, last fruit of all the toil, wealth, thought man can
employ

To quell all man and nature wild of forces to destroy.
The Princess, sweet and slender, happy mother, loving wife,
With babes and flowers about her, and love in all her life.

And England resting between both, and upon either stayed,
The strength built up in that great ship, still in its cradle laid,
The loyalty that holds the Crown of the land's life a part,
Softened and strengthened by her love for the Princess of her heart.

Small grace in Chatham at the best, and less that small
doth show

To-day, with weeping skies o'erhead, and waiting mud
below ;

But grandly looms the stately ship, at rest in that great
shed,

With the festal crowds about her, and the flags wreathed
overhead.

Under her ram's edge, strong to cleave sea's flanks and rivals' sides,
What means that box, where those four steps a fence of flags divides ?
Topped by a tube that might be e'en a lady's fan to hold,
Carved trim in box and ebony, with 'scutcheon-plate of gold ?

Some gift for the loved Princess ? Hark to salute and cheer,
And the roar of many voices, still nearer and more near !
Through ordered ranks, and cheering throats, flag-flaunt, and
ordnance roar,

The Prince and Princess have ta'en place the great ship's stem
before.

A hush, till England's Primate Heaven's grace shall have implored
On those who shall brave storm or shot that stately ship aboard :
Then the Princess has stepped forward, on that tube her hand has
laid—

Light as a lady's hand should fall—half pleased and half afraid :

A pause of doubt—a pulse of fear—a clink of shivered glass—
And with majestic motion slow glides that mighty mass,
And through a roar that shakes the shed to broad roof windowed
wide,

Curtsies to Medway's waters, and, proud, swings to the tide.

Weights, roller, spindle once well fixed, a woman's touch was all
Needed to make the shores that stay that giant war-ship fall.
See type in Ship and Princess of England and her Queen,
Whose woman's hand the motive spring of this wide realm is seen.

"A woman's head—a woman's hand!" the nostrum-mongers
sneer—

"What *reductio ad absurdum* of ruling have we here !"
But without spindle, roller, ropes, and weights arranged below,
What were toy-lever, woman's touch, to lay the dog-shores low ?

Beaks and Bishops.

CONFIRMATIONS at the ancient, venerable, and most especially
ecclesiastical and episcopal city of Winchester have hitherto always
taken place in the Cathedral. The following extract from a para-
graph of local news therefore sounds rather startling :—

"COUNTY BENCH.—Saturday, before T. CHAMBERLAYNE, Esq. (Chair-
man), and T. GUNNER, Esq. The following overseers were confirmed. . . ."

Matrimony in the Registrar's Office was sacrilegious enough ; but
heresy has culminated in confirmation by the County Bench ! Such
is the comment which the foregoing quotation has perhaps suggested
to some French commentator on British manners and customs.

FIST, KNIFE, AND BOOTS.

MR. JUSTICE BRETT, the other day, at the Central Criminal Court,
sentenced two youths for manslaughter ; one of them to fifteen, the
other to ten years' penal servitude. The next day he sentenced six
young men, also for manslaughter, four of them to one week's,
and two to three days' imprisonment. Manlaughter had been
committed in the former case with a knife in a desperate affray, had
resulted in the latter from the normal use of the fists in a fair fight.
It may be hoped that JUPON BRETT's discrimination between these
cases of manslaughter will not only tend to abate the use of the
knife among the coarser classes in the adjustment of their differ-
ences, but also the use of the heavy hob-nailed boots. Kicking
people, even men, when they are down, is a practice of which much
more is heard in these "fair, well-spoken days," than there used to
be during the brutal and demoralising era of pugilism.

Song of Christopher Sly.

GIVE me a pot of your smallest ale—my throat is parched and dry.
I'm a *bond fide* traveller—true as my name's CHRISTOPHERO SLY.
Above three mile away from home as straight as I can go.
Good two mile as the crow flies—but I don't fly like the crow.

First I go right—then I go left—a zigzag course I steer.
And that makes two mile twice two mile ; and I wants a quart more
beer.

Two mile extends to four mile while I tack like a ship in sail.
Give a *bond fide* traveller a pot of your smallest ale.

Clerical Representation.

FEMALE suffrage, notwithstanding that the PREMIER votes for it,
remains an open question. Yet the Female Disabilities Removal
Bill, though not a Government Measure, must always be a Minis-
terial one. If women had votes, would they not, with very few
exceptions, vote for the nominees of their Clergy ? What a triumph,
therefore, their enfranchisement would be for Ministers of all
denominations !



ELEMENTS OF MISCHIEF IN HYPOCRITICAL REPOSE.

"WHAT IS THE GERMAN FATHERLAND?"

(Freely translated from "Was ist der Deutschen Vaterland.")

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO PRINCE BISMARCK, AFTER READING HIS
RECENT NOTE TO THE BELGIAN FOREIGN OFFICE.

What is the German Fatherland—
As BISMARCK seems to understand?
The land that KAISER WILHELM schools
In Blood and Iron's rigid rules?
O, no!—O, no!—within that line
Fatherland would be clipped too fine.

What is the German Fatherland?—
From Memel's Haf to Lubeck's strand?
From Erz-Gebirge's rocky pile,
To Stralsund's forts and Rügen's Isle?
O, no!—O, no!—by such a line
Fatherland is drawn much too fine.

What is the German Fatherland?
Where *Echt Deutsch* are both heart and hand?
Where cabbage doth for *Sauer Kraut* grow,
And *Rheinwein* ranks above Bordeaux?
O, no!—O, no!—by such a line,
Fatherland, now, is squeezed too fine!

What is the German Fatherland?
Where rule is rather bluff than bland,
Where backs to Jacks-in-office curve,
Where in the ranks all men must serve?
O, no!—O, no!—by such a line
Fatherland would be drawn too fine.

What is the German Fatherland?
Is 't where Church stoops to State command,
Where Priests must pray as Prince requires,
And School but teach as State desires?
O, no!—O, no!—by such a line
Fatherland's bounds are drawn too fine.

What is the German Fatherland?
Where there's a Journal to be scanned,
Where there's a Cabinet to snub,
A sore to chafe, a raw to rub?
O, yes!—O, yes!—that's BISMARCK's line—
His Fatherland is yours and mine.

That is the German Fatherland,
That dares by prisoned bishops stand.
Dares fellowship in faith avow,
With those who to Falk-laws must bow.
O, yes!—O, yes!—give BISMARCK line,
His Vaterland is yours and mine.

That is the German Fatherland,
Where the Press knows no Censor's band;
Where thought's ungagged, and comment free,
Though BISMARCK's rule its subject be.
O, yes!—O, yes!—that's BISMARCK's line—
"What's mine's my own—what's yours is mine."

What is the German Fatherland?
Where all's not right that might has planned,
Where civil life, from service free,
Off-caps not to authority—
O, yes!—O, yes!—give BISMARCK line,
His Fatherland swamps yours and mine.

No doubt the world were Fatherland,
Its own good could it understand:
Glad under *Faust*-recht to lie down,
And bow to Blood and Iron's crown—
O, yes!—O, yes!—when that's my line,
Then BISMARCK's Fatherland is mine!

THE VERY TEEM FOR IT.

EATING half a score of plover's eggs, after a plate of lobster-salad
and a slice or two of pigeon-pie, at one o'clock A.M., may be fairly
called a work of supper-erogation.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—APRIL 17, 1875.



THE BERLIN BULLFIGHTER.

SIXPENCE APIECE!

Being the urgent Appeal of an ardent Ostreophagist.

"We have no hesitation in asserting that in two years' time native oysters will be retailed in London at sixpence each."—*Messrs. PROCESSA'S Letter to the Times.*

O YE PROCESSA, prophets of evil days,
That the price of the Native will thus on us raise!
Those beautiful bivalves which, wretched if unwilling,
We swallow already at four for a shilling,
Do you wish to decaden their delicate zest,
And plant despair in the epicure's breast?
May DABBO's death his disciples release,
Ere British Natives are Sixpence apiece!

O what the demons are those dredges of,
Coarse rakes in Native settlements stuck,
Disturbing their slumbers and spoiling their "spat,"
And amongst the mild molluscs running a musk?
'Tis an epidemic of sheer stupidity,
A chronic seizure of cross cupidity,
A purblind passion, that chastisement begs
For killing the goose with the golden egg!
The glutton's maw, and the rash greed of Mammon,
Will rob us, some day, of our seals and our salmon.
And oh now there's an awfuller prospect before us,
If we do not take summary measures and strong,
Our Oyster, our pre-Roman native, ere long,
Will become as extinct as the Ichthyosaurus,
Or PROCESSA the prophet, Cassandra of Holborn,
Will have the last Native about for a show bargain.
And meanwhile prophesies prices' increase,
Till the shape assumes "Oysters, Sixpence apiece!"

Paced to the rescue! Shall dredger-men selfish
Kill out the descendants of Rutupine shell-fish?
Bigod Natives, of black, brown, and whitey-brown kind,
Have their missions and platforms, and keep organs grinding.
Why should zeal for our bivalve natives be dulled,
Though their interest comes more from flavour than colour?
Why not gather our oysters of choicest variety
'Neath the wings of a "Native Protection Society?"
And what though their habits seem lounging and lazy,
Their existence supine, and their views of life hazy?
Four years' snooze at a stretch may to us seem surprising,
But why should we plague them about early rising?
Let 'em rest, the plump pets, in their beds 'neath the billows,
Sub-marine Sleeping Beauties, on seaweed pillows!
Let my Oyster be love-crest, so I be the crosser:
Only show how far bed I can guard, MESSRS. PROCESSA,
With arrangements that promise supply just a bit stable
Of natives from Colchester, Burnham, or Whitstable,
What a war with my Ostrea's foemen I'd wage,
With what zeal I'd go in for that Brightlinges gauge!
As for those Russian gourmands, their cheek is incredible;
Trench on JOHN BULL's short stock of his best marine edible!
Free Trade stops at Oysters, and goes quite too far if
It raise to such figures my fishmonger's tariff:
Nay, methinks those its gospel the furthest who'd push, 'll
Be frightened by Oysters at £12 per bushel!

I appeal to your power—and your palate, dear Punch,
And most succulent memories of supper and lunch,
By the light of your gracious omniscience examine
The causes, and cure, of this fell Oyster famine.
"The world is mine oyster," said Pistol; but I,
"The oyster's my world," am more tempted to cry;
And fain could I wish it had been my sweet lot to
Subsist upon bivalves, and dwell in a grotto.

Nude or draped—I should say, drest or undrest—my Dea,
If I had my own way, would be Os—not As—trous.
Then the run upon me and my molluscs abate,
Do not see us both forced to shell out at this rate,
But down on the dredgers, nor let the war cease,
Till you've banished this terror of Sixpence apiece!

Quite the Reverse.

At a meeting of the Anti-Income-tax Association, held the other evening in St. James's Hall, a Mr. CARTMIGH, in seconding a resolution against the Income-tax, "condemned the tax as un-English." Come; how many countries are there in which it is possible? No; whatever may be said against the Income-tax, it is English enough.

WANTED—A SCHOOLMASTER!



A School-Board Provincial Drama, in One Scene and One Act.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. SCREWIT, Chairman of the School-Board.
MR. SMUDGEM, } Active Members of the Local School-Board
MR. STICKOUT, } Committee.
MR. WYSE AHER, }
MR. FITTIN, Clerk to the Committee.

Scene—The Committee Room. The Active Members discovered B. H. and L. H. of table, on which are pens, ink, and papers. FITTIN, the Clerk, at B. H. corner. MR. SCREWIT in the Chair.

MR. SCREWIT (as Chairman). Gentlemen, our duty to-day is to decide upon the advertisement for a Schoolmaster.

All (unanimously). Hear! hear!

MR. SCREWIT. MR. FITTIN has kindly consented—(thinks this formula is too much like announcing that MR. FITTIN would kindly oblige with a song, and so substitutes the following)—I mean, our Clerk has been good enough to sketch an advertisement for us.

[MR. FITTIN smiles modestly, blushes, blows his nose. The Members cough critically.]

MR. SCREWIT. The best way will be for MR. FITTIN to read aloud his suggestions, and we can alter and amend it where required. (Members nod approvingly, but severely, and MR. FITTIN begins to wish that some one else had been Clerk.) We must bear in mind that, in advertising, we must consider the Ratepayers (Members shut their eyes, frown, and nod); and that, in fact, brevity is the soul of economy. (Thinks he has finished up with something uncommonly like an epigram, and beams on the Members. Finding that only MR. FITTIN takes the idea and smiles feebly, the Chairman resumes his business-like tone, and says, sternly.) Now, MR. FITTIN, if you please.

MR. FITTIN (mildly). If you please, Sir. Ahum! (Commences, with something of the nervous pride of authorship, reading his composition to probably adverse critics.) "Wanted, a Married Man and his Wife."

[All shake their heads. MR. FITTIN pauses.]

MR. SMUDGEM. The word "married" is unnecessary. Say "A Man and his Wife."

MR. FITTIN (suddenly). Strike out "his" also. (To the Members.) We must combine brevity with economy.

All. Hear! hear!

MR. FITTIN (having made the required alterations). "Wanted, a Man and Wife."

MR. WYSE AHER (interrupting). You must keep "his" in.

MR. STICKOUT (obstinately). Why? The man wouldn't come here with somebody else's wife.

MR. WYSE AHER (shaking his head sadly). He might, if the conditions are not clearly set out in black and white.

MR. SMUDGEM. Well then, say "a married couple." That'll do. (Looking at his watch, and thinking of his early dinner.) We must get on.

Chairman (to the Clerk). I think you've omitted the word "certificated."

MR. FITTIN (deprecatingly). It comes in presently, Sir.

Chairman. Ah! we must have it in now. It's most important. (MR. FITTIN makes the required alteration. A pause.) Now then, MR. FITTIN.

MR. FITTIN (reads). "Wanted—a certificated married couple—"

All (unanimously). No! no! no!

Chairman (determined to show his common sense). What we want is a certificated man.

MR. STICKOUT. And his wife.



COLD WITHOUT.

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS, DOCTOR! DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT I MUST DO WITHOUT STIMULANTS ALTOGETHER!"

"CERTAINLY. IF BY ANY CHANCE YOU SHOULD FEEL A SINKING BETWEEN YOUR MEALS, I DON'T OBJECT TO A—TO A——"

"YES!—YES!—"

"WINEGLASSFUL OF COLD WATER, YOU KNOW!"

Mr. Smudgem. Of course. (Looking at his watch.) Now do let's get on.

Mr. Wyse Aker. But it must be expressly stated that he is to be married.

Mr. Stickout (surprised). Is to be married! No, he must be married before he comes here.

Mr. Wyse Aker (pettishly). Well, of course, that's what I meant. (Thinks what a fool STICKOUT is.)

Chairman (to MR. FITTIN). You had better put "A certificated man," with "married" in brackets.

Mr. Stickout. And while you're about it, say it's a new school.

Mr. Smudgem. Yes, that's it. (Refers to his watch, and thinks what MRS. SMUDGEM will say.) Let's get on.

Mr. Fittin (reading). "Wanted, a certificated man, married"—in brackets—"for a new school."

Mr. Stickout. A mixed school; mind, it's mixed.

Mr. Smudgem (to MR. FITTIN). You can easily stick in "mixed." (MR. FITTIN does so.)

Chairman. Yes—(hesitating)—but we mustn't have more words than are absolutely necessary. The Ratepayers have to be considered. (All nod assent.) Now, MR. FITTIN, how far have we got?

Mr. Fittin (reading, rather wearily). "Wanted, a certificated man, married"—in brackets—"for a new mixed school."

Mr. Stickout (stoutly). Not "new mixed." It sounds like a salad.

Chairman (who has found the suggestion of brackets already successful, proposes it again). Put "mixed" after "school" in brackets. (MR. FITTIN does so.) Now.

(MR. FITTIN reads once more, while the Chairman looks round at the Board with an air of conscious pride, as much as to say, "You see, Gentlemen, you'd never get on without me.")

Amendment carried.

Mr. Stickout. You haven't said where the school is.

Mr. Fittin. That comes later, Sir.

Chairman. No, no, we must avoid procrastination, or else it will be too long. Put in the locality. Say "near Dumley."

Mr. Wyse Aker. Near Dumley? It's two miles and three-quarters from Dumley.

Mr. Smudgem (testily). Well, he won't want to go to Dumley every day. (Refers to his watch.)

Mr. Stickout. Still, if we say anything at all, we must be exact. We can't allure a man here under false pretences. And a man has a right to know where he is coming to.

All (except SMUDGEM). Of course, naturally.

Chairman. Well—um—let's see. "Two miles and three-quarters" is a lot to put in. Let's say "Three miles." (There being no dissentients, MR. FITTIN writes it down.) Now, then, MR. FITTIN.

Smudgem. Ah! let's get on.

Mr. Fittin (reading). "Wanted, a Certificated Man (married)"—in brackets—"for a new School (mixed)"—in brackets—"three miles from Dumley." (Pauses. Relieved, by finding that there are no objections or suggestions, he proceeds more cheerfully.) "His remuneration will be——"

Mr. Stickout (quickly). But you've left out all about his wife.

Mr. Fittin (gently). You will find, Sir, that I have inserted that later on. (All shake their heads.)

Chairman (decisively). O, no! that must come now, or else we shall never get to the end of the advertisement. We must remember the expense, and consider the Ratepayers. (Thinks he will try his epigram again.) Brevity is the soul of——

Mr. Smudgem (interrupting brusquely). Well, you've only got to put in, "Wife required to assist him."

(Looks at his watch, and thinks that if he and FITTIN had been left alone, they could have knocked it all off in no time.)

Chairman (not to be put down by SMUDGEM'S rudeness). Excuse me, but the wife is not "required to assist him." That does not express it.

Mr. Wyse Aker. No. She is only required to teach the children how to sew.

Mr. Stickout. Well, say "Wife will instruct in sewing."



PUNCH, A MARTYR.

"O, I SAY, I'VE SUCH A CAPITAL SCORE FOR YOU. MY LITTLE NIB, ONLY TWO YEARS OLD—"

Chairman. We can get it shorter. Brevity is the—ahem! Say "Wife to teach sewing."

Mr. Fittin (after making the alteration, reads). "Wanted, a Certificated," &c., "wife to teach sewing. His remuneration—"

Chairman. That's too long a word. Say "Pay."

Mr. Smudgem. Or "Wages." [Looks at his watch.

Mr. Stickout. No, no (positively), "Salary" is the word.

Mr. Fittin (reads). "His salary—"

Mr. Wyse Aker. His? But surely the wife will be paid as well?

Mr. Smudgem. O, certainly. Come, let's get on.

Mr. Wyse Aker. We are getting on; but these details are most important.

Let us say, "The salary of himself and his wife—"

Chairman. O dear no! far too long. Say "Their salary." (All nod assent except MR. WYSE AKER, who still thinks it might be put more clearly.) Now, Sir! (To MR. FITTIN.)

Mr. Fittin (reads). "Their salary will be"—(pounces)—What do you say, Gentlemen?

Mr. Smudgem. 'Pon my word, I don't know.

[Yawns. Wonders whether, if he isn't back in time, MRS. SMUDGEM will keep anything hot for him.

Mr. Stickout. What are they giving elsewhere?

Mr. Wyse Aker. Why not look at some other advertisements?

Chairman. Ah, but that'll delay us. No; we'll put in blank pounds per annum now, and fill it up afterwards.

Mr. Smudgem. By the way, where's the salary to come from?

Chairman. From the children's pence.

Mr. Stickout. And our proportion of the Government grant.

Mr. Wyse Aker (seeing his way clearly). Then you can omit blank pounds, and call it "a salary estimated at"—

Chairman. That'll make the advertisement too long. Put it this way—"Their salary will be estimated by the children's pence weekly" ("weekly" in brackets), "and the proportion of the Government grant."

[MR. FITTIN makes the alteration.

Mr. Stickout. You haven't said anything about his residence.

Mr. Fittin (cheerfully). Yes, Sir. Here it is—"With a house and allowance

for firing."

Chairman. Too long. Strike out "allowance"—or, simply say "house and

firing." That'll do. (MR. STICKOUT is not quite sure of this, but SMUDGEM and WYSE AKER agree, and the Chairman has the casting vote.) Now, MR. FITTIN.

Mr. Fittin (reads). "With a house and"—
Chairman (struck by a happy thought). No "firing."
No. Say "fuel."

All. Yes; that's better.

Mr. Fittin. "With a house and fuel. Application to be made before the"—What day shall I say?

Mr. Smudgem (brushing his hat with his elbow). O, any day. (Gets his umbrella.) Say the twelfth.

Mr. Wyse Aker. Or thirteenth.

Mr. Stickout. Or twenty-first.

Chairman. Let's make it "the ninth"—it's shorter. You see we must consider the Ratepayers. Now, MR. FITTIN, read it all over.

Mr. Fittin. "Wanted, a Certificated Man (married)" —in brackets—"for a new School (mixed)" —in brackets—"three miles from Dumley. His wife to teach sewing. Their salary will be estimated from the children's pence (weekly)" —in brackets—"and a proportion of the Government grant, with a house and fuel. Application to be made before the ninth."

Mr. Wyse Aker (doubtfully). I should put in "ultimo" after "ninth."

Mr. Stickout. O, certainly. It's the regular thing.

Chairman. But it's an extra word.

Mr. Smudgem (with his hat on, and umbrella in his hand, standing up). I should certainly put "ultimo" in. It's in all legal documents.

Chairman (resignedly). Very well.

[MR. FITTIN writes in "ultimo," and reads the whole once again. Everybody is satisfied. Essent omnia except MR. FITTIN.

Mr. Fittin (sitting down, and looking over the document.) The word "Wanted" is all that is left of my original draft. [Begins to re-copy, ruefully.

Re-enter, suddenly, MR. SCREWIT, the Chairman.

Chairman. I've just thought that we shan't require the word "Wanted." You see they've got "ultimo" in at the end; and when we say "Application to be made," it implies "Wanted." So begin with "Dumley—three miles from"—in brackets. (Sees that MR. FITTIN makes the amendment.) Yes, that'll do. Brevity is the soul of economy. (MR. FITTIN smiles dimly.) There! I think we've done a good morning's work.

[Exit Chairman, happily, leaving the Clerk to make the best he can of the advertisement as it now stands. MR. FITTIN nips a pen, tries it, pounces, looks at his watch, meditates, and finally, exits to dinner.

Act Drop.

Galileo Galilei.

MR. RICHARD A. PROCTOR deigns to say

That GALILEO was great in his day,

That the man who put back for us Cosmos's border,

Though not first exactly, was of the first order.

We knew it without this lively young doctor—

GALILEO does not stand in need of a PROCTOR.

Sad Results of Wind, String, and Weather.

A "SUFFERER," reduced to idiocy by the East wind, writes to ask whether the barmy breezes (so often spoken of by the poets) blow from the (yeast?

Another "Sufferer," with the same sad results from the chamber-music mania of the moment, asks, by the same post, the difference between a tuning-fork and a pitch-fork?

A DEAD-LINGUIST'S REASON FOR CREMATION.

It is the method which leaves nothing of the dead but their bones, and so fulfils the old and well approved maxim, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

AN UGLY SYNONYM.—The Daily News—Another Frightful Railway Accident!

THE JUZZAN ERA.—A Roman theatrical paper.

LADIES OF THE LONG ROBE.

ACCORDING to the London Correspondent of the *Liverpool Post*:—

"Some time ago four ladies, who passed the London University Examination for Women, entered themselves in the chambers of well-known barristers."

Well, other ladies have done that—some as clients, others in virtue of their conjugal rights and duties to tidy their husbands' rooms. But the sentence above broken off concludes with an explanation:—

—"for the purpose of studying law."

A purpose not only legal, but laudable. It is gratifying to learn further, respecting these forensic ladies, that:—

"One of them, whose term of study is closed, has been engaged by a firm of solicitors as a 'consulting counsel,' and is at once to receive a salary larger than the income enjoyed by scores of barristers who have been in practice for years."

The more employments fit for gentlemen that are opened to ladies the better. Any such calling is better than marriage accepted merely as a situation. If any girl is enviable by her sex for the number of her suitors it is the female barrister whom they come to consult, leaving fees behind them, or who is handsomely paid for advice by solicitors. By the way, who would make so good a solicitor as a fascinating woman? Whose solicitation would it be so hard to resist as hers? At the same time there seems something peculiarly appropriate to a lady in the profession of the long robe. The admission of ladies to practise as barristers and solicitors would probably have a certain special effect on *Nisi prius* business. Increase of remunerative employment for women would doubtless be attended with a corresponding diminution of mercenary espousals, and proportionally of actions for breach of promise of marriage.

TEMPERANCE IN THE KIRK.

A SCOTCH Correspondent informs the *Pall Mall Gazette* that the

Perth Town Council the other day, by sixteen votes against four, resolved in future to discontinue a grant of £20 yearly for supplying brandy and sherry to the Kirk Sessions of the parish churches. One does not see what need there was for the Kirk Sessions to be supplied with brandy and sherry, unless perhaps in order that they might discuss Kirk matters as the ancient Scythians, we read in *Tristram Shandy*, used to debate their affairs—once drunk, that their counsels might not want vigour, and then again sober, in order that they might not lack discretion. The minority of the Perth Town Councillors, perhaps, favoured this view; moreover one of them said that "if brandy had been known in St. Paul's time, he would have included that liquor with wine as good for the stomach." Brandy, not having been known in St. Paul's time, has at least the merit that, like punch, as the *Ordinary of Newgate* tells *Jonathan Wild*, "It is nowhere spoken against in Scripture." Of course; as it is nowhere spoken of. Whiskey, however, may be said to be named, in Greek at least, if after *Ponson* we may call it *whisky*. As a national intoxicating liquor too, Scotch Presbyterians might naturally esteem whiskey more orthodox than brandy. Whiskey is cheaper than brandy too. Let us, however, suppose the majority of the Perth Town Councillors to be total abstainers, and believe that their determination not to allow the gentlemen of the Kirk Sessions



"A SHOT FROM A STERN-CHASER."

Mistress. "DID YOU 'MAKE IT UP' WITH MRS. TARRAGON" (this was the Cook, who had been very unpopular down-stairs, and had left to be married to a flourishing Greengrocer in the Neighbourhood) "BEFORE SHE WENT, JANE?"

Lady's Maid. "O, YES, 'M, WE PARTED QUITE FRIENDLY, 'MUM, BUT I SAYS TO HER, I SAYS, JUST AS SHE WAS A GETTIN' INTO THE CAR, 'EALTH AND 'APPINESS, I WISH YER, MRS. TARRAGON,' I SAYS, 'BUT I SHOULD 'A THOUGHT AS MR. BROCKLEY MIGHT 'A CHOSE A YOUNGER AND A BETTER-LOOKIN' WOMAN,' I SAYS!!!"

THE BEST MILITARY DRAWING.—Drawing your Pay.

JEWELL'S APOLOGY.—Pasta.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LANGALIBALELE.

*Monday, April 12 (Lords).—*When Parties fall out, Justice may come by its own. No such chance for a hard case as coming between a Government that is going out and one that is coming in. A Minister is so candid when

sitting on the acts of his predecessor.

LANGALIBALELE was even luckier in such a predicament than in the ardent and honest advocacy of Bishop COLenso. And then LORD CARNARVON has a head, as well as a will of his own

— and there seems no reason to doubt that when he reversed the Colonial Court's action, and recalled GOVERNOR PINE, in *re* LANGALIBALELE, and that in the teeth of Colonial feeling and opinion, he acted under coercion of his very best judgment. If *Punch* had felt any doubt about it, the sifting of the matter to-night, in the Lords, would have satisfied him. If this is the best case two such advocates as LORD GREY and LORD KIMBERLEY can make, LORD CARNARVON is a better.

(Commons.) Lewis is rapidly becoming a name of fear. All the questioning capacity of MR. DAMEY GRIFFITH seems to have become concentrated in the

Clan Lewis. What is there MR. C. LEWIS does not mean to call attention to—and does not wish to know? And now to-night O., treading on the heels of C. of that ilk, proceeded to ask MR. DISRAELI whether Prussia had not addressed a "menacing" despatch to Belgium, and what steps England would take to maintain Belgian neutrality and independence, if endangered.

MR. DISRAELI, in reply, expatiated on the superfluity of epithets. The German note was one not of menace, but of remonstrance—"friendly remonstrance" was a familiar phrase—so let us say "friendly" note, not "menacing." (By the way, isn't "friendly" an epithet, too?) "When the neutrality of their Sovereign, and not be afraid to meet Parliament."

Belgium is threatened, Her Majesty's Government will do their duty to their Sovereign, and not be afraid to meet Parliament. A personal *duello* between SIR L. PALK and SIR H. JAMES. SIR H. has held briefs in matters rising out of the Paraguayan Loan. SIR L. PALK had asked a question on the subject, conveying, as far as we can understand it, the imputation that SIR H. JAMES was trying to get out, through the Select Committee information which the Court has refused to help him to. It is inferred that SIR L. PALK's question is prompted by the financiers chiefly implicated in the Honduras Loan. People will put "this" and "that" together.

Substantial progress made in Committee on Artisans' Dwellings Bill. MR. FAWCETT, still in the sulks with the Bill, complains of the want of machinery to compel Local Authorities to build up after they have pulled down. MR. CROSS believes in Local Authorities. When Home Secretaries do take to believing, their faith is wonderful. SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW knows more about Improvement of Dwellings than MR. CROSS, or anybody in the House, indeed, and he thinks it would be well to give the Confirming Authority power to compel the Local. MR. CROSS put his foot down for his clauses, and neither MR. FAWCETT nor SIR SYDNEY took anything by their Motions.

*Tuesday (Lords).—*Justices' of the Peace qualification will have to go like other qualifications. LORD ALFHEMABLE's Bill takes the first step to its abolition.

(Commons.) MR. C. LEWIS moved that the *Times* and *Daily News* have been guilty of a breach of privilege in reporting a letter from MR. HERRAN (Honduras Minister at Paris) to the Chairman of the Foreign Loans Committee, read before the Committee but not reported to the House. MR. LEWIS explained that he took this step because this letter contained a libel on a Member of Parliament. MR. HERRAN's letter was read by the Clerk. Then followed a curious scene. It seemed, for a while, as if MR. LEWIS could find no backer. But a backer was at last found—BIGGAR could hardly have been desired. Then MR. TORRENS tried to draw MR. LOWE, and MR. LOWE would not be drawn. Then there was a fight between Ayes and Noes, and Noes all but had it; but BIGGAR stood in the breach for the Ayes, and ere the three-minute-glass ran out, the Ayes rallied, and "had it" over the Noes.

Then came MR. C. LEWIS's Rider, "That the printers of the *Times* and *Daily News* be brought before the bar of the House."

This was more serious. Nobody had the presence of mind to move the previous question.

MR. DISRAELI repeated MR. TORRENS's attempt to draw MR. LOWE—with the same lack of success. The MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON declared MR. LOWE would not be drawn.

Why, asked MR. WATKIN WILLIAMS, try to cripple the Foreign Loans Committee from behind the *Times* and *Daily News*?

Then SIR W. HARCOURT dashed into the *mêlée* "a big rough stone"—the ugly word "lobbying." Thereupon followed confusion worse-confounded. In spite of MR. BRIGHT's warning of the absurd position the House would put itself in, by calling its own organs of publicity to its bar on a charge of having used the speaking-trumpets supplied them by the House's own hand, MR. DISRAELI was ill-advised enough to vote with MR. LEWIS, and the citation of the *Times* to the bar of the House was voted by 204 to 153, of the *Daily News*



THE ULSTER.

Rebelling (to) Drump, in his new great-coat. "YAH! COME OUT OF IT! D-YOU THINK I DON'T SEE YEE!!"

by 129 to 155. There must be more in the matter than meets the eye of the outsider—for to that organ it seems as if the House had spent the evening in making an ass of itself. There, let them call Mr. Punch to the bar for that—if they like. "*Me, me adum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum.*"

SIR W. FRASER, much scandalised by the *Greville Memoirs*, wants protection for the dead from posthumous libel. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said the law gave damages for libel to the dead, if the living chose to sue for them. Would the ATTORNEY-GENERAL advise Mr. Punch to take proceedings for scandal touching on his deceased grandmother? SIR W. FRASER took nothing by his Motion, but an opportunity of speaking his mind very plainly of MR. GREVILLE and his *Memoirs*.

MR. B. COCHRANE wants our Government to withdraw from the Declaration of Paris, which abolished privateering and paper blockades, and gave to goods, except contraband of war, the benefit of the flag they are shipped under. MR. BOURKE, for Government, declined the suggestion; whereupon SIR W. HARCOURT applauded the Declaration, and Government for sticking to it; and MR. COCHRANE, against his will, had to take a defeat by 261 to 36.

Wednesday.—MR. WHALLEY was forced to put back into his hat an illegal petition from MR. SKIPWORTH, one of the four sane and educated (?) believers in ORTOK, praying that his fine of £500 for contempt of Court, which somebody else had paid, might be refunded to such imbecile somebody. Refunded, indeed!—serves him quite right.

On SIR J. LUBBOCK'S Ancient Monuments Bill, the House held high tournament—Rights of Property v. Relics of the Prehistoric. The odds are, we fear, decidedly on Rights against Relics, and this though SIR JOHN carried his Bill by 187 to 165. It is doomed to a Select Committee, and will certainly not come out of that *limbo* this Session—if ever. The matter and machinery of the Bill both want some looking into, though both its object and many of its provisions have Mr. Punch's hearty support. He has a barrow of his own which he means to offer SIR J. L. the picking of, one of these days.

Thursday (Lords).—Such a competition among their Lordships in the way of abuse, contempt, and depreciation of the DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Agricultural Holdings Bill, that Punch can't help thinking

TOO CONSERVATIVE COMMONS.

(A Cabinet Carol.)

BEHOLD a Conservative House, of a kind
Which transcends a Conservative Government's mind,
With Conservative views which to objects relate
Besides "things as they are," and beyond "Church
and State."

Conservatives see, and Protectionists too—
In their own kind of way being Liberals as true—
To protect Ancient Monuments voting, in spite
Of the lord of the soil, whose domain is their site.

What! Infringe "Vested Rights," whose defence is
a need

Above all in the pristine Conservative creed,
And for more sentimental Conservative ends?—
Save the good old Conservative cause from 'such
friends!

To a Railway, indeed, 'tis most fit that his field
Any Landlord should have on compulsion to yield,
And all schemers be chartered his ground to invade,
In the paramount interest of Commerce and Trade.

But what is the use of preserving old bones,
To moulder beneath cairns and cromlechs and stones,
Which for injury done to a man will atone
When by law you've compelled him to part with his
OWN?

Conservatives, must not thus Landlords coerce,
Except with regard to a Corporate Purse;
If proprietor's option of sale you control,
Be it only for Property's sake on the whole.

Such injustice to do private parties forbear,
That the Public may reap any profit whate'er,
Save material wealth, which makes biggest wrongs
small.

And let Great Breaches Pocket reign King over all.

A WHOLESOME REFLECTION.—The man who knows
all about drains and such like sanitary contrivances,
may fairly be ranked as a Connoisseur.

there must be more in the Bill than he had believed, for all its
seeming lack of back-bone.

(Commons.) The Budget—but first the briskest Debate of the
Session on—Heaven save the mark!—the Prittlewell Petition.

"What great events from little causes spring!"

This is a petition of the Kenealy brand, imputing corruption to the
Judges in the Tichborne Trial, demanding inquiry thereinto, and
asking, by implication, impeachment of the SPEAKER, for declaring
that such petitions are illegal.

MR. DISRAELI moved that the Petition be not received, not
because it asked for inquiry into alleged misconduct of Judges,
but because it suggested impeachment of the SPEAKER.

Now, nobody in the House, or out, wants to limit the right of peti-
tion. But everybody in the House, or out, feels that Petitions of
this kind, and from this source, are a nuisance, to be, sooner or later,
got rid of for good and all, but, meanwhile, not to be trifled with how-
ever contemptible, or laughed at however ridiculous. So the House
would not take SIR WILFRID'S advice to pooh-pooh the Petition as
"rubbish," and pass on to the Budget. MR. MACDONALD hit the
right nail on the head—aid-nail being DR. KENEALY. He was the
root of these attacks. He had given notice of his intention to move
a Resolution on the Tichborne Trial. He was here in the House
to move it. Let him move it, or for ever after hold his peace.

DR. KENEALY, after some big talk, distinctly pledged himself that
if he had sent to him any Petition praying inquiry into the
conduct of the Judges on the Tichborne Trial he would urge its
prayer for inquiry; but without such Petition, not. Incidentally
he apologised for addressing Honourable Members as Gentlemen.

MR. BRIGHT lectured the Doctor, with all his old force and fire,
but might have kept his breath to cool his porridge. The Doctor
will only move with the support of Petitions. Those who believe in
him ought to be able to send him plenty. But now the Doctor has
taken his ground, let him, by all means, be kept to it. Punch
doubts if humbug be as immortal as DRAM MILMAN thought, and
SIR WILFRID believes. So doubting, he does not despair of the
collapse of KENEALY.

COLONEL LOYD-LANDRAY exhibited to the House some daw-

drops shaken off the Lion's mane, through the columns of the *Englishman*, over his Honourable fellow-Members. Here are a few of these bright particular stars:—"Dirty dogs," "fitter tenants for a pigsty, than the House of Commons," "Low mongrels," "at their drunken dinner-tables, surrounded by persons as drunk, or ignorant, or foolish as themselves, or in their counting-houses, where they concoct the frauds by which ships are lost, and sailors are drowned, and insurance-offices pillaged, and creditors defrauded." It has been well observed by a contemporary that when the House is calling printers of newspapers to its bar, it should not forget that the Editor of the *Englishman* has a seat on its benches.

In the end, the House having refused to receive the Petition by 391 to 11, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE got the languid attention of the thinnest House that ever listened to a Budget Speech to the empty Budget ever brought forward—whereof the sense and substance is—in effect—

No Surplus;
No Taxes to be taken off;
No Taxes to be put on.

No Surplus, we say, for what is £800,000 surplus on an income of £75,000,000 but only not a deficit? And what is £60,000 Licence-duty taken off the little Brewers, but only not absolute *status quo* of taxation?

Having nothing to say about the Budget proper, SIR STAFFORD occupied his two hours and a half by developing a plan for paying off the National Debt. He proposes that, from two years hence, £28,000,000 shall be annually devoted to the Debt. By this means, he calculates that, in thirty years, with the little help of casual surpluses and terminable annuities, as at present, we may extinguish £213,000,000 of debt! Sanguine SIR STAFFORD! All *Punch* can say is, May SIR STAFFORD live to see it, and may *Punch* be there to clap him on the shoulder!

Friday—

Alas, when TOM THUMB brought his Giants to Bar, The House had resolved TOMMY's triumph to mar, So it snubbed the small hero, and cut his cock's comb, And it said to the Giants—"You'd better go home. It was all a mistake; what we wished you to tell, We can get at without you, we find, just as well."

The Kenealy Slush-pot has boiled over at last. Forced to the wall by COLONEL LOYD-LINDSAY, MR. CROSS, MR. BRIGHT, MR. MACDONALD, and MR. WADDY, the Lion tried to frighten the House by an awful hint of what would come, if, after he had made his Motion, the House negatived it. Of course, if the House wasn't frightened, he wasn't—only don't let the House say he, the Lion, had not warned it. Meanwhile the House still stands, and so does COLONEL LOYD-LINDSAY's Motion to expunge DR. KENEALY's notice from the journals on Monday—pending expunction of more of the Doctor than his motion.



HERO, IF NOT LEANDER.



BORROR the buoyant may not quite have made Boulogne from Dover, But we own his venture a sober one, now we've seen him half-seas over. If he can't exactly buoy a ton, he at least has proved he can buoy Three hundred pounds, for fifteen hours, say, if not as sound, as a man-buoy. The "silver streak" may well feel small, now it no longer able is To keep up its reputation as "*aquer dissociabilis*," With HAWKSHAW under-tunnelling, and BUSECKER and DICKY Swing-salooning and twin-shiping o'er that anything but miss sea.

But we had thought, spite of tunnel, and swinging-saloon and twin-ship, The Channel would have laughed to scorn a mere india-rubber-skin-ship. Knocked the wind out of its water-proof, made stop-cocks unavailing.

Nor, the weather once in, let him out, for any amount of baling.

So no wonder if, like Her Majesty, *Punch* felt a little nervous. When BORROR took his leap in the dark, in the Channel Sea protevous, And at starting, from the paddles of the night-tide-Dover packet, Had a narrow escape of having a hole knocked in his air-tight jacket.

He was warned 'gainst the Warne tide-way by each Pilot that that way knows; The French coast was sure, in derision, to stick Sporn's thumb to its Grey-nose; The breakers would smash his air-cells in, the currents old gooseberry playing, With his sails and paddles, would toss him up, like a drowned rat, some distant bay in,

But he would go in, if not over; and like Foreign-Loan-Stock high-quoted, Was duly inflated, rigged, sent out, and for many hours really floated, Till when it grew dark, and the pilot declined the Captain longer to lie by, He was hauled, willy-nilly, aboard the tug, stripped, rubbed down, and put to bye-bye.

Then bravo to BORROR's fifteen hours float, and the gallantry that nerved it! If he hasn't quite achieved success, he has done more, quite deserved it. And may his next essay—if there's a next—at trans-Channel floatation, Find kinder tides, and more qualified guides to pilot the navigation.

The first day *Punch* has nothing to do, we will put on the apparatus, And though more used to blowing, than being blown, up, will let CAPTAIN B. inflate us; And if the wind keep the water out, and the rocking our brains don't addle, Not à la MACBETH our own canoe, but our own *Punchy* person we'll paddle.

And let ourselves be tossed—not in a blanket, but on the bellow; With air for fur about our coat, air for feathers in our pillow; And if we must go to sea, it shall be with a BORROR dress our trunk in, Though we trust we shall ne'er have to try it on, a shipwreck's serious funk in.

A Primitive Race.

It is pleasant to see that the Members of our Learned Societies take an interest in the affairs of the humbler ranks of their fellow-creatures. Only this last week, at the Anthropological Institute, a paper was read "On the People of the Long Barrow Period." Surely there can be no difficulty in identifying these people with the custer-mongers we see (and hear) to this day in our streets.

HINDOO DIGNITY.—Curry and Mulligatawny.—Institutes of *Mdew*.



AN ATTACHED DEPENDANT.

Lady (particularly solicitous about the Health of the Elder Mrs. Jenkins). "O—ER—CAN YOU TELL ME HOW OLD MRS. JENKINS IS?"
Butler (severely). "CAN'T SAY, MA'AM! TO TELL THE TRUTH, MA'AM, I DON'T FEEL JUSTIFIED, AS AN OLD SERVANT OF THE FAMILY, IN TELLING MY MISTRESS'S AGE TO NOBODY."

THE CARDINAL'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

HERE'S a welcome to His Amplitude, and, fair Sirs, rest you merry, New Pilgrims to St. Thomas's Church new opened in Canterbury—St. Thomas grant you his blessing, but not his fate; from that May His Amplitude's hat save His Amplitude's head, and His Amplitude's head his hat.

See the strange whirligigs of time: beneath the Protestant frown Of a Protestant Dean in a Protestant Church made out of St. Thomas's crown, Here's His Amplitude CARDINAL MANNING, red-hot from the kias of the POPE, A new Romish Church of St. Thomas, in Canterbury, to ope.

With an Archbishop, and Bishops from far more than the four sees, And mitred Abbots and Priors, of divers orders and degrees, And Monks of all colours, and Canons of different calibre and bore, And Peers by the dozen, and Baronets, and blue-blood Squires by the score,

With what Protestants call their mops and mows and mummeries of the Mass, 'Mid clouds of incense to blind, and gloom and glitter of painted glass, All in these days of BISMARCK and Falk-Laws, have met here, Catholics in this Protestant land, without let, hindrance, or fear.

It is not that we love their worship's ways, or the Shibboleths of their creed, Or believe their POPE's infallibility, or their Church's power to lead;

But that from English history one lesson we have learned, Since Protestants racked Catholics, and Catholics Protestants burned.

Which is, that Oppression never yet could stamp Opinion out, Though Persecution, often, to Faith may have altered Doubt.

So we leave St. Thomas's pilgrims free to open their church as they choose, And to put boiled peas, or unboiled, or none, *ad libitum*, in their shoes.

The worst thing they're like to suffer is a good-natured rat-tat From *Punch's* *bâton* upon the crown of the Cardinal's new red hat. And e'en while *Punch* raps, the Cardinal's free, underneath that hat, worthy man, Towards forcing belief in the POPE, like peas, to do, may *Punch* say, Vat-he-can?

SAXON CALUMNIES.

It will not have escaped the notice of a warm-hearted and affectionate, but sensitive and irascible, People, that, in the Weather Chart heading the daily Meteorological Report in the *Times*, their own native Isle of the Ocean appears from day to day marked with notes of its condition, which are mostly alternations of "Dull," "Fog," and "Gloomy." Is this the way in which the Clerk of the Observatory Weather Office dares to stigmatise, and defame, and cast his dirty diurnal alms on "the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea?" Is there not, even among the representatives of Home Rule themselves, one single Member that will vindicate the fair fame and honour of poor Old Ireland, and enliven a dull debate some evening by asking this question in the House of Commons?

Paying the Piper.

WE learn that MR. ALBERT GRANT has asked the Metropolitan Board of Works to allow a Military Band to play in Leicester Square every Saturday afternoon, and has offered to defray the cost of the band. This request of MR. GRANT's might as well be granted, as the payment of the band will necessitate no grant of public money—a grant sufficient for that purpose being GRANT himself.



TOM THUMB THE GREAT!

AS REPRESENTED BY MR. C. LEWIS IN THE RECENT "EXTRAVAGANZA" AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, ST. STEPHEN'S. (BUT THEY ROBBED HIM OF HIS GIANTS, AFTER ALL.)

THE GREAT THEATRE OF THE WORLD



TOM TRUMB THE GREAT!

AS REPRESENTED BY MR. A. L. TRUMB IN THE GREAT THEATRE OF THE WORLD, AT THE GREAT THEATRE OF THE WORLD, AT THE GREAT THEATRE OF THE WORLD, AT THE GREAT THEATRE OF THE WORLD.

CAPTAIN BOYTON OUTDONE.

Dated from No. 18c. Ed., Colney-Hatch Aquarium.



HAT you, our dear Punch, will not assist in the combination to crush me, I feel very sure. My advertisements and letters to the papers were all buried and hare'd, so that when the principal reporters should have been witnessing my glorious feat of crossing the Channel, they were assisting at the apparent triumph of my rival, who, sooner or later, will have to account to me for his possession of what was my secret. How it got out I don't know. It must have leaked out somehow. But, hush! I am surrounded by spies from the Aquarium, and my worst enemy is that wicked old Slyboots, the Eight-Footed Sea Cat, first cousin to the Cat-with-Nine-Tails, lately

come ashore and imprisoned—need I say I mean that worst of all pusses—the Octopus? Vengeance!—But to proceed.

My name is Norwood. On the Sydenham Hills my father feeds his fish—a frugal Swain, whose name may be seen on many of your admirable illustrations as the Woodcutter of Bradbury Street, and for many generations I personally have been celebrated for my inventions for saving my own life at sea, and for going into the water without getting your feet wet. Long ago, I was unanimously elected Captain of the Dover Strait-Waistcoats, and Senior Warden of the Never-sink ports. That, Sir, is the sort of man I am. I was born for the sea! Can ducks swim? I am the Dux of all the Ducks, the admired of all admirers, and, by a large and distinguished circle, I am known as "Floating FRANK of Finsbury." I have often climbed the North Pole for a leg of mutton, and I wear Seals on my watch-chain. Ireland was the land of my birth, and I have never changed it. I am buoyant, for in me, Sir, you may recognise the Cove of Cork!

My mother was in the heyday of youth and beauty, the most perfect Diving Belle ever known; and my father, peace be to his memory (he had lost his memory very early, poor thing!) was the biggest Buoy in the Harbour. He was the lad for fun! Boys and girls come out to play! He was hand and glove with the aristocracy, for he knew all the chief piers all over the world, and was an honorary member of the House of Quays.

What more can be wanted to prove my right and title to invent a life-preserver at sea? It is a simple contrivance, loaded at both ends, so that it will never sink, as long as you hold it above water; and one tap on the head of anyone you may see swimming about near you, or who you may think is coming to catch hold of you, sends him to the bottom at once. It is magnificent! Whack! and down he goes! Bedad and belay, will you tread on the tail of my diving-dress?

Well, Sir, thus armed, I defied my pursuers, and plunged into the sea at three P.M. But the point of my departure I must still keep secret, as it was so dark, that no one of the many hundreds and thousands, which you'll always see on the top of Twelfth-night cakes and sweetmeats, there assembled, could see the point at all.

I only want a few things to render my invention perfect:—

Firstly—A sufficient floating capital, necessary in all speculations. (The Venetian Blind Asylum wants to mortgage Venice on my account, as being the finest floating capital in Europe; and I have written to the Dux to thank him for his offer of his own gondola, rowed by his own Chandeliers, to accompany me on my voyage.)

Secondly—A Sinking Fund, in case of accidents, which will provide for my little buoys when I am gone.

Fourthly—A Screw, warranted quiet in harness, for the Captain's gig.

Fifthly—Something else, I don't know exactly what, but with power to add to its number.

At Two A.M. I began by warming the sun. When it was heated up to my temperature, I shook hands with myself and stepped in. "Bravo, CAPTAIN LIFE BUOTON, R.N.," by N.E.," they shouted,

and in another moment I was paddling away at the rate of sixty sailor's knots an hour (Fahrenheit) towards the coast of France.

I was stuck all over with fireworks and sea-kale, and sent up a bouquet of night-lights and rockets every other minute, while with my left hand I turned the handle of the floating barrel-organ, filled with all the tunes of all the operas. That's why they won't be able to bring out anything new this season. All my clothes were reversible, so as to be ready for returning. I appeared first as Pickwick, then as Rolla and the Child, then as the Fair Maid of Perth, then as Go-diver (an original idea of my own), and finally as a portrait of several gentlemen not mentioned in the Catalogue.

The youngest son of a Baronet offered to accompany me, but I declined, with tears. A choir of swimming boys, as members of the surplus population, accompanied me, dressed as Tritons, in Mac-konockie maskintoshes, and blowing conchs and South Sea bubbles.

It was a splendid sight. Rockets in all directions, catenine-wheels, blue lights, Bengal tigers, banjos, accordions with phosphorus whirling through the air, and myself, in my own patent dress, calmly sailing, like a nautilus, with one of CHRISTIE AND MAXSON'S largest Sails tied to my larboard foot, while another was fixed to the great toe of my port foot, as a first-rate cure for the gout. Away!

I steered by my own compass, which is two notes within the octave of St. Stephen's, Westminster, and should have won my wager in the appointed time but for the interruption of Villains who seized me at the last moment, and, in spite of my vigorous resistance, made with a sharp pew-opener in one hand, and my explosive gaseous life-preserver, charged with Seidlitz powder, in the other, I was captured and forced to return to the Secret Aquarium, where I am now held in duress, and only manage to send this off secretly by the first cousin of the late Talking Fish, who married the Whistling Oyster, and who is going up to town for a holiday. Publish this to the world, but do not tell that you received it from a victim of persecution, who signs himself

Everest yours,

To Admiral Punch.

THE COVE OF CORK, OR THE
REAL OUR TITUS!

SHOOTING IN ALL SEASONS.

WANTED a sufficient Essay on shooting of a certain kind; a satisfactory Treatise on Shooting Rubbish. At present Rubbish is shot into all manner of places where it should not be, especially into streams where it kills the fish, and offends the nose. In the *Times* "J. L. W." denounces a "scheme of a most abominable kind on foot to defile and render unlovely for ever" the Valley of Mickleham, which he describes as "this most charming of English valleys." He says:—

"This ill-advised scheme is to convert the valley into an outlet for the sewage of the town of Dorking, to spread the odious refuse of that town over the fair meadows that now make a delightful field-way to Mickleham, and which then could be so no longer."

The originator of this scheme, Mr. FREDERICK BUCK, explains that the sewage of Dorking already pollutes "the scanty waters of the Mole," which partly subterranean river runs "beneath the 'beautifully wooded hills' referred to." Mr. BUCK also pleads that—"The 'Mickleham Valley' would not be turned 'into a sewage farm,' but only about twelve acres of it." Only! Twelve acres of the most charming of English valleys is no small portion of a little Paradise to deform by transforming it to a sewage farm. If possible, Rubbish ought not to be shot here; but then neither ought it to be shot into the Mole. At present there is nothing for it but to defile the water or manure the land, and the question is how and where else than on the one or into the other is the rubbish to be shot?

Progressive increase of population implies progressive increase of rubbish. On the limited area of a little island such progress must necessitate the shooting of rubbish into every open space and fluent outlet, and ultimately the conversion of the country into a rubbish-heap intersected with drains, unless some clever fellow shall discover some method of shooting rubbish by means of chemistry into something good or useful—manufactures, or food, or perfumes—or of shooting it away. Or else we shall soon be plagued worse than the Egyptians were, and loathe to walk on the land as well as to drink of the river.

At present, Cremation is the only way of inoffensively shooting rubbish. It certainly shoots rubbish dead. Given all sorts of rubbish, the problem is, how to shoot as much of it as we cannot utilise inodorously into the air. Whoever shall demonstrate this, ought to be handsomely rewarded.

PARLIAMENTARY FINANCE.—The Disorder of the Day—Dr. KENNELLY'S Notice of Motion.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND BLOWS NOBODY GOOD."

THE FAMILY BUDGET.

A MEETING was held in the library of the mansion belonging to JOHN SMITH, Esq., on Tuesday last, to consider the annual financial statement of MRS. SMITH. MR. SMITH occupied his usual chair, and MRS. SMITH was accommodated with a seat on the sofa. Amongst those present were the MRSSES SMITH (4), JOHN SMITH, Esq., Jun., and MASTERS TOMMY and HARRY SMITH. CHARLES DASHLEIGH, Esq. (nephew of MRS. SMITH), was also in attendance.

MRS. SMITH opened the proceedings by explaining that the holding of the Meeting had been strongly opposed by the Chairman (MR. J. SMITH). She regretted to say that she had been compelled to resort to force to gain admittance. ("Shame!") But skill had overcome power. ("Hear, hear!") The library fire had been purposely allowed to expire; and when the Chairman rang for fresh fuel, an entrance had been secured under cover of the coal-scuttle. (Cheers.) However, there they were; and they were well satisfied to let matters rest. She would explain as briefly as possible the position of affairs. This year the grant for Millinery would have to be materially increased, as trains were growing longer and longer day by day. Moreover, full evening dress was beginning to be worn again at the Opera. Meat was never dearer, and, in spite of the "Stores," grocery of all kinds was excessively expensive. The Meeting would remember that twelve months since an additional grant had to be made to pay for the brougham; but this sum would not be saved this year, as it had already been expended in purchasing a box at Covent Garden. ("O! O!" from the Chairman.) There was also a great increase in the item, "&c." Last year "&c." amounted to £874 5s. 6d.; this year "&c." had increased to £1,202 4s. 7½d.

The CHAIRMAN said he would like to have a list of the items included in the term "&c."

MRS. SMITH had no doubt but what he would. (Laughter.) She could only say that "&c." meant lots of things. ("Hear, hear!") For instance, the children's schooling, bouquets, subscriptions to the Circulating Library, and, in fact, a lot of other things she could not remember at the moment. It saved a great deal of time and trouble to put the things down in a round sum. ("Hear, hear!") To meet this expenditure, she looked, as usual, to the cheque-book and

MUSICAL REVIVALISM.

GOOD MR. PUNCH,

I HEAR that one of MR. SANKET's hymns is now being whistled in the streets, which I take it is the height of musical popularity. Perhaps it may be through his influence that a street-organ while I write is actually performing the "Hallelujah Chorus!" Fact, Sir, on my honour! Within my hearing at this minute (which is, to speak minutely, the twenty-second past the hour of four on Friday afternoon), the grandest work of HANDEL is being played, in a small way, by the turning of a handle! Am I to give my thanks to MESSRS. M. & S. for this amazing treat? As instruments in their good cause, are the Revivalists beginning to convert the barrel-organs? Is Christy, about to be superseded by Christian, Minstrelsy?

I remain, Sir, Yours, as MRS. GAMP would say,

A FOX'S MARTYR.

P.S. (Half-past Four.)—The barrel-organist has finished the "Hallelujah Chorus," and, by way of a neat sequel, has struck up "La Mandolinata."

Ortonism and Orthography.

IT was announced the other day that MR. WHALLEY, in the House of Commons, would "call attention to the petition signed by ANTHONY BIDDULPH and others, praying for a free pardon to CASTRO *alias* TICHBORNE." Is there not one BIDDULPH whose name ORTON *alias* CASTRO was reported to have written BIDDUP—thus seeming to confound, with a slight mistake in spelling, an aristocrat with an auctioneer? Apparently MR. BIDDULPH is a gentleman of education, and bears no malice.

Inevitable.

IF FORSYTH opens to spinsters
The House of the Nation,
What else can we have
But Mis-representation?

banking account of MR. SMITH—the gentleman now occupying the Chair. (Cheers.)

MISS SMITH complained of the small grant allowed for pin-money. False curls had greatly increased in value during the past year, and really the sum she received scarcely sufficed to pay the bill of the hair-dresser. She must have some more money, to avoid appearing in the character of "a perfect fright." ("Hear, hear!")

The MISSSES ANGELINA and LAURA SMITH corroborated the statement of their elder sister.

MR. SMITH Junior said he must have an additional fifty pounds a year allowed to him, as flowers in the button-hole were coming into fashion again.

MR. CHARLES DASHLEIGH said he had looked in on the chance of his uncle being able, or, rather willing, to do something for him.

The CHAIRMAN was understood to say that he was neither able nor willing to do anything for his nephew—an announcement that was received with much cheering.

MR. CHARLES DASHLEIGH observed that, after that statement, he need not stay any longer. ("Hear, hear!") He would merely add that he had always managed to live at the rate of £2000 a year, on an income something under £200. How he managed to do this was as great a mystery to himself as it was to the rest of the civilised world. The speaker then withdrew.

MRS. SMITH said, that the business of the Meeting being over, she merely had to ask the Chairman for a cheque. (Cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN, after observing "What must be must," (a remark which caused some merriment), retired from the Library, avowedly to get his cheque-book, which he said had been left in the Dining-room.

After waiting patiently for half an hour for the return of the Chairman, the Meeting ascertained that that gentleman had treacherously left his home for his Club.

Upon this discovery being made, the Meeting passed a vote of want of confidence in the absent Chairman, and separated angrily.

When our parcel was made up, MR. JOHN SMITH was still dining.

HORATIAN MOTTO FOR CAPTAIN BOTTOM.

"ILLI rubber et ses triplex
Circus pectus erat."



PRICE FOR AGE.

Mr. Green. "YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID OF THAT GLASS OF WINE, UNCLE. IT'S THIRTY-FOUR PORT, YOU KNOW."

Uncle. "THIRTY-FOUR PORT!—THIRTY-FOUR FIDDLESTICKS! IT'S NO MORE THIRTY-FOUR PORT THAN YOU ARE!"

Mr. Green. "IT IS, I CAN ASSURE YOU! INDEED, IT'S REALLY THIRTY-SIX; AND THIRTY-FOUR IF YOU RETURN THE BOTTLES!"

A SALVO TO SALVINI.

PUNCH is rejoiced to see that a representative body of the London Actors lately made express application to the great Italian Player, now displaying his art for London's behoof, to give a morning performance of *Othello*, at which they could be present. SALVINI answered the application with an Italian's courtesy, and an artist's feeling with his fellows. Remembering how, when PUNCH was young, an illiterate English mob once howled and hoisted a French company from the stage of Drury Lane; and how, when the noblest Actor of his generation, WILLIAM MACREARY, published a protest against the cowardly outrage, in which he associated his brother Actors with himself, a large body of those Actors disclaimed such association, and denied WILLIAM MACREARY's right to speak for more than WILLIAM MACREARY—PUNCH cannot but rejoice in the present indication of a larger and less "porochial" spirit of appreciation.

The actors who had the good fortune to see SALVINI on Monday, have seen a great artist, in the ideal sense of the word—one whose art "in the very storm and whirlwind of his passion, can beget a temperance that gives it smoothness;" whose voice keeps its music even in rage or agony, and whose action can be graceful, even in its moments of utmost vehemence; and this without forfeiture of force, or sacrifice of truth. It is of secondary importance whether or not those who hear SALVINI understand Italian. They are sure to know the text of *Othello*; and SALVINI's look, tone, and gesture speak the universal language.

They must have marked the breadth and calmness of his style, the self-restraint that never betrays effort, and the grandeur resulting from this element of large effect. They will have seen how superior to points and petty tricks and clap-traps he is from first to last; how completely the Moor, steeped at first in the stately Oriental calm that almost looks like languor, till love lights in his eye and mantles in his face, or doubt begins to torture, and some of wrong gathers and glows to fury, and a rage, far more terrible

and unsparing than a wild beast's, works to madness in his brain. They cannot have failed to note how terrible *Othello* is always, when roused to self-assertion even by short and sudden passion; and how the possibility of the last scene is already shadowed forth, when he breaks upon the wassail brawl at Cyprus; how his love differs from the love of a Western lover, at once fiercer and less deferential, yet how inexpressibly full of protection in the earlier scenes, and how hopelessly ruthless in the last.

Only one defect they must have felt as a set-off to all this excellence—the over-vehemence of *Othello's* final agony, where SHAKESPEARE has indicated a heart-broken calm; and, above all, they must have longed to turn away from the death-scene, as at once false to the text, and beyond the limits of art in its realistic horror. But some points of this we hear that this great Actor—who in SHAKESPEARE'S own country and on SHAKESPEARE'S own stage should not be above taking a hint on the acting of SHAKESPEARE—has already corrected. It is to be hoped that these are such points of offence as the hacking and hewing at the throat, instead of the sudden single stab; and the substitution of the hideous strident noises and quivering limbs of death, resulting from division of the great vessels, for the swift, and untroubled sinking that follows on a stab home to the heart.

These last passages of SALVINI'S performance excepted, it may be said, with the profoundest respect for the great Actor who last passed away from among us—leaving a title to respect strengthened by every word of his that has seen the light since his death—that London has seen no such *Othello* as SALVINI in this generation. And none who wishes to know the highest expression of ideal tragic acting should fail to see this famous Italian Actor, only now revealed to London.

With such an Actress as RISTORI among the women of the Italian Stage, and such Actors as SALVINI, and before him MODENA, among its men, who shall say that the glory of Italian Art, in this field at least, has departed, or will depart while they are spared to it?

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI MALUM.

THANKS, SIR WILLIAM FRASER! 'tis now-a-days daring To protest against slander, though false as unsparing: Death gives men the power in our weakness to revel, And courtiers and kings are still cursed with their GRIVILLE.

The publisher's gold is still ready to glisten, For the memoirs of all who can libel and listen: Cads like to see great ones brought down to their level, And there still is safe sale for the smudge of a GRIVILLE.

Yes, safe as *Burke's Passage*, the British snob's Bible, Is a salaried eavesdropper's post-humous libel: But then there 's the question, "How deep is the evil That the antidote carries, of authors like GRIVILLE?"

Athletic Sports for Ladies.

JUMPING at conclusions.
Walking round a subject.
Running through a novel.
Skipping dull descriptions.
Throwing the hatchet: and, during the holidays,
Boxing the ears of troublesome younger brothers.

RITE AND WRONG.

THE practices of the Ritualist parsons are calculated seriously to mislead and delude the ignorant masses. It is probable that there are many uneducated persons who fully believe that Ritualism is another word for what they often spell riteousness.



MENS CONSCIA.

Inspector (who notices a backwardness in History). "WHO SIGNED MAGNA CHARTA?" (No Answer.)

Inspector (more urgently). "WHO SIGNED MAGNA CHARTA?" (No Answer.)

Inspector (angrily). "WHO SIGNED MAGNA CHARTA!!!"

Scapegrace (thinking Matters are beginning to look Serious). "PLEASE, SIR, 'TWARNT ME, SIR!!"

ROOKS, PIGEONS, AND HAWKS.

(On the summons to the Bar of the House, for Breach of Privilege, of the Times and Daily News, on Friday, April 16.)

"In spite of the lobbying which is going on outside to prevent inquiry into frauds which are a disgrace to any commercial community . . . the object of this Committee is to do away with the Rookeries of the commercial classes."—SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, April 13.

WITH YOU, SIR WILLIAM, Mr. Punch agrees,

But rather hopes than sees
A chance from Roguery's foul breath to clear
The Civic atmosphere.

From gambling sprung, why should the Stock Exchange
Its easy-going ways wish to derange,
And lend its hand to probe of stern inquiry,
With JAMES and LOWE to thrust it, keen and wiry?
When, but for such too pertinacious prying,
The game's so gainful, "easy," too, "as lying."
When, given the cheek, and the Exchange manipulator—
For his own lion's share, of course, a stipulator—
A bankrupt state needs but the pluck to borrow
Millions, and sack the swag, and know no sorrow;
Issue its loans at any price thought proper,
Nor pay, with all its brass, a single copper.

The Rook is high-priest of Gold's great religion,
But let us shield the Pigeon;
Do our poor best to save accounts from cookery,
And flutter each Rogue-Rookery!
That is the thing to do, and we must do it,
Or England, that has rued, yet more will rue it,
Gold breeds no healthy life-blood in the nation,
That trusts less to hard work than speculation,

Whose hardest-working swarm's the one to stock its
Combs from the nectaries of noodles' pockets.

The House of Commons must its rules defend,
Though handles now and then to fools they lend.
But this a breach of privilege! Whigs and Tories!
O tempora! O mores!

Praise Times and Daily News for their protervance—
More honoured in such breach than nice observance—
And bid them, not as penitents, to your bar,
In white broad-sheets to stand,
But as recipients of more thanks, by far,
Than DIZZY's arts command.

True: Money's money: wide as Members range,
They shrink before the bubble-growths of Change,
And treat with awe (poor Pigeons though they pity)
Rooks better known than trusted in the City.
But in the Lobby when those Rooks come cawing,
Weaker M.P.'s in hopes of overawing,
"Up, Hawks, and at them!" and no mercy show,—
Fly high, my JAMES, and you, my BOB, fly low!

A Synonym.

(Dedicated to the REV. H. P. WRIGHT, Senior Army Chaplain.)

BISHOP PIERES CLAUGHTON, the new Chaplain-General—The wrong
man in the (W)right place.

THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

It might be supposed that even Nature had become a confirmed
Ritualist, judging from the persistency with which the wind main-
tains the Eastward position.

"ARE YOU A MASON?"



ANY persons may attempt to imagine, but few, we believe, are correctly informed of the extraordinary precautions that will be taken to prevent the intrusion of any unauthorised person into the Albert Hall on the day of the Installation of His Royal Highness the Grand Master. Each Mason, as he arrives, after being blindfolded and shod with carpet slippers, will be required to produce his certificate of baptism, calling card, photograph, and handkerchief marked with his name in full, together with a specimen of his ordinary handwriting and signature,—all countersigned by his

Lodge, and duly attested by two Justices of the Peace for the town or county in which he habitually resides. He will then be adjured to bare his right arm, to prove that it is branded with the letters which denote his rank in the Craft; and having passed this ordeal, and shown that his name is written inside his hat, his claim to be present at the ceremony will be put to no further test.

Any attempt at imposture will be instantly punished by the removal of the offender from the inside of the Hall to the outside of the roof, where he will be left with a bottle of

Apollinaris Water and all the best works on Masonry, but without food, firing, or the means of smoking, until the conclusion of the ceremony. Should he prove refractory, CARDINAL MANNING will be sent for. When the Installation is over, the erring man will be tried and sentenced by a tribunal composed exclusively of G.A.'s (Grand Aprons) and P.G.A.'s (Past Grand Aprons), but their finding will not be made known until the National Gallery has been rebuilt.

When all the brethren are assembled, the doors will be locked, barred, bolted, and hermetically sealed, the keyholes carefully plugged, and two Master Masons posted as warders at each entrance, armed with drawn swords and loaded revolvers, and carrying fog-signals in their pockets, to be exploded in the event of any attempt being made to interrupt the proceedings in the arena.

Previous to the Installation, a party of the brethren, carrying safety lanterns and alarums, will thoroughly search every nook and corner of the Hall, including the cellars, the velarium, the ventilators, the roof, and the pipes and bellows of the great organ; and will look under the seat of each chair and behind the curtains of all the private boxes, to satisfy themselves that no person is in the building except those who have a right to be present.

Strange rumours are current as to the enormous sums which Ladies have expressed their willingness to bestow on Masonic charities, if they might only be permitted to view the proceedings from an aperture in the roof of the Hall. For further information respecting Freemasonry, its signs and secrets, its insignia and rites, and its excellent dinners, consult the works of SARCHONATHON (the cheap edition), TRISMEGISTUS THAUMATURGUS (the reprint in a popular form), RHADAMANTHUS, HERMESIANAX, or PYTHAGORAS, and go early to the British Museum, as these authors are, at this momentous crisis in the history of the Craft, in great request.

UN SUCCÈS DE STEAM-(ENGINE).—Sir Roger de Coverley.

KENEALY'S "DUNDROP."—Below notice.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ORIGIN affairs occupied the Lords (Monday, April 19th). Lord STRATHEDEN wanted to teach Austria how to make her commercial treaties, and was politely snubbed, from both sides the House, by LORD DERBY and LORD GRANVILLE. LORD RUSSELL called attention to the late passage of letters between BISMARCK and Belgium. *Laudari a laudato* is an ancient felicity. To be lectured on

letter-writing by a letter-writer is an honour hardly so likely to be prized, at least by PRINCE BISMARCK. The *Complete Letter-Writer* of a past generation hoped Germany had not been asking Belgium to curtail the liberty of the Press. LORD DERBY hoped not. (PRINCE BISMARCK's first note had been happily described by MR. DISRAELI as "friendly." So, he had been assured by the German Ambassador, was the second.) Two negatives may be equivalent to an affirmative, but can two kisses make a kick? LORD DERBY thinks not. So *Punch* would like to think. But some kisses are so like kicks.

LORD LAUDERDALE wants playing at soldiers at public and national schools to be turned into soldiering in earnest, in hopes the boy's drill may be father of the man's. DARWIN says the progress of the race is in the other direction—from man-drill (anthropoid)—to man—not from boy-drill to man-drill.

The Commons took a series of what MR. COOK calls "personally conducted" excursions into regions the House has lately been travelling too much into under the experienced conduct of MR. KENNELLY.

First, MR. MONK wanted to know when CAPTAIN BEDFORD PIM was going to have it out with MR. REED. CAPTAIN P. said he would fix the fight for Tuesday, the 11th of May. MR. REED said he didn't mind how soon. It amused CAPTAIN PIM, and wouldn't hurt him. As to delay, CAPTAIN PIM had been studying the noble art of self-defence lately—not a bad preparation for a "mill," but which quite explained his delay in fixing the fight to which the gallant Captain had challenged him.

DR. KENNELLY asked for a Government night for his "postponed" motion on the Tichborne Trial. MR. DISRAELI said it hadn't been "postponed," for it had never been brought on. (MR. *Punch* begs MR. DISRAELI's pardon. What is "postponed" but put off; and what has the Doctor been doing but "putting off" his Motion ever since he put on the M.P.?) Besides, how could he offer facilities for a Motion that was still a mystery.

DR. KENNELLY said it was no mystery; and after being pulled up incidentally by the SPEAKER—whom the Member for Stoke showed himself quite disposed to argue with—explained that he intended to make certain complaints about the conduct of the trial—that was parliamentary English—and in reference to certain incidents of the trial which have occurred subsequent thereto—wasn't that Parliamentary English (*Englishman's* English, at least)?—and then to conclude with a Resolution for a Select Committee or Royal Commission, whichever the House would give him.

"Then I'll try to get LORD ELCHIE to give you to-morrow—*Bis dat qui cito dat*," said MR. DISRAELI.

"Really, that's too short notice—even for DR. KENNELLY," remonstrated MR. BRIGHT.

MR. RUSSELL GURNEY suggested Friday—better day, better deed.

DR. KENNELLY said he was suffering from bronchitis. He would prefer that day week.

MR. DISRAELI said he had led the House under bronchitis all last Session, and knew what it was. However, he would give the Doctor Friday. And so it was settled.

Then MR. WHALLEY had a round with MR. BAILEY COCHRANE. "Had he not declined to present a Tichborne petition?" "Yes," MR. BAILEY COCHRANE admitted he had, by advice of the SPEAKER.

MR. BULWER read an allegation ascribed to the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE by MR. WHALLEY, and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE's contradiction thereof as "destitute of the slightest shadow of foundation." MR. WHALLEY didn't feel clear that that was a reason for withdrawing his statement.

What are "shadows of foundations" to MR. WHALLEY? There may be less things than "shadows," yet quite enough for MR. WHALLEY to base a statement upon. He had made his statement on what he had seen in the papers—corroborated by the Honourable Member for Stoke: assurance doubly sure. But he would see what he could do in the way of retraction.

MR. LOWE explained how the *ridiculous* *mus* of SIMON HEERAN's letter had crept out of the mountain of the Foreign Loans Committee into the columns of the *Times* and *Daily News*.

Then, returning at last, from its "personally conducted" evening's excursions, the House got the Artisans' Dwellings Bill through Committee, and DR. PLATTAIN dissected the Public Health Bill, which might be a consolidation of imperfect laws, but not—pace MR. SOLATHE BOOTH—a final measure. But on the general approval of MESSRS. RATHBONE, STANSFELD, S. STANHOPE, DR. LUSH, and COLONEL BARTELOTT, ("Tis not as deep as a well, or as wide as a Church-door, but 'twill serve") the Bill was read a Second Time.

In Committee on the Adulteration Bill, DR. CAMERON did a good stroke of business by striking out the "knowingly," which made convictions for adulteration practically impossible.

Thanks to the Doctor, a seller of adulterated articles is not to go scot-free till you can prove he knew there was sand in the sugar, water in the milk, and lime—or worse—in the sack.

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD MALMESBURY explained that, by eliminating two stout Assistant-Paymasters, they had found room for two thin Chaplains, in the Arctic ships.

(Commons).—MR. C. LEWIS wanted to know—(what a boy that is for curiosity!)—what MR. DISRAELI was going to do, now he had got out all about the Foreign Loans Committee's "*Ridiculous* *mus*?"

MR. DISRAELI said he wasn't going to do anything. Isn't that the rule of the Session?

DR. KENNELLY, in answer to SIMON CATECHISTERS, said he had a list of naughty Members who declined to present Tichborne



"MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY."

Husband (after the *Adagio*, to Musical Wife). "MY DEAR, ARE WE GOING TO STAY TO THE 'BITTER END'?"

petitions, but he thought it would be repugnant to gentlemanly feeling to read it. He is so full of gentlemanly feeling—the Doctor! But being pressed by a House—whom he had committed the mistake of calling "Gentlemen" the other night—it is only in the House he commits that mistake,—he read out the list of sinners, FORSTER, LORD JOHN MANNERS, BAILLIE COCHRANE, BIRLEY, and CALLENDER.

MR. FORSTER said he had professed his readiness to present a petition, if it was within the rules of the House. And the ungentlemanly House actually cheered!

Then LORD ELCHO showed up that woful and apparently hopeless institution, the British Army—and didn't he show it up! Poor Army, it hasn't a leg to stand upon—one way, by the bye, of ensuring its having no legs to run away with.

Considering the *physique* of our Recruits—or their want of *physic* rather—the short supply of men for regiments, of horses for guns, and of drivers for horses, "to send an army to the Continent would be murder of the men, and treason of the Minister." What we want is compulsion for the Militia and draughting them to the Line, and, after a few years there, back to the Militia.

COLONEL MURK's picture was even more deplorable than LORD ELCHO's:

"The fact was, the officers were growing older and older, the men younger and younger, and the result would be that while the officers would go on creeping into their graves the men would be crawling into their cradles. (*A laugh.*) [Wretches, they'd laugh at anything!] In short, if things went on as they were now going on, we should soon have an Army of men in their menage commended by effluvia in their detage."

The Doctors differed, of course.

SIR C. RUSSELL was for long service with pensions.

MAJOR BRAYMONT was all for Dépôt Centres, larger pay, and stopping recruiting for the Militia.

SIR G. BALFOUR didn't believe in Dépôt Centres. His plan was short service, and civil employment after it.

MR. BULLER JOHNSTONE was for universal service in a permanently embodied Militia.

MR. TORRIS was for a fair day's pay for a fair day's work.

MR. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN as an ex-Under-Secretary, stood up for LORD CARDWELL's plans—short service and localisation—which only want time to work well.

COLONEL BARTHOLOTT was entirely opposed to both plans, but agreed it would be madness to reverse them now.

Finally, after COLONEL MURK's Jeremiad, MR. HARDY replied frankly and sensibly, showing up the doctors' differences, and professing his determination to give the fairest trial to LORD CARDWELL's plans.

LORD HARTINGTON thanked him, and as in Leader's duty bound, said there couldn't be much wrong in LORD CARDWELL's reforms, if the holes hadn't been found out before this. The truth was, the weakness was not in the new patches, but the old garment. He thought, on the whole, recruiting was getting rather better. (Let us hope it has reached the point of "worstness" at which mending proverbially begins.)

Wednesday.—A triumph of Common Sense and Christian Charity over Intolerance and Bigotry. MR. OWEN'S MORGAN'S Bill for allowing Dissenters to hold their own services over their dead, in parish churchyards, was only defeated by 14 in a full House—248 to 234, after an excellent debate, of which the honours were worthily borne away by MR. GLADSTONE and MR. BRISTOL—*per nobile fratrum*—in such a cause. MR. BRISTOL, especially, spoke with more than a flash—with a sustained glow—of the old brightness. It seemed as if a good and great cause—the cause of Christian charity against Christian intolerance—had given him back the old life and the old fire.

Thursday (Lords).—Their Lordships quite in earnest on the Agricultural Holdings Bill, and really debating it, clause by clause, with thorough knowledge and keen interest, till half-past eleven! The Bill does not seem to have been damaged, we are happy to say, in the course of this extraordinary discussion.

(Commons). Tiebome petitions from MESSRS. WHALLEY, FORSTER, MACARTHUR, and SIR DRUMMOND WOLFF, some which could—some which could not—be presented.

In the course of Friday's catechism, MR. SULLIVAN being told by MR. DIBRAULT that he didn't mean to touch the relations of Parliament and the Press, announced his intention of "seeing strangers" every night till further notice. Of course, MR. SULLIVAN's first object is to make himself disagreeable, but *à quelque chose malheur est bon*—some good may come out of it. On going into Committee on the Irish Peace Preservation Bill, MR. BIGGAR made himself a bigger nuisance than he has been yet—and that is saying no little—by a perfectly inaudible speech, with readings, from different points of the House, which lasted from five o'clock till nine, surviving an attempt at a Count, and an unexplained attempt at a flight, arrested by SIR J. MCKENNA.

After this unconscionable quantity of Biggar boredom than has often been inflicted on the House, those unconscionable Home-Rulers insisted on adjourning the Debate for another night of it!

Home-Rule will become inevitable, if this sort of thing goes on. The Home-Rule Members had better mind what they are about, or they will be "boring" themselves out of the pleasantest Club in London.

Friday.—MR. SULLIVAN did not see strangers, LORD HARTINGTON having undertaken to raise the question as to the relations of the House and the Reporters.

Then, before the fullest House of the Session, swept forth from Mount Kenealy another *ridiculus mus*, bigger than the HERRAN letter—indeed, the biggest of which House of Commons Journals contain record. DR. KENEALY talked three hours, was most patiently listened to through a dull and rambling recapitulation of stale points in the Tiebome trial, spiced with a little fresh gossip, and was then snuffed out by 433 to 1, the 1 being MAJOR O'GORMAN. So the odds stand: KENEALY, WHALLEY, and MAJOR O'GORMAN, to all the rest of the Collective Wisdom of England. Surely that should be enough to settle even the most monstrous delusion of modern times.

To an Early Violet.

By a Practical Poet.

FAIRER herald of the ever treacherous Spring,
How can'st thou here, thou wretched little cheat?
Where wert thou raised, thou rath, preconscious thing?
No mossy bank o'er grown a flower so neat.
Glass and good gardening alone could bring
Thee here so early. Still, thy scent is sweet;
And for thy fragrance I must be contented.
You floral humbug! Why, you're only scented!



MISUNDERSTOOD.

Hopkins (on salutory thoughts intent). "PRAY, MISS JULIA, ARE YOU ENGAGED?"

Miss Julia. "'ENGAGED!' MR. HOPKINS! O, DEAR, NO! I AM GOING BACK TO SCHOOL NEXT WEEK!"

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

"SINCE KEAN, in 1858, converted the play into a pageant and a spectacle, the *Merchant of Venice* has not been so handsomely cared for by upholsterers, dressmakers, scene-painters, and property-manufacturers."

So the dramatic critic of a contemporary concludes his notice of the *Merchant of Venice* at the Prince of Wales's. This is an unpleasant way of saying that all that belongs to the externals of the play is better done than it has ever been before. When one considers how much taste, research, invention, and adaptation of means to ends goes to this result, the admission is no small praise.

To make such a series of pictures as the Prince of Wales's Management have given the public in this their first production of a Shakspearian play, entitles them at least to the credit of rare pictorial contrivance. It implies, besides, that the devisers of these pictures have appreciated the material beauty of their subject; and this can hardly be shown by a Management, or seen by an audience, without implying, and impressing, a considerable feeling for its poetry. Labour and liberality, guided by consummate taste and judgment, are shown in the selection of scenery and dresses, and in the stage arrangements generally. In that bandbox of a theatre you never once feel the stage too small for the business passing upon it. The characteristic beauty and picturesqueness of Venice, the splendour and spaciousness of Belmont, are both presented in a few yards square; and street, cortile, and hall of justice seem, by some strange felicity of arrangement, of dimensions proportioned to the crowds who fill them. All honour to Mr. GORDON, Mr. GODWIN, and Mr. BANCROFT for their respective shares in this excellent result. *Punch* remembers no more striking example of all that is excellent in scenic arrangement.

But for the cast. Mr. COGHLAN'S *Shylock* may be summed up briefly but emphatically in a distich the reverse of that once applied to MACKLIN—

"This isn't the Jew,
Whom SHAKESPEARE drew."

His performance is the most perfect example we have ever witnessed

of "how not to do it." If you want to see *Shylock* with his fire out, his fangs drawn, his poetry strained off to the last drop, you may see him in Mr. COGHLAN. The impersonation is even worth seeing for its curious infelicity, its ingenious and elaborate sacrifice of all effect.

But go and see the *Merchant of Venice* at the Prince of Wales's, the Hebrew to the contrary notwithstanding. Shut your eyes and ears, and all your critical faculties, against the Jew, but keep their full force and freshness for the enjoyment of such a *Portia*, in Miss ELLEN TERRY, as this generation, at least, has not witnessed—the most joyous and radiant, the most winning and womanly, the most graceful and genial, presentation of the lovely lady of Belmont *Punch* has ever had the delight of applauding—as intense in the tenderness and self-devotion of the part as she is arch and exquisite in its playfulness—as natural and unforced in her bye-play as she is true in the feeling, and subtle in the emphasis, with which she delivers its exquisite poetry—in look, movement, and utterance, a *Portia* worthy of SHAKESPEARE.

To see one such impersonation in a cast ought to be enough. Associated with such consummate mounting of the play (a few servants' liveries, more correct than graceful, excepted), and such well-considered arrangement of the action (except the exaggerated senility of the Duke, and the error of having *Bellarion's* letter chanted in the manner of a town-crier instead of naturally read), and with the advantage of so pretty and arch a *Nerissa* as Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON, so dignified an *Antonio* as Mr. ARCHER, so gentle and gallant a *Bassanio* as Mr. BROOKS promises to be, when he has conquered the nervousness begotten of first nights and a new public, there should be enough in the Prince of Wales's *Merchant of Venice* to overcome even the repellent power of Mr. COGHLAN'S *Shylock*. We cannot put it more strongly.

WANTED TO KNOW.

THE Winner of the Derby of 1875. (Anyone giving correct information shall receive a handsome reward.) A perfectly safe investment at fifty per cent.



WORK FOR THE NEW GRAND MASTER.

BROTHER PUNCH (*log.*). "NOW THAT YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS IS HEAD MASON, I HOPE YOU'LL DO YOUR BEST TO IMPROVE OUR PUBLIC ARCHITECTURE; AND, ABOVE ALL, THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR."

SPORT IN 1875!



AGE from a Foreigner's Note-Book.

A few dozen acres of mud. A heavy, cloudy sky. A bleak, biting wind. Leafless trees and stunted hedges. A course staked out with a cord and fences. Here and there a few hurdles, and at one end of the slushy, sodden road, a broad, break-neck ditch, half full of dirty water. So much for the scene; now for the actors.

Bipeds and quadrupeds. Bipeds—Slouching, pale-faced, red-nosed, and shivering. Men with wild, fierce eyes, eyes lighted up with the brilliancy born of a thirst for gain. Men clothed in rags, covered with mud, degraded. Some of them sullen, some of them brutally merry;

all of them full of coarse oaths, suggestive of the low tavern and the thief-haunted public-house. Hear them speak, and you will have to listen to the jests of the gutter and the blasphemy of the slums. Watch them as the "favourite" nears the winning-post, and you will see features distorted with passions unworthy of wild beasts. Look at them when a race is lost and won,

and learn that England, civilised England, is not free from savages. Here and there a creature that once was a woman, shouts, fights—all but murder. So much for the bipeds.

A few miserable horses that would not be out of place between the shafts of a bathing-machine or a country railway-omnibus. Poor animals that seem to be waiting O! so anxiously for their last race in the knacker's yard. So much for the quadrupeds.

And the sport! The broken-down horses (valued by their owners at a price that would not purchase an animal for a Hansom cab) are spurred and beaten until they break into a fright-inspired gallop. They rush along, followed by the shouts of the crowd, until one of them falls on the spikes of a hurdle, or until another seizes a back at "the great water-jump." Glorious sport indeed! Full of incidents worthy of engravings in cheap illustrated papers; full of "moments" capable of the most "sensational" handling in the columns of the "emotional" London Press. Sport worthy of the speculators who pouch the "gate-money" of the vagabonds who scream and shout as they sink in the mud surrounding the Judge's chair. Sport worthy to rank with bear and bull-baiting, with cock-fighting, dog-fighting, with that thoroughly English recreation, prize-fighting. Sport better than the rest, for it is legal. A prize-fight and a bull-baiting entails risk, but sport such as this is patronised by "society" (read the list of the Stewards), is recognised by the law!

And what is this sport? An annual carnival perhaps. Not at all—it occurs every week in some part or other of the country; every week; almost every day. "Ah, yes," you say, "there are dark spots in every country, and England is no exception to the rule. This 'sport' is the *specialité* of the Black Country—it is enjoyed where wife-beating is the fashion, and education is only to be forced at the point of the School Board? Not at all, the above picture is merely a rough sketch of a "Grand Suburban Steeple chase," or a "Race Meeting" near London!

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

The clever Cob in Harness—A Fair Trial—Its result.

Entry in Diary.—"Cold gone. Winter nearly over, but not quite made up its mind. Horrid weather lately."

Happy Thought.—Hope Spring will turn over a new leaf.

Further Entry.—"Shall try clever horse in trap to-day. He's not been out for some time."

Happy Thought.—Make MURKIN exercise him for two hours before I drive him.

MURKIN takes the order, and pretends to like the idea. They go out together; MURKIN on his back, saying, "Won, then!" and patting him. Boy stops in his work to look after him going down the lane. MURKIN is three parts Gardener, and the remainder Groom. I hope the remainder will stick on tight. If it doesn't, MURKIN will be brought back all Gardener.

CAZELL here. Thinks I'm quite right to risk MURKIN to commence with. "When he comes back," I say, "we'll try the horse in the trap."

I say "we," meaning CAZELL and myself. I do not intend to go alone. I do not know why I should feel safer with CAZELL than without, but somehow it seems to divide the danger. I keep the word "danger" to myself.

CAZELL observes, dubiously, "The horse *has* been in harness, eh?" I reply, "O, yes. There's the mark of the collar, that hasn't worn off yet."

I own this is not perfectly satisfactory to me, and it wasn't when I bought him. Still, I hadn't the opportunity of trying him then, as the gipsy would have sold him to some one else, the trap was being repaired, and the horse was, I must admit that, a real bargain. Before, or since, I have not met his equal for jumping over umbrellas and garden-seats on a lawn, and for a spanking trot with his neck arched, and his nose touching his knees. I should say for riding he is safety itself, except when he gives a kind of hitch up behind—a sort of flank movement—as though he had got on sailor's trousers that didn't exactly fit him.

MURKIN returns safe and sound. He has been out exactly two hours. He is so punctual in his return, and appears so uncommonly fresh himself, looking quite the Jolly Gardener on horseback (a good name for an inn, by the way), that I fancy a happy thought must have occurred to MURKIN, when he had once turned the corner and got out of sight, to this effect:—

MURKIN (to himself).—Master wants me to be out for two hours with the hose.

His Happy Thought.—Go to the "Blue Man," 'ave a pint myself, give 'art a pint to Jim the 'ostler, and let 'em go out a hexeroising.

MURKIN's Second Happy Thought (on returning).—Done it.

We are ready. So is the trap. The clever cob is in it—I mean in his right place, of course. CAZELL will be in it soon, and I fancy, from his manner, wishes himself well out of it. If I don't fancy it from his manner, I judge from my own feelings on the subject. Still, with a reputation to keep up before my man, MURKIN, my Aunt, and a friend who has heard me talk a good deal on the subject, I am bound to try this horse in this trap—or some trap.

It is a light waggone: seats for two in front, and a well behind, which you can get into, or out of (a great point this latter), while the vehicle is in motion. My Aunt wants to join our party. I refuse her. I feel that this is noble, manly, and self-sacrificing. In short, I have a presentiment that something is going to happen. CAZELL mounts to his seat, I to mine. With one nervous hand I take the reins; in my other the whip. I keep my eye on the cob, as if I were fishing, and the whip were my fly-rod.

(Happy Thought, for Note at another time, not now.)—Spare the rod and spoil the stream. Think it out, and put it epigrammatically.

"You'd better," I say to MURKIN, with the air of an old horse-breaking hand starting in a break from some well London Livery Stables, "you'd better run at his head for awhile—at first."

CAZELL holds on by the rail at his side. I see him. I also notice that he draws his knees in, as if for a spring out on the first opportunity. Odd, I feel far less nervous when driving, myself, than when sitting by a driver. I appreciate CAZELL's situation. There's some excitement for the driver; there's only anxiety for the passenger. CAZELL is silent; it evidently occurs to him that he had better not distract my attention by telling me (as he otherwise would inevitably have done some time ago) "what I ought to do." He clearly considers it better not to speak to the man at the wheel.

Anything but a Happy Thought.—I may be the man under the wheel, before we've done.

The horse goes capitably. No objection to harness; no objection to the sound of the wheels behind him; no objection to MURKIN at his head, but can do perfectly without him; his nose is well down towards his knees, his neck arched, he is warming to his work; and stepping along to a sort of steady common time, only slightly increasing in pace, which would take us along anything like a level road at the rate of twelve miles an hour. So far—that is after half



RAW MATERIAL.

(WHAT LORD ELCHO SAYS OUR RECRUITS HAVE COME TO.)

a mile of this, and safely round a corner—(Happy Thought.—No objection to corners)—I say to MURGLE, "You can jump in behind." He does so without our relaxing speed. I like this, because I have a notion, that, if once checked in his career, he might decline to start again on the same pleasant footing we are on at present. We breathe again. CAZELL's legs come out, and stretch themselves freely; CAZELL's hand gives up its hold of the iron railing; and CAZELL's eyes begin to enjoy the country. CAZELL will soon be so much at home, that he will be giving me advice as to "what I ought to do."

Happy Thought.—He can't, after this exhibition of superiority and skill, give me advice as to driving. MURGLE will fill the surrounding villages with tales of his master's pluck. I shall have established a horsey reputation. But it is gratifying to know that I have got here a real right-down bargain both for riding and driving. CAZELL pulls out a cigar-case.

"I was a little nervous at first," he says, pleasantly.

"Well," I admit, "I wasn't quite certain about him. That's why I wouldn't let my Aunt come. Women fidget, and make one so nervous."

"O yes they do," CAZELL replies, pulling out a Vesuvian.

I stop him. I think he'd better not strike it yet; it might startle the horse, who's going on uncommonly well just now. CAZELL defers smoking, under protest.

"Why," says he, "you might let off cannons in his ears, he wouldn't mind."

"Well, MURGLE," I say to him in the well behind, "if he always goes up-hill like this, and can come down-hill safe at the same pace, we shan't be an hour getting up to Town from my house."

"No, Sir, that we shan't," answers MURGLE, wagging his head, and appearing solemnly surprised at finding himself still in his place uninjured.

We are going up a hill beautifully!!! It is quite a pleasure to sit behind him!! And, as he is the surest-footed beast possible, coming down the hill on the other side will be simply perfect!! Bravo! I am in luck!! I wouldn't part with this horse not for a hundred pounds!! This is a bargain!!

We are on the summit.

I say to CAZELL, cheerfully, "There's rather a sharpish pitch

here"—meaning that the decline is very sudden, and that he mustn't be astonished if, with such a magnificent stepper, I take this opportunity of showing him how "he ought to go down-hill."

Down the "sharpish pitch."

A rumbling of wheels—the trap slipping forward on to the horse's back—a tremendous whack on the dash-board in front, as if it had been attacked with a sledge-hammer—sudden flash of supposition that this blow must have come from the horse—supposition becomes conviction on the unexpected and awful appearance of the hind-quarters of the animal high up in the air, then of two apparently gigantic hoofs, whose size seems to have been exaggerated by a hundred magnifying-glass power!! Bang! bang!—dash-board gone—heels higher up than ever—reins anywhere—whip nowhere. I hear my own voice, as if it were somebody else's, shouting wildly, "MURGLE!! get out behind!!" Bang! bang! My knees somehow or other just escapes the enormous hoofs, which are now being flourished furiously over my head—we are swaying to the right—to the left—up like a swing. Bang! bang! Gigantic hoofs again!—rolling like a ship! I am conscious of still holding the reins firmly, and pulling him towards a ditch on the left. Bang! crash!—and, in another half-millionth quarter of a second, there comes a tremendous rattling bang—we have arrived at, so to speak, our last kick—everything gives way in every direction, and in a sort of grand final display of crackling fireworks, we are, in one sudden explosion, sent flying up, all compact at first, like a sky-rocket, then dividing, and dropped out here and there, and being conscious the whole time of gigantic horses' legs waving about, coruscating horses' hoofs, wheels whizzing, wood snapping, and glass breaking, until to all this there suddenly succeeds a moment of the deepest tranquillity, broken only by the convulsive snorting of the clever oob, who is lying on his side in a ditch, with MURGLE in a pious attitude kneeling on his head, while all that is visible of the trap are four wheels in the air.—and I take this all in at a glance as I lie on my back in the road, with a torn coat, a smashed hat, and the broken reins still in my hand; while CAZELL, also hatless, is seated on a bank, with his knees drawn up as though meditating bathing, and wondering whether the water were warm enough or not; his scared look conveying the notion of a gentleman who had been called too early for the train and wanted to go to sleep again.



THE WAY TO WOO.

Wealthy Widow (in answer to warm Fours of undying Love and Admiration). "THEN, DO YOU REALLY THINK ME BEAUTIFUL, MR. O'DOWD!—CANDIDLY, NOW!"

Mr. O'Dowd. "BEAUTIFUL! I THINK YOU ARE. NOW, PERHAPS, IN THAT OUT AND DRINK, REGULAR, AND IMPID FASHION THAT PASSES FOR BEAUTY WITH THE VULGAR HERD; BUT, O! YOUR FACE HAS A SUBLIME CHARM—A—A—AN INEFFABLE SOMETHING—A—A—A CERTAIN 'JE NE SAI KWAW,' YOU KNOW, WHICH IS FAR MORE RARE AND MORE PRECIOUS THAN WHAT THE IGNORANT WORLD CALLS 'BEAUTY'!"

Happy Thought (for ourselves).—Alive. (Same for the Horse).—Alive and still (slightly) kicking.

Shaken and shaking.

CAZELL, at my request, takes MURGLE's place—sits on the horse's head, while MURGLE, also at my request, begins to undo the harness in the vicinity of those hind legs.

Happy Thought.—MURGLE had better do this: not myself. Horse knows MURGLE, and will let him touch him without kicking him. This wouldn't apply to me. Besides, his hind legs still appear to be spasmodic.

I superintend operations. Horse not hurt. Shafts broken. One side of trap stove in. Lamps smashed. What's to be done?

Happy Thought (suggested by CAZELL).—Sit down and smoke a pipe. We do so, and send MURGLE home with the horse, while we sit and keep guard by the debris.

Happy Thought.—Lucky my Aunt wasn't with us.

CAZELL says, "I tell you what you ought to have done."

"What?" I ask, patiently.

"You ought to have tried him in a gig with high wheels, so that he could have kicked as much as he liked. You oughtn't to have tried him in that little light trap of yours."

No. I feel that, now.

One thing is certain, viz., This horse does not go in harness; or rather he does "go" in harness. If I were selling him, I think I should advertise him as a "horse, first-rate for harness on the level, and an A, 1, goer up-hill."—I should leave the purchaser to find out how to get down-hill again.

HOW TO IMPORT CATTLE.

TAKE two hundred cattle, say at Antwerp, and stow them on board a packet-boat, on deck and in the hold, as closely as possible, like herrings in a cask. Tie their heads so tightly to the ship's side that they shall be unable to move. Let them remain in this position during the twenty-four hours occupied by the passage between Antwerp and London. Keep them all this time without either water or food—at any rate without water. Even in calm weather these arrangements will answer very well, but the sea being rough will render them thoroughly effectual.

When the beasts arrive at the Foreign Cattle Market, Deptford, lose no time in getting them out of the ship, without regard to anything whatever but enabling her to reach her destination in the shortest time. Haul them up and drop them down anyhow, to fall on their legs or sides, all of a heap, as though they were logs of timber or bales of merchandise, which can feel nothing and take no harm.

As soon as they are released from the slings, let the Drivers in attendance set upon the poor brutes and prod them with sharp-pointed goads, and whack them over the most tender and sensitive parts of their bodies, the nose and legs for choice, especially the former. Pricking and beating them in this manner will make them accelerate their movements, if they are not pushing forward of their own accord as fast as ever they can. In the meanwhile, however, keep a good look-out against an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who may chance to be stationed at a point for the disembarkation of cattle, now that CAPTAIN SLOANE STANLEY, in a letter to the *Times*, has called attention to the manner of conducting it and of stowing them, as above recommended, on board ship. The acupuncture of living animals, except as a process of veterinary surgery, is likely to shock the feelings of people who deprecate even scientific vivisection.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"TEDDY TAY TILES" writes to know what rank the Marble Arch holds in Freemasonry?

Entry in Diary.—Clever cob sold to a farmer. He only wanted him for riding, and perhaps sometimes to put him in a heavy cart. I said, "He's never been in a cart, but I dare say he'd do that work well enough. He'd been in harness," I added, in an offhand manner, "before he came to me." From which I left the farmer to infer that if he'd been in harness before he came to me, so he had been in harness while he was with me; and, if so, that he'd go in harness for ever afterwards.

Happy Thought (Hamlet on horse-dealing).—"That one can smile and smile, and be a villain."

To Langalibalele.

SOME men may praise and some denounce you,
But tell me, how shall I pronounce you?
There's something of a Southern sea
In soft LAM-GALL-BALE-LÉ!
Thus spoken, "LANGA-LIBA-LÉ!"
You'd rhyme—not reason—with KENEALY;
But if in dactyls, "LANGALL-BALELE!"
O! what a wonderful rhyme to Galilee.

LIVERPOOL'S DISTINGUISHED VINTOR.—Le grand Chevalier d'Industrie.



"PRAVE 'ORDS."

Art-Critic. "DEAR BOY, HOW EXQUISITELY YOU'VE INTRODUCED YOUR COOL TERTIARIES!"

THE OLDEST SWORD.

"Another Antique which attracted considerable attention was an Assyrian Scimitar in bronze. * * The inscription assigns this fine weapon to the reign of VUL-NIRARI [Vulnere] I., thus giving it the incredible age of thirty-three centuries. It is probably the oldest dated sword in the world."—*Times Report of MR. GEORGE SMITH'S Lecture at the Royal Institution.*

ANOTHER relic from the great Bronze Age!
Lethal this time in lieu of culinary;
Fierce warfare doubtless did its wielder wage
'Neath VUL-NIRARI.

If Man's first worldly lesson was to feed,
To fight must certainly have been his second.
Some rude device to make a brother bleed
Is rightly reckoned

Among his first inventions. Every land
Hives in its dust-heaps proof more plain than print
How soon man armed his homicidal hand
With shard or flint.

But here's a choice antique which clearly shows
That when this dainty death-dealer was dated,
The art of neatly slaughtering one's foes
Was cultivated.

Since this most ancient bit of bronze was new
Three thousand years have passed—so SMITH explaineth—
The men it served are dead as those it slew,
The sword remaineth.

Still CAIN and TUBAL CAIN—*Arcades ambo!*—
Stir up and arm for strife man's murderous passion,
As they did ere the mighty QUEEN SALAMBO
Led Carthaginian fashion.

While bards will sing of war and war-drum's rattle,
TYRTÆUS, Tennyson, old HOMER, BYRON,
"Sweetness and light" make but a sorry battle
With "Blood and Iron."

Great VUL-NIRARI and his Vulcan clever
Each on Time's tablet hath engraven his mark;

Say will such posthumous glory wait for ever
On KRUPP and BISMARCK?

When thrice ten centuries again have flown
(If CLIFFORD's climax spare the world so long),
Will War and "Woolwich Infants" then be known
As themes for song?

Or if some ninetieth century SMITH should light on
A buried blade, of British make and metal,
Amidst the dust of,—Dorking, say, or Brighton,—
And strive to settle

Its date and purpose, will the world around
Be then Arcadian, or still a garrison?
And will contemporary blades abound
To court comparison?

Alas! this sword that has survived so much
Has not outlived its function; much sad history
May yet be written ere another such
Shall seem a mystery

To man unmilitant. The sword-smith's trade
Still lives, nay, gathers ghastlier glories round it,
Though ages part the smith, who forged this blade,
From SMITH, who found it.

SS. Patrick and George.

BESIDES the other Channel Islands there is a St. George's Channel Island possessing a domestic Legislature—the Isle of Man, which has a Representative Assembly of its own in the House of Keys. The Home-Rulers demand also a distinct Parliament. Thus, in fact, they want to reduce Ireland to another Channel Island, though they may boast of claiming for Ireland the Rights of Man.

A CONUNDRUM OF THE DAY.

WHEN is an Englishman not an Englishman?
When he buys an *Englishman*—or sells one.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



IVEN a Parliament out of (good) work, and we need not wonder that the noble art of tongue fence—or, we should rather say, tongue off-and-de-fence—receives substantial development. Prominent among the various forms of mischief which Satan has found for idle Members' hands to do this Session, has been the picking to pieces each other's reputations; and personal onslaught has borne its natural fruit in reerimination and explanation, *usque ad nauseam*. Punch may say of himself, like WORDSWORTH,—

"I am not one who much, or oft, delight
In personal talk—"

He has, in consequence, been much annoyed by the unconscionable quantity of personal attack and personal explanation, to the half-pennyworth of solid legislation supplied by the Session thus far. The proportion is quite as monstrous as that of *Falstaff's* sack to his bread.

To-night (Monday, April 27) LORD COLERIDGE took up the best part of the Lords' sitting in the superfluous task of defending his character against Dr. KEN-

NEALY's imputations. Let the lion shake the dewdrops off his own mane as much as he pleases; but please, my Lords and Gentlemen, do not you take the trouble of shaking the Doctor's dewdrops off your own too sensitive skins. They don't stick, and they don't dirty anything but the mane they are flung from. This is for SIR ROBERT PEEL in the Commons, as well as BARON COLERIDGE in the Lords.

MAJOR O'GORMAN—biggest bulk and best fun of all Home-Rulers, always welcome to the House, and the maddier the merrier, who ought to be re-christened "DR. KENNEALY's large majority of One"—was even greater than usual on the Peace Preservation Bill, and told some capital Westmeath "crackers," on such lively subjects as coffins and threatening letters, in his very best style. The division on the Second Reading, taken cleverly enough in the middle of dinner-time, was 153 to 69, for some English and Scotch "Intransigentes" joined the Home-Rulers. In Committee BIGGAR made himself a general nuisance as usual in motions to report progress, till the Bill was stopped at Clause 3, and the rest of the Orders were rattled through by a quarter to one.

Tuesday.—Those Gods of Epicurus, the Lords, vouchsafed a few languid minutes to Justices' qualifications, and then, headed by the PRINCE OF WALES, adjourned *en masse*—a Lords' "mass" is a mild form of the thing, low mass, in fact, rather than high—to hear CHAPLIN on Horses, in the Commons. Such a crowd of swells—home-bred and foreign!

Race-horses, you know,—and CHAPLIN up!

But there's many a slip between the speech and—the ear. BIGGAR "saw strangers" on his own account, to the intense disgust of everybody—Home-Rulers, Intransigentes and all, and actually had the galleries cleared for eighteen minutes, and might, if he had known more about the forms of the House, have had them cleared for the night, for MR. DINAKLI, who promptly moved and carried the suspension of the standing order, had no right to do so without notice, except upon unanimous vote of the House, which BIGGAR's "No" would have defeated.

This is a *reductio ad absurdum* (see Mr. Punch's Cartoon) which must bring to an end the old-standing absurdity of allowing even a BIGGAR to put out the light of publicity that shines from the Reporters' Gallery, and will, no doubt, substitute reasonable rule for an unreasonable. Who but dear stupid old Conservative JOHN BULL would have left such an order "standing" so long?

BIGGAR—would-be snuffer—snuffed out, CHAPLIN went into the woes of horse-breeders, and the alarming look-out for blue-blood on four legs, now being drained from England's equine veins by the foreigner. He suggested a penal tax on stallions, to be returned on sires proved *sans reproche*, Government stud-farms, and CORDEN's ghost only knows what alarming defiances of Free-trade and *Laissez faire*, for the improvement of our breeds, and the comforting, aiding and abetting of our breeders.

But GERRARD STURT arose, and with a light hand made "pie" of CHAPLIN's facts, and "hash" of his figures, proving that we have more horses and better horses than ever, that the breeders' best friend is the foreign customer, and that the worst thing that could befall the horse and his rider would be Government "touching a single hair, in a single tail, of a single stallion." Nothing like climax, as MR. STURT well knows, for oratorical effect.

So MR. DINAKLI aiding STURT, even the doughty Turf Champion, CHAPLIN, collapsed, and the House was Counted Out before nine. Such is the languor of this dead-alive Session! If even

Horses won't draw a House to the small hours, what will? To be sure, horses are not "personal."

By the way, MR. SULLIVAN means to move a vote of censure on LORD NORTHBROOK for his bungle of the Baroda business, and MR. MILLS means to oppose him.

Wednesday.—Scotch and all Scotch. Since the Scotch Members, as a rule, know their own minds, and settle their own business, and so enjoy real Home-Rule without talking about it, Mr. Punch has nothing to say of this sitting, but that several Scotch crotchets—SAWNEY knows of such things as well as JOHN BULL—were quickly cold-shouldered, and some hobbies hobbled for the rest of the Session in excellent style.

Thursday (Lords).—A luminous and voluminous review of the Judicature Bill, and history of the question by LORD SELWYN, hardly interesting or intelligible except for the lawyers, though clients should be materially interested in all that concerns improvement of Judicature. So we are all interested in the purity of our physis, but we don't care to intrude on the mysteries of either Apothecaries' Hall or the minor mysteries of the Chemists and Druggists. We take our black draught in faith that the Pharmacopoeia is all it should be; and so we of the laity are likely to take our Judicature.

(Commons.) After a perilous passage to the table of MR. NEWBEGATE with a Monster Roll, said to be signed by 117,663 Women of the United Kingdom, for Inspection of Convents—in which MR. FOASYTH, Q.C., champion of the Ladies, helped to bear up the Ladies' Petition, which actually burst its bonds, and like a certain famous monkey who came over in two ships, required two Members to carry it to the table—LORD HARTINGTON gave notice of a Motion for allowing Reporters to report freely, except where the House forbids them by resolution without debate, or the SPEAKER, on occasion arising, directs their exclusion.

MR. SULLIVAN, asking a question about a cock-and-bull Irish story, in ridicule of the restrictions on the carrying of arms in Ireland, was duly certified of its cock-and-bullism by SIR M. H. BEACH. Finally, the Peace Preservation Bill was fought through Committee by the Home-Rulers, clause by clause, and almost line by line, and word by word, particularly after they found a section of the Opposition to support them on some points, as on the continuance of the Bill for five years or two. On SIR M. H. BEACH conceding amendments, moved by MR. BUTT, that searches for arms should not take place between set and rise of sun, and then only in



CREMATION.

Nephew, "I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN WAITING LONG, UNCLE!"

Uncle. "ALL RIGHT, MY BOY. BEEN READING THE PAPER, AND HAD A PINCH— BY THE BY, IT'S QUEER FLAVOURED SNUFF IN THIS JAR OF YOURS, FRED."

Nephew (aghast). "SNUFF, UNCLE!—JAR! GOOD GRACIOUS!—THAT'S NOT SNUFF! THOSE ARE THE ASHES OF MY LANDLORD'S FIRST WIFE!"

presence of a responsible and duly authorised agent of the Executive, MR. BUTT was wonderfully mollified, and for the brief remainder of the evening ran with oil instead of best Irish malt vinegar. BIGGAR was with difficulty kept down during the debate.

N.B.—No more jokes on this Gentleman's name can be admitted. Mr. Punch feels some shame at their reiteration in this Number. He will never do it again.

Friday (Lords).—Breach v. Muzzle-loader—the DUKE OF SOMERSET backing one, officialism, actual and ex-, the other. *Adhuc sub judice* his est whether our bull-dogs' bark and bite be deadliest, *vid* head or tail. Government promises to keep its ordnance-eye open. WHITWORTH is said to have invented an improved breach-pnece, which won't blow out.

(Commons.) Morning and evening, Peace Preservation. Left fighting.

MR. MITCHELL HENRY gave notice of an Amendment on LORD HARTINGTON'S Motion, to postpone the subject till the House has considered the whole system of reporting. The Home-Rulers may want "taking down," but can hardly, one would think, claim to be taken down *verbatim*. Suppose we had such a thing as reporting "à discretion,"—say Punch's discretion?

Ben Trovato.

"I REALLY cannot understand," observed the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER to MONSIGNOR C-P-L, in the course of a friendly discussion on *Worship in the Church of England*, lately written by the æsthetic M.P. for Cambridge University, "why very High Churchmen do not leave us and adopt your faith."

"They can do without our Faith," replied MONSIGNOR C-P-L, "as long as they are satisfied with their HOPE."

BEHIND THE GRILLE.

(Lines on the Ladies' Gallery.)

RESCIND, no longer worth a straw,
That Standing Order—idle rule—
Which, at the word of every fool,
Compels Reporters to withdraw.

What, in the Gallery dost thou see
Strangers, thou House of Commons Ass?
Ah, strangers of another class
Are present, though unseen by thee!

But thou mayst hear them well enow
Between the pauses of debate.

Less than gallant it were to state
That now and then they make a row.
And some, perhaps, of stronger mind,
Among the cultivated Fair,
With Pressmen shorthand work might share,
And equal or excel mankind.

No Order Strangers to exclude
There stands which can relate to those.
And who such Order would propose?
Breathes there a wretch so base and rude?

Rude order, destined to repeal,
That one fool may the Gallery clear,
We fall back on those "Strangers" dear,
Behind the Grille, behind the Grille!

The Enemy at Caesar's Camp.

HONOUR to the Conservators of Wimbledon and Putney Commons. In protection of Wimbledon Common they have filed a bill in Chancery to restrain a MR. DIXON, the lessee of a MR. J. S. W. S. ERLE DRAX, the claimant of the ground, from commencing buildings on the site of Caesar's Camp. Excavations for the projected edifices were already begun, and bricks had been carted into the enclosure upon ground fenced off some time ago, several fine trees which stood on it having previously been felled. Those gentlemen, therefore, have set to work in defence of Caesar's Camp not a day too soon. Happily they have obtained an injunction to stay the invaders' operations, pending a full examination of their right. May the champions of Wimbledon Common succeed in getting that injunction made final, and in rescuing the Camp of Caesar from the hands of the Philistines.

LOSS AND GAIN.

(To be Sung to a Mason's Melody.)

WHAT of losing our grip on the MARQUIS OF RIFON?
That has turned out a happy disaster.
Now the Heir to the Throne in his stead that we own;
Of all Past Grands, Grandest Grand Master.

He who fails to evince all respect to our Prince,
Is a wretch that his Craft throws disgrace on.
From his Lodge kick him out, or conduct by the snout
That impostor in mask of a Mason.

Let the Chief of a Sect to our Secret object;
We've no mysteries hostile to reason.
With our Prince at our head, we can never be said
To foment insurrection and treason.

Let priests ban, if they choose, and denounce, and abuse,
And with heathen and heretics lump us,
Whilst the law we maintain is to live still by plane,
As by rule, and by square, and by compass.

What they like let them say—we can show them the way
That is fitting for true men to walk in;
Let them know we're the Guild that a Temple can build
On the pillars of Boaz and Jachin.

Here's a sign to the POPE, he will know it, we hope;
Tip of thumb end of nose thus we place on—
The Pontifical curse has made Masons no worse,
When it brings us a Royal Head Mason.

A REJECTED PICTURE.—The Portrait of a Gentleman (painted for the Stoke Electors), by the Editor of the *Englishman*.

THE BATTLE OF THE STEEDS.



Now glory to CHILDE CHAPLIN, a gallant knight is he;
He couched his lance in tourney—the PRINCE was there to see.
His was no tilt for temperance, or such grandmother's whim;
He came to fight for horses, who well have fought for him.
He talked in sober sadness of the mania that inspires
The foreigner to purchase our famous stallion-sires.
He told a melancholy tale of horseflesh going down,
Of Guardsmen without chargers when called to serve the Crown,
Of numerous Irish "roarers"—let's hope it isn't true,—
Although 'mong Irish Members there are many "roarers" too.
And when he ended, all men thought, if foes should come in force,
HER MAJESTY would have to cry, "My kingdom for a horse!"
CHILDE CHAPLIN of Mid Lincoln has had his heart's desire:
When strikes his shield gay GERRARD STURT, stout knight of Dorset-
shire.

Right seldom arms LE STURT to break a lance in any fray,
But when he presses to the front it is a merry day.
Ready to horse the Army was gay GERRARD in his pride;
"He built his faith on English pluck; the stranger he defied.
The breed is of a higher type, more numerous than of old,
For rich folk will have horses, and English folk grow gold.
Our horses grow even like our men: the famous stallion-sire
In about three half-centuries stands a good three hands higher.
Absurd to raise a panic; for if a foe should dare
To trouble Merry England, the horses will be there."

The Marshal of the Tournament has thrown his warder down:
"Both champions have tilted well; let them divide the crown.
About the British Army CHILDE CHAPLIN need not chafe;
Without the aid of stout LE STURT our cavalry are safe.
With such affairs the Government decline to be perplexed;
Bring stallions down to Westminster, and bulls will follow next."
Decision wise, says Mr. Punch; he's one of the deplorers,
That Irishmen to Westminster bring bulls as well as "roarers;"
He holds that England ne'er will lack good man or gallant steed,
Rifle for foe, or ship to brave all flags or seas at need:
He thinks the House had wisdom to be counted out at nine,
When the fogies went to supper, and the fast men went to dine.

Equestrian Members.

SOME surprise has been expressed that in the Debate in the House of Commons, on Mr. CHAPLIN's Resolution on the supply of Horses, neither Mr. HOBSMAN, Mr. RYDER, Mr. HUNT, or Mr. SCOURFIELD appear to have taken the slightest part. Mr. CHILDERS also might have been expected to say something about the racer. The Members for Hackney, too, were most unaccountably silent.

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

MR. PUNCH, remembering the many changes in the weather that marked the course of last week, begs to offer the following suggestions as likely to be useful during the present month:—

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

In the Morning.—The lightest gauze dresses for Ladies, and the thinnest tweed suits for Men. Thermometer 85° in the shade.

In the Afternoon.—Furs and the thickest cloaks for Ladies, Ulsters worn over great-coats for the Men. Thermometer 5° in the sun.

In the Evening.—Waterproof wraps and umbrellas for both sexes. Rain, hail, thunder, lightning, and snow. Thermometer uncertain.

AMUSEMENTS FOR MAY.

Mondays and Fridays.—Garden Parties, Games of Croquet, Flower-Shows, and Lawn Tennis.

Tuesdays.—Skating on the Serpentine.

Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.—Floating down Regent Street, Piccadilly, and Pall Mall in Gondolas.

REFRESHMENTS FOR MAY.

Meats.—Curried Meats, Poultry, and Game. Ices, Strawberries, Artichokes, and Apricots.

Drinks.—Mulled Claret, Iced Sherbet, Spiced Ale, Cider and Brandy, and (boiling) Water.

THE THEATRES FOR MAY.

Covent Garden.—Opera three nights a-week. Grand Christmas Pantomime on the off-nights.

Drury Lane.—Opera, SIGNOR SALVINI, Skating on Wheels, and Promenade Concerts.

Lyceum.—*A Midsummer Night's Dream* on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and, during the rest of the week, *A Winter's Tale*.

FURTHER HINTS FOR MAY.

Taking a Walk.—People leaving their houses during this trying season of the year should be careful to avoid sunstroke or freezing. To cure the first apply ice, to prevent the last cover over the part attacked with the frost by snow. On hot days wear felt helmets, as in India; on cold, fur caps, as in Siberia.

The Garden.—On cold days it will be as well to cover over even the hardiest plants with straw, cocoanut-matting, &c. When the glass begins to rise, orchids and other exotics may be safely exposed to the sultry breezes of the summer's night.

Yachting.—Persons disliking a sudden change of temperature can scarcely do better than by taking a cruise, the course of which should be bounded on the north by Greenland and the Arctic Zone, and on the south by the West Coast of Africa.

Motto for the Month of May.—"O, what a time we are having!"

Advice to those About to Hear Salvini.

Be prepared with six eyes—two for the Stage, two for the Italian, and two for the English of the book.

Or, if you have only one pair, and prefer to keep them for the Stage, dispensing with a book yourself, take your seat immediately in front of a party, ranging from four to six individuals, with one book between them, the owner acting as interpreter. By this means you are likely to hear the text and translation of *Othello* extensively discussed, and, if at all of an irritable nature, may carry away enough of it to last you for some time.

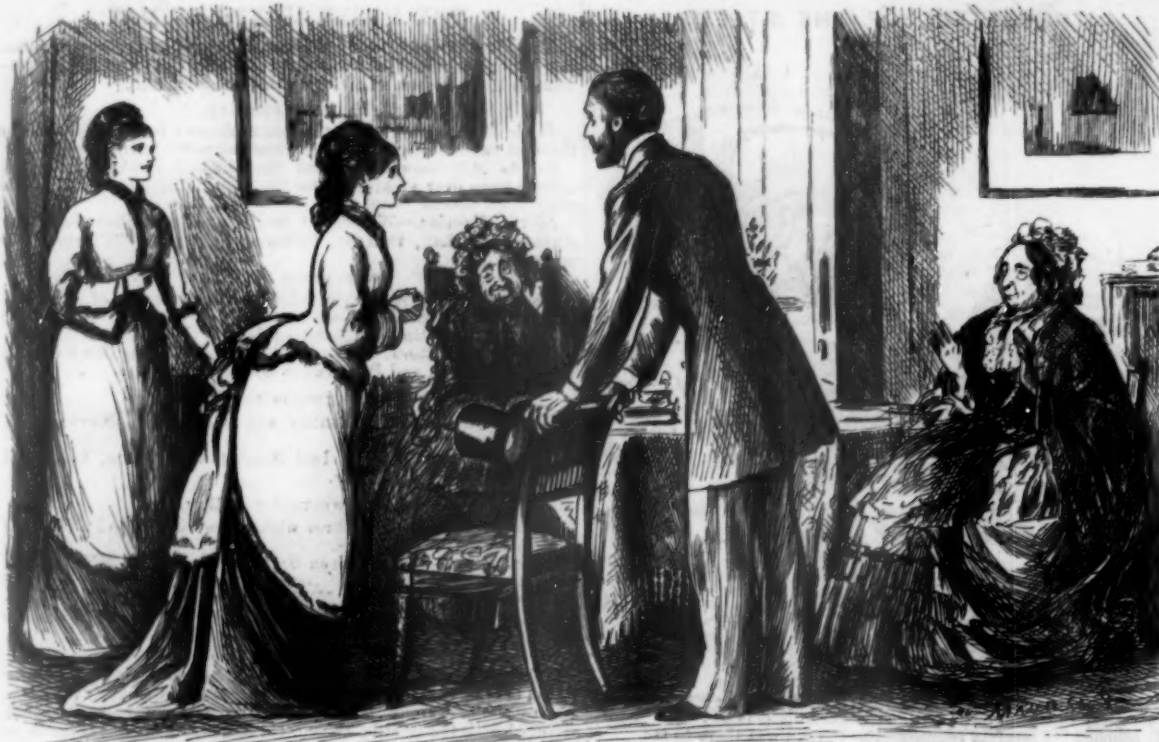
Clothing the Naked.

Of much interest both to Bishops and Incumbents has been a recent long-contested action on *Quare impedit* touching the BISHOP of LINCOLN's right to refuse to institute the REV. MR. WALSH to Great Coates, which he claimed as his own, and which Great Coates the Bishop set up a right to. LORD COLERIDGE has at last delivered judgment against the Bishop's right to the Great Coates in question; and has ordered him to hand them over to MR. WALSH, and besides, to pay the costs of the "whole suit"—to which said Great Coates belonged.

SOMETHING LIKE LOGIC. (SEQUEL TO "NOTHING LIKE LOGIC.")

"Ar, we're a down-trodden set, we working men and poor folks. There's the Claimant:—He would have got his rights long ago, if he had not been a Butcher's son."

A SUGGESTION TO THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT.—Would it not be a graceful compliment to the Imperial Chancellor to call the two-mark piece in the new currency a Bismarck?



A TRAGEDY IN PRIVATE LIFE.

Miss Lily. "A BOX FOR SALVINI FOR TO-NIGHT! O HOW KIND OF YOU, MR. LOVELL! UNFORTUNATELY, MAUD AND I ARE ENGAGED, AND MAMMA IS AWAY; SO WE SHALL NOT BE ABLE TO GO WITH YOU—BUT GRANDMAMMA AND AUNT TABITHA WILL BE DELIGHTED TO TAKE OUR PLACE!"

[Grandmamma and Aunt Tabitha express their delight. The room turns round—Mr. Lovell's head swims—all his presence of mind forsakes him—he leans on a chair for support.]

IN THE PRESS.

To avoid any further collisions between the Representatives of the Press and the Members of the House of Commons, the following suggestions will probably be adopted in future at Westminster.

Suggested by MR. DISRAELI.—That Reporters shall submit Speeches delivered by the present FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY to the Government Whip before publication, so that henceforth the "laughter" may be inserted in the reports at the proper places.

Suggested by the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.—That reports of Speeches delivered by Liberal Members be submitted, before publication, to "the Natural Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition" for revision and curtailment.

Suggested by the Whole House.—That Reporters be rigidly excluded when MR. BIGGAR commences a speech.

Suggested by the Home-Rule Party.—That Ladies (as was the case on April 27) be exempted from any resolution causing the House to sit in camera, as the Darlings (Heaven bless them!) know so well how to keep a secret.

Suggested by MAJOR O'GORMAN.—That Speeches of Irish Members of a tragical character shall not be reported, in future, in a spirit of Saxon levity.

Suggested by 433 Members of the House.—That, in future, the Junior Member for Stoke be utterly ignored by the Press.

Suggested by SIR WILFRED LAWSON.—That no "After Dinner Speeches" be reported, unless they are delivered in support of the Permissive Bill.

Suggested by MR. WHALLEY.—That all Speeches denouncing the diabolical plots of the ubiquitous Jesuits be printed in the largest possible type, and in red ink.

Suggested by LORD ELCHO.—That Reporters be admitted on all occasions, except when their patriotism takes them away to compulsory service in the Militia.

Suggested by CAPTAIN BEDFORD PIM, R.N.—That reports of all Speeches dealing with financial matters be submitted, before publication, to some simple-minded old sailor (being a Member of the House) for business-like condensation.

Suggested by the RIGHT HONOURABLE THE SPEAKER.—That, in order that the dignity of the House may be properly maintained, explanations of a personal character be never reported in the columns of the Public Press.

Suggested, nay, insisted upon, by the Gentlemen of the House of Commons.—That the Right Honourable Very Gallant and Truly Learned *Mr. Punch* be admitted on all occasions, as the Direct Representative of JOHN BULL, the British Lion, Fair Play, Justice, Mercy, Wisdom, Patriotism, and the Fourth Estate of the Realm.

IN STRICT CONFIDENCE.

(Private.)

MY DEAR MR PUNCH,

O! HOW I hope and pray that you are not a Freemason, and that you can sympathise with me in my miserable state of mind. It was only last month that I accepted CHARLES FREDERICK, after much pressing, and it was only last week I discovered he is a Freemason, and it was only yesterday—O, I shall die, I know I shall—that I read that a Freemason considers himself *Free* and *Accepted* at the same time. Isn't it perfectly awful? I have not seen the monster since I made the discovery, and I have not the heart to write to him. Can you advise me what I ought to do? Shall I consider myself *Free* as well? O! do help me.

Yours ever,

GERALDINE SMITH.

*The Dovecote,
Billing-cum-Cooington, April 29.*

P.S.—We were to have been married in May.



“REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM!!!”

(THE MEMBER FOR CAVAN SEES “STRANGERS” IN THE GALLERY—AND TRIES TO PUT THEM OUT!)

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"REDDITO AD ARBITRIUM"

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

PRAY, PITY THE HORSES!



MEETINGS of Horses have been held in various parts of London, a few evenings since, to consider the Motion recently proposed by MR. CHAPLIN, in the House of Commons. We report one of them. THORNBRED RACER, Esq. occupied the Stall.

The Stallholder said that he was very pleased to see so many representative horses around him. Although MR. CHAPLIN's Motion had very little personal interest for himself, still he was always ready to offer a helping hoof to the very poorest of his fellow-creatures. (Cheers.) He considered

the motion a mistake. If the Government would busy themselves with horsekeepers, and not with horse-breeders, they would do a very great deal of good. ("Hear, hear!") For instance, he would take his own case. Before a great race he would assure the Meeting he was never safe. It was true that his lad was always with him, and moreover that a detective was ever on duty at the stable-door. And yet, in spite of these precautions, he was never safe from "hocusing"—in plain English, he was always in danger of cool, cruel, and dastardly assassination. (Cries of "Shame!") He scarcely dared to munch a mouthful of hay for fear of foul play. Horse-hocusing should be put down at once. After this had been accomplished, there would be ample time to consider horse-breeding. (Cheers.)

MR. STERPLE CHASER said he would not detain the Meeting a minute. His friend the Stallholder had alluded to "hocusing," but he (the speaker) had a far more serious grievance to complain of. In pursuit of his professional duties he had to attend a large number of country meetings, and he could earnestly declare that the jumps of some courses were simply disgraceful. It appeared to him that the Proprietors of the Courses to which he had made allusion had but one object in view—to kill the horses and to disable the riders. (Cries of "Shame!") Now he loved sport and enjoyed hopping over a brook as much as anyone; but sport was one thing, and a "sensation ditch" was another. (Cheers.) The Government could scarcely do better than turn their attention before next season to some of the country race meetings, if they wanted to secure an unanimous vote of thanks from the class to which he (the Speaker) had the honour to belong. (Cheers.)

A very miserable looking animal, who said that he was a London Cabhorse, now addressed the meeting. He said that he belonged to a race that were worked off their legs. The assembly before him would doubtless refuse to believe him, and yet he could assure them that once he was as fine a spirited hunter as ever was seen. (Ironical laughter.) They might indulge in horse laughter (a laugh), but for all that what he had said was true. If they had all been trotted about the streets like he had for sixteen hours a day, year after year, in all sorts of weather, they would look every bit as bad as he did. ("Hear!") What he wanted to know was this. They had given "shelters" to the drivers, why did they not put up "shelters" for the horses? ("Hear, hear!") The horses had a far worse time of it than their drivers; and taken all round, were they an inferior race to those who drove them? (Loud cries of "No!") Of course they were not. Now that the drivers had their "shelters," the poor horses were left unprotected and alone in the wind, rain, sun, or snow. He (the speaker) felt so lonely sometimes, that he really would be pleased to see anybody—yes, even MRS. GIACOMETTI PRODUCERS. (Loud Groans.) The Government really ought to do something for the poor London Cabhorses. (Cheers.)

A Donkey here addressed the Meeting at great length, contending that it was the duty of the Ministry to constitute themselves a Paternal Government. The speaker sneered at the grievances of those who had already addressed the Meeting. He drew a picture (to the great impatience of all present) of the peaceful life of a Cabhorse, declaring that nothing could be more charming than to end one's days by the sad sea waves between the shafts of a bathing machine. He refused to allow any resolution to be put to the Meeting, and asserted that he had the right to speak as long as he pleased. He quoted the case of a gentleman (whom he described as a relative of his own) who had pursued similar tactics in the House of Commons.

Throughout the speaker was listened to with great impatience, and when our Reporter withdrew he left the Donkey still braying.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

From Horse Dealing to House Furnishing—Advice gratis—Keeping your Eyes open—A visit to CHRISTIE AND MANNON'S.

"AND there was an end of one, two, and three, the rat, the cat and the little froggie"—as runs the finish of the old song of "A Froggie would a Wooing Go." This refrain will keep on recurring to me after our awful smash. Yes! There is an end of one, two, and three, i.e., "of the trap, of the chap and the clever Cobbee." The trap I will not have mended—it is past hope. MURGLE (the chap) will henceforth be all gardener; and the clever Cobbee will be a thing of the past.

Selling the Trap.—I call on the Active Manager of an eminent Carriage Dépôt. The Active Manager is brisk as a bee. The trap—just patched up so as to allow of MURGLE sitting in it safely without coming through anywhere, and the shafts being so temporarily secured as to admit of its being dragged at a slow pace to London by a quiet animal, lent for the purpose—is placed in the yard.

"I suppose you can sell it for me?" I say to the Brisk Manager, despondently. I own I regard it as hopeless. Were he to reply something about breaking it up for firewood, I should receive the suggestion with perfect equanimity.

Nothing of the sort. He looks at it with a critical air, takes in, so to speak, all its points at a glance, and says, off-handedly,—

"It only wants to be done up a bit—just a little paint and varnish, and the lamp put straight, and it'll look as good as new."

Happy Thought.—To agree at once to the paint and varnish, and not ask any unnecessary questions. If he can make a thoroughly smashed-to-bits affair "look as good as new," and so obtain something like a decent price for it, that is evidently his business, not mine. Only, knowing this, should I ever require another trap, I rather question whether I should come to this dépôt to make the purchase.

Subsequent Entry in Diary.—Trap sold for very nearly as much as I gave for it. It must have looked almost as good as new. Clever Cob also sold well. I should now think, from increasing experience, that horse and carriage dealing, if you are not too liberal in buying and not unnecessarily candid in selling, must be a most profitable business.

My Aunt's nerves have been upset by this catastrophe. She is dreadfully determined to give up our Cottage in the Country, and go down to the sea-side. There is only one sea-side place that ever really agreed with her, and that is Ramsgate. She points out how advantageous to me it will be to give up horse, trap, groom, and gardener, and take henceforth to walking as a safe exercise, and occasionally a sailing-boat. I object. My present work (I am now engaged on Vol. VI. of *Typical Developments*—the previous Volumes not being yet completed) requires constant attendance at the British Museum.

Happy Thought.—My Aunt shall live at Ramsgate. I'll live in Town, and come down to see her—occasionally.

She agrees—on condition that we send all our things from the country to Ramsgate, and that we furnish a suite of rooms in Town. Carried nem. con., subject to a further condition, which is the result of a sudden

Happy Thought.—My Aunt to see to all the "moving"—while I carry out certain plans of my own for furnishing. Aunt yields.

To whom shall she go to move the furniture? She remembers having seen a picture all over Town of an engine-driver and a stoker dressed like French Cooks (Cook's Excursionists), or like the carvers at the Holborn Restaurant, standing on an engine which is dragging, on a single line of rails, an enormous van, which being labelled "Families Removing," suggests the idea of its being filled up inside with several large families stowed away comfortably, and going to the sea-side for a change. She is much taken with the picture. I leave it to her, and become absorbed in furnishing.

Happy Thought.—Why buy new furniture, when you can get what you want second-hand for half the money? This notion is suggested to me by my friend TWINTON VICK.

TWINTON VICK is an elderly man, who (I now discover) is always going to sales, and buys everything, from a watch-chain to a pair of carpet slippers, always second-hand, and invariably "a bargain." He says, "Don't be in a hurry. Keep your eyes open. You'll see all the sales advertised. Just drop in on the show-days, select what you require, settle how much you're going to give, and get hold of a decent broker to bid."

TWINTON has wonderful stories of how he has seen beautiful Brussels carpets, that couldn't have cost less than fifty pounds apiece, going for a mere trifle, "absolutely," as he expresses it, "given away."

Happy Thought.—This is the sort of thing I should like. To furnish my house from top to bottom with most valuable things which are actually "given away." Fancy what might be done, on these terms, for twenty pounds! Imagine the surprise and envy of one's friends!

"My dear fellow, what magnificent tapestry hangings you have



ON THE FLAGS.

(A Neat Hint.)

New M.F.H. (looking over the Hounds, points to the best in the Pack). "I SHALL CERTAINLY DRAFT THAT BITCH,—DON'T LIKE HER AT ALL."
Huntsman. "JUST WHAT THE FOXES SAY, SIR. THEY DON'T LIKE MYSELF EITHER."

all round your smoking-room!" cries somebody. "Why, they must have cost a fortune!"

I shrug my shoulders; he becomes *intrigué*. I play him, so to speak: at last I say, "Well, how much do you think I gave for them?"

"Well," he replies, after deep consideration, and adding them up with his eye at so much an inch, "Well—you couldn't have got 'em for much less than—let me see—than two hundred and fifty pounds."

I chuckle. I can't help it.

"Don't tell anyone," I say to him, and he swears he won't; "but the fact is I managed to get the whole lot you see here for two pound ten."

This is exactly what TWINTON VICK does in his own house. It is exquisitely furnished. China over the mantel-piece, Gothic sideboards, no-pattern'd paper, dull brickdust Nineveh-coloured wainscot in the hall, encaustic tiles, oak floors, square cut rich, thick, dark carpets, matting here and there, heavy *portières*, brass chandeliers, handles of handsome solid iron-work, small tables of all shapes and sizes, old-fashioned sofas, easiest of easy chairs, strongest of strong chairs, beautifully painted ceiling, painted glass windows, bright and cleanly hearths, looking more as if they were to be laid out for flowers than for fires, with little brass fire-irons of quaint design, including a pair of tongs apparently intended for lifting lumps of sugar rather than coal; and every one of these things, no matter how rich or rare, he tells me, carelessly, he picked up for a mere nothing at some sale. He shows me his bedroom: such a brass bedstead!! Twenty-five pounds if a penny.

"O dear, no," says TWINTON VICK, smiling at my simplicity. "I got that for twenty-six shillings at WIGGOLFORD'S sale."

He admits that I am right in putting its value at twenty-five pounds. I see a handsome oak chest of drawers, with elaborately wrought-iron handles. "The iron work," I observe, "is worth about twelve pounds alone, without anything else."

"I got it," says VICK, triumphantly, "for sixteen shillings. I didn't want it at the time, but it was going dirt cheap, and so I

bought it. Of course," he adds, "you must keep on going about a good deal, and always be ready to buy. You're safe with small tables and easy chairs; you can't have too many of *them*. And if you'll take my advice, you'll never miss a carpet if it's going a bargain. You may not want it just at the moment, but everything comes in useful some time or other. Only you must always be on the look out."

Happy Thought.—Go to sales, and be on the look out.

I do look out. The result is that, on walking from St. James's Street into St. James's Square, my attention is arrested by a notice of a Sale now at this very moment going on, within, at CHRISTIE AND MANSON'S. Adopting TWINTON VICK'S maxim of "Never mind whether you want anything or not, go and see how much it is, and, if cheap, buy it," I look upon this notice on the doorposts as an invitation to "Walk up! Walk up! Just a-going to begin!" And I do walk up accordingly. Some people are coming out, others are going in.

There is a line of cabs and carriages along the street, as though CHRISTIE AND MANSON were giving an afternoon tea, or an "At Home."

So much has it the air of an afternoon party that it occurs to me, as an omission on my part, that I've never been introduced to either MR. CHRISTIE or MR. MANSON, and that, not feeling much like a purchaser, or a patron of art, I haven't any business there at all.

I am aware that there are regular *habitués* who frequent all Sales. I am also aware that there are "touts" who lie in wait for those who are not *habitués*. Perhaps some bird of prey is selecting me for his victim at this moment.

Happy Thought.—Try to look like an *habitué*.

I do make the attempt, but am conscious of its being a failure. This is my first visit to a Sale, and I do not feel comfortable. I've got, somehow or another, the idea that I'm venturing upon ground entirely new and unknown to me, and that I am going to be tremendously "done" by somebody. I wish TWINTON VICK had been with me. But here I am, and "forwards!" is my motto. I feel I cannot retrace my steps without losing my own self-respect. I



FROM A CHRONOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW.

Mamma (after a Lesson in English History). "IN WHAT REIGN SHOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE LIVED, ETHEL?"

Ethel. "IN WILLIAM RUFUS'S, MAMMA!"

Mamma. "WHY, DARLING?"

Ethel. "BECAUSE I SHOULD ONLY HAVE HAD ONE DATE TO LEARN."

am rather inclined to lay the responsibility on my legs, as much as to say, "You two brought me here, and you must see me through it."

Not exactly a Happy Thought, but not inappropriate.—"And fools rush in where Angels fear to tread."

I go on.

SABBATARIAN SCREWDRIVERS.

THE friends of tolerance, liberty, and temperance, cannot be too highly congratulated on the report of the "Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association," read at their eighteenth annual meeting held the other evening at Exeter Hall. It contained the gratifying statement that—

"MR. TAYLOR's motion for opening Museums on Sunday had been opposed by 22 public meetings, by petitions with 130,000 signatures, by deputations, and by direct influence on Members of Parliament. The division on the subject showed that the country had remained sound on the Sunday question, there having been 69 votes for, and 271 against the Sunday opening."

These figures afford the Association, for whose pleasure they were compiled, abundant reason to hope that a long time has yet to elapse before the working classes of the Metropolis and other large towns will be indulged with access, during their leisure hours on Sunday, to any other entertainment than such as they can find in the Sabbath rest and repose of the publichouse.

The Association for the Sunday closing of every place of recreation except the ginshop, have not confined their beneficent exertions to London:—

BIGGAR, M.P.

(Once for all.)

AM! surely you're the finest boy
That ever drew a trigger,
O'GORMAN fills my heart with joy,
But you, my lad, are—BIGGAR.

KENNEL—he's a splendid man,
And cuts a mighty figure,
But let him swagger as he can,
He'll make himself no—BIGGAR.

DISMAY may weak hearts appal,
And curb the House with rigour,
But you he'll never make feel small,
As long as you are—BIGGAR.

THE PRINCE OF WALES may rule the
State,
But, if you keep your vigour,
Tho' he be greatest of the great,
There yet will be one BIGGAR.

[Punch can admit no more "puns" on this painful subject.]

A TASTE FOR CHINA.

As touching diagnosis between genuine Wedgwood ware and sham, the *Staffordshire Advertiser* mentions that the former acquires "with age a peculiar smoothness of surface," which MR. GLADSTONE, "with the affectionate enthusiasm of an amateur," has described as being "like that of an infant's flesh." A nice comparison, but, as made by the late PREMIER, less suggestive than it would have seemed had it proceeded from old Saturn, or Polyphemus, or Cormoran, or Blunderbore, or a friend of the late DR. LIVINGSTONE's in the interior of Africa with a taste for China as well as for children.

An Earthly Paradise.

Of all places in the world, the capital of France must be the most delightful to live in, not on account of its gaiety, its shops, its boulevards, its *cafés*, its restaurants, its theatres, its galleries, or its grand hotels, but because in Paris "street organs are forbidden."

"The Sunday opening for money of the Aquarium at Brighton had also received the attention of the Association, and a special case having been argued in the Court of Queen's Bench, the Judges of that Court had decided that the Sunday opening was illegal."

Though a provincial town has thus "received" their kind "attention" to its enjoyment of Sunday, yet of all places regarded as a sphere of useful, agreeable, salubrious, and sanitary action, their chief humour is for London:—

"Pressure had been put on Railway Directors to prevent as far as possible the excursion traffic on Sundays."

So these pious philanthropists have not only done their best to shut Londoners out of the Brighton Aquarium on Sundays, but also to prevent them from going to Brighton at all, and shut them up in London. "And therefore," MR. H. M. MORRELL, the Hon. Sec. of the wicked National Sunday League, writes, in an appeal to the *Times*, "and therefore it is we ask your aid in preserving to the people the means of egress from the streets of the Metropolis to the glorious contemplation of Nature on Sunday." Shall the sinners preserve any such unanctimonious licence? Not if the saints of the Sunday Rest Association can help it. To stop Sunday excursion trains "as far as possible" they are putting all the "pressure" they can on Railway Directors. Doubtless they will continue to work the screw, so as to exercise the greatest possible amount of pressure on everybody. Don't they wish they had power to exert their pressure by a screw of the nature of a thumbscrew?

THE REAL "STRANGER" IN THE HOUSE.—The Junior Member for Stoke.



A FAIR WARNING.

First Visitor to the New Detachment at Ballydash. "BUT BEFORE I LEAVE, WAN THING I HAVE TO SAY TO YE. DON'T BE AFTHER A-KING MY SON TOM TO YOUR MESS, FOR HE'S GOT NAYTHAR CLOTHES NOR MANNERS."

THE LAND OF LIBERTY!

"HERE'S the Land that we live in!" cried hearty JOHN BULL, As he lifted his tankard and took a long pull.
"Speech and tongue who can boast as unbridled as we?
Here's the Land that we live in, the Land of the Free!"

"We've no Censors, no Governors, Prefects, and such,
Informing the Press what it may and mayn't touch;
Fine, warning, suspension, no newspaper strike;
And Britons can speak honest truth if they like."

"O can they?" a Member of Parliament said,
"They had better take care on my corns how they tread,
Or they'll get themselves—I'll let them know—in the shape
Of a high breach of Privilege into a scrape."

Said a Judge, "And for my part I'll heavily fine
For Contempt of Court any one writing a line
Good or bad, 'bout a cause on whose trial I sit;
And to gaul the offender I'll also commit?"

"And just won't I," a Juror (small tradesman) exclaimed,
"Heavy damages give to my fellow defamed,
Whatever the truth of the libel may be!
Call that man rogue and cheat, why not also call me?"

"I'm afraid," thought JOHN BULL, "I've been talking great fudge,
Between Members of Parliament, Juror, and Judge,
The Press Laws, which abroad so oppressive appear,
In practice at home are made quite as severe."

A KNIGHT OF THE TARIFF.

CHIVALRY is not usually associated with Commerce, yet the champions of Free Trade include a Chevalier who has fought gallantly for the cause. Honour to M. CHEVALIER as a Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche!

THE DONKEY SHOW.

In order to enhance the attractions of the Donkey Show, MR. WHALLEY has consented to officiate as judge, a post for which he is acknowledged to be eminently qualified. A brass band will attend and perform appropriate music. Among the pieces in the programme we may mention "Gee Wo, Neddy," "Bottom's Dream," "Ye Banks and Brays," and other pleasing morceaux. Besides the animals exhibited, many donkeys are expected to attend the show, and we believe that extra prizes will be offered to the following:—

1. The ass who spends a crown a day in buying bouquets for his button-hole.
2. The ass who wags his head, and beats time with his toes, to show that he is musical.
3. The ass who will give fees to boxkeepers, although requested by the management expressly not to do so.
4. The ass who, having found a pleasant quiet little place, as yet unknown to Cockneydom, thinks it is his mission to puff it in the newspapers.
5. The ass who buys "old beeswing crusted port at thirty-six," and is credulous enough to think that it is drinkable.
6. The ass who pops the question before he has made certain that the answer will be favourable.
7. The ass who puts his trust in tips and advertising Derby prophets.
8. The ass who wears an eye-glass, not to benefit his eyesight, but as he fancies, to improve his personal appearance.
9. The ass who gives to a street-beggar, and is under the delusion that he thereby does a charity.
10. And, greatest of them all, the ass who lends his new umbrella, and expects to see it back again.

QUESTION FOR DEBATE.

IMAGINE, if you can, PRINCE BISMARCK attacked weekly by a Prussian "Englishman." What would be the doom of the Teutonic KENNEL?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



VEN as "listeners seldom hear good of themselves," "meddlers rarely mend matters." LORD RUSSELL (*Lords, Monday, May 3*) ought to have had that truth well drummed into him by his old experience of muddles due to meddling. His Lordship, however, not satisfied with his share of meddles and muddles, like *Oliver Twist* is asking for more, in the shape of "papers calculated to throw light on the recent relations of the German and Belgian Governments." LORD DERBY thinks such publication would be more conducive to heat than light, and prefers to wait till the Belgian Chambers have discussed the papers in question. RUSSELL will rush, where DERBY fears to tread. Between HERMACK and Belgium it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and the interference of England might, in LORD DERBY'S opinion, make it an ugly one. While man and wife are fighting, or—the diplomatic equivalent for that domestic situation—while Foreign Ministers are exchanging "friendly" notes, it is time enough to intervene when you can't help it.

(*Commons.*)—THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in answer to SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, said, he had heard "it was easier to get florins than shillings." Will SIR STAFFORD be good enough to tell Mr. Punch (in strict confidence) where?

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER declares that £42,000 worth of shillings is lying at the Bank, and as much more at the Mint, ready to be squeezed into circulation by proper pressure. Unfortunately, in Mr. Punch's experience, shillings want a very great deal of pressing.

MR. W. HUNT informed SIR G. JERVISON that examinations for Naval Cadetships were no longer competitive. That is, at least, one department rescued from the Heathen Chinese.

Mr. Punch is glad to hear from LORD H. LENOX—that active and intelligent adle—whose "answering" in the House Mr. Punch

is bound to report as "most creditable"—that QUEEN ANNE'S statue in Her Majesty's Square (behind the Westminster back-slums), is as well as can be expected under the "cock-shying" circumstances of the neighbourhood. The Westminster roughlings have only knocked off two of Her Majesty's fingers, and a bit of her sceptre. What Queen in that region could expect to fare better? LORD HENRY has assigned a policeman for the special protection of Her Majesty during the hours the young Westminster ideas are learning to shoot, out of school. That Policeman will, at least, have the proud privilege of feeling himself more useful than the sentries at Buckingham Palace.

Peace Preservation again. The usual talk, tall and small; the usual dividing, and the usual little or no progress to report. Once, thanks to a "happy thought" and snap division of CAPTAIN NOLAN'S (on Amendment to insert 1877, as the limit of the Act's continuance), the Government only escaped defeat by two!

The debate included a long incidental shot about Freemasonry, in compliment, we presume, to the PRINCE OF WALES.

The Irish Members kept the House at it till one, when it broke up with the pleasant prospect of meeting again for Peace Preservation at two to-morrow. Preserving your peace is one thing; holding it is another.

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD SELBORNE brought in two Bills, one for better Regulating the Inns of Court, the other for establishing a School of Law, "where all might receive instruction." While Benchers and Barristers are satisfied with the existing government of the Inns of Court, those Inns are not very likely to see a change of hosts or bills, rooms or perquisites, larders or cellars. As for a "Law School for all," Punch hardly knows whether to shake in his shoes or to sing for joy at the prospect of such a happy family of kites, crows, and pigeons. Think of Solicitors, Barristers, and Clients in the bud all sucking-in that perfection of reason called Law, on the same benches and from the same fountain-heads! Who can say what developments might follow? Perhaps kites, pigeon-livered and lacking gall—like *Hamlet*—or pigeons with kites' claws and beaks! But this is likely to remain matter of speculation, for all the prospect LORD SELBORNE'S Bill has of becoming law.

(*Commons.*)—At two, Peace-Preservation again. The last Clause left was fought over tooth and nail, and the Committee was adjourned, *clausi infecto*.

At the evening sitting, after MR. DOUGLAS had dealt with MR. O'CONNOR—who so cleared the House as just to escape a count on his Motion to recognise the belligerent rights of the Carlists—LORD HARTINGTON brought on his plan for exempting reports from liability at Law, and giving a majority, instead of a Member, of the House power to put out the light of the Press in Parliament.

MR. MITCHELL-HENRY objected, complaining of abbreviated reports, and proposing a Select Committee to consider of a scheme of official reporting, to which he thought some of the papers would subscribe. MR. PUNCH, for one paper, declines to subscribe to any plan that will make reports longer than they are. To adopt MR. DISRAELI'S "happy thought," he objects to the gallery being turned into a "Speech Preservation Society." He prays, rather, for some more of what STURGEY SMITH called "brilliant flashes of silence," in the interests of outsiders, no less than of those in the gallery and under it. And as for finding fault with "summaries," why, MR. HENRY'S objections would apply even to MR. PUNCH'S *Essence*—that *Littell's Extract of Collective Wisdom*. No; if we must have a Select Committee on the matter, let it be to consider how reporting may be made shorter instead of longer—more quintessential instead of more in *extenso*—more *literatim*, in the literary, not literal, sense, than *verbatim*, in the wordy or Irish acceptance.

MR. NEWDEGATE agreed, for once, with MR. HENRY. He speaks slow enough to be reported *verbatim et literatim*. Perhaps, if he saw a report of one of his own speeches on this gigantic plan, he might change his mind.

MR. DISRAELI couldn't see his way to support LORD HARTINGTON,—couldn't see his way to anything, in fact. In short, he agreed with the Laureate's *Lotos-Eaters*—

"Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?"

Why all this bother and fuss about Reporting and Reporters, and so old a Standing Order? The wisdom of our ancestors had agreed that on one man's Motion strangers must withdraw. To substitute the House's Motion for one man's is not standing on old ways.



PROFANATION.

Gent. "I LEFT A LOCK OF HAIR HERE A FEW DAYS AGO TO BE FITTED IN A LOCKET, IS IT—AH—READY?"

Artiste. "VERY SORRY, SIR, IT HAS BEEN MISLAID. BUT IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, SIR—WE CAN EASILY GET IT MATCHED, SIR."!!

"Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall, and cease;
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease!"

Besides, where was the practical inconvenience?

This Mr. SULLIVAN showed, when, after Mr. LOWE had spoken well and with effect in favour of substituting a reasonable rule for an unreasonable, on Mr. HARDY rising to follow him, the Member for Louth saw "strangers," and the gallery light was put out for the rest of the evening. So much for a House in fog, and a "missing link" for leader. As LIPP says, *Nox certamen diremit*. When the light was turned on again, the House was seen considerably ashamed of itself, rubbing the fog out of its eyes. Debate adjourned till May 25 (day of St. Dumbade, *alias* Dummheit).

Wednesday.—Punch is no friend to grandmotherly legislation, but it really seems as if for once leading opinion in all sects and classes of Ireland were agreed in asking for a Forbes-Mackenzie Act of Erin's own to shut up the *shebeens* on Sundays.

MAJOR O'GORMAN was great against the Bill, but with this large exception, most Home-Rulers and Conservatives were quite of one mind in supporting it. But SIR M. H. BEACH, in a speech very unlike him for want of common sense and conciliatory spirit, opposed the Bill for the Government, and in spite of the strong support of Mr. GLADSTONE (who was cheered as a welcome apparition of strength breaking in upon the weakness of the Session), the Bill was talked out—ignominious fate—by Mr. WHEELHOUSE.

Thursday.—Ascension Day in the Lords (*dies non*).

Disension day in the Commons—Mr. DISRAELI knocked under to Mr. SULLIVAN. The Member for Louth had shown him, by clearing the Gallery on Tuesday, that there is some practical inconvenience in the Standing Order. Mr. DISRAELI means himself to move (in effect) the second of the Resolutions which he declined accepting from LORD HARTINGTON. He had declined (he explained) in deference to advice of LORD LYNDHURST's, given when he first mounted

the Conservative box, more than a quarter of a century ago. LORD LYNDHURST's advice has not improved by keeping. Then, defending himself against the imputation of having from DIZZY grown drowsy (see our Cartoon), he declared his intention of keeping the House sitting till it had passed all the Government Bills—and—"being on his legs," dropped out his intention of taking the Budget at Friday's morning sitting.

Then LORD HARTINGTON arose, very fairly gave the appropriate crow, and delivered the obvious counter-hits.

"When, sudden, sound as of a clarion blown,
Gleam as of arms for Vulcan's forging known,
And there, in battle's front, while loud and clear
Rang upon Hector's shield that mighty spear,
All knew Achilles keen for fight again,
And who had dreamed of other Leader then?
But Hector, safe behind his brazen shield,
Declined the fray, nor dared contest the field."

After the clash of Achilles and Hector, what wonder if the House had no ear for the "personal explanation" of Thersites?

Peace Preservation Bill passed (at last!) amid a shower of mutual congratulations between Mr. DISRAELI and the Home-Rulers, and indignant protests of ROWATHE and BIGGAR—*ipsis Hibernis Hibernioribus*. A good riddance of a bad business.

Friday (Lords).—Army Exchanges Bill. *Résumé* of the whole case—Purse v. Preux-Chevalier. The Army, as a rule, support the Bill: the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE says it is necessary: a Royal Commission has recommended it: the Government means to carry it.

Per contra. LORD CARDWELL says the Bill is bringing in by the back door the Purchase System, which we have just paid eight millions to turn out by the front.

LORD SANDHURST declares the measure is fraught with the greatest danger.

The DUKE OF ARGYLL fears the Bill will lead to evil results, and on practical proof thereof will have ultimately to be abandoned.

LORD GRANVILLE considers the Bill most pernicious in its possible, and probable, consequences.



A CLINCHER.

Subject of Discussion—"Women's Rights."

Youthful Enthusiast (who has had all the talk to himself). "AND NOW THAT I HAVE ESTABLISHED MY POSITION ON AN UNASSAILABLE BASIS, AND THOROUGHLY REFUTED BY ANTICIPATION ANY POSSIBLE ARGUMENT YOU MIGHT HAVE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON YOUR SIDE OF THE QUESTION, I WILL SAY GOOD-BYE—FOR I HAVE TO CATCH A TRAIN!"

LORD SALISBURY doesn't believe anything of the kind, and the Second Reading was carried by 137 to 60.

Where such doctors differ so diametrically, *Punch* would rather note the *pros* and *cons* than decide between them.

(Commons.) Financial criticism. GLADSTONE ON NORTHGOTE. The proverb about two of a trade clearly holds of Budget-makers. MR. GLADSTONE set himself to prove (first) that SIR STAFFORD'S poor little surplus was a delusion, indeed a deficit, and (second) his scheme for diminishing the National Debt, by an annual appropriation of £25,000,000, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

SIR STAFFORD answered MR. GLADSTONE's secondly on the "you're another" principle, by proving that his scheme of annual appropriations was likely to make a bigger hole in the Debt, and at a more rapid rate, than MR. GLADSTONE'S pet plan of terminable annuities. As to the surplus, he maintained that if it wasn't quite as great as he could have wished, it was not the nullity—nay, worse than nullity, the deficit—that MR. GLADSTONE had contended. Result of the night's play, NORTHGOTE wins, honours divided.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE SCHOOL-BOARD.

THE School-Boards are doubtless fulfilling a sublime duty in compelling the children of paupers to go to school, whether or not starvation is the consequence. Those who survive the process will, no doubt, be uncommonly clever, though, unlikely, the stoutest boys and girls are not those who learn best.

But is there not a chance that the "Residuum" may come to know more than their superiors—the proletarians than the patricians? Are there not Biggars, and Keneals, and Whalleys growing up to dignify the House in the next generation?

The School-Boards are too lenient and too partial. There should

VICTORIA.

(See Speech of SIR G. BOWEN, Governor of Victoria, at the Dinner given to him on Thursday, April 29.)

HAIL, far colonial Commonwealth,
Where a young giant, full of health,
Sprung from the loins of England, grows
To greatness in a calm repose;
Where wealth that comes from crowded mart
Is spent on Letters and on Art;
Where Englishmen work well together
Under divine Italian weather;
Worthy you are to bear the name
Of the great Queen whose dearest aim
Is peace to all beneath her sway—

VICTORIA!

Australian waters shall not feel
The cleavage of a hostile keel,
Nor foeman's flag from Europe toss
Beneath the silver Southern Cross:
There terrors of invasion cease,
And all men learn the Arts of Peace;
There poets of a newer type
Shall greet us, when the Age is ripe,
And Melbourne, strong and youthful town,
Shall share Athens' Violet Crown,
Ere many decades pass away—

VICTORIA!

Shame to the dullards who desire
To quench our colonising fire,
To keep the imperial instinct down,
And make a fool's cap of the Crown.
It shall not be: while ocean rolls,
And Englishmen have gallant souls,
And court the strong heroic hour,
While Freedom is a word of power,
While great colonial nations rise
In alien seas, 'neath unseen skies,
We do not dread that servile day—

VICTORIA!

A Victim for the General Good.

(Comfort for Mrs. Marks.)

THE School Board wants everybody taught to write. Marks ought to be done away with among the lower classes.

be pressure from above as well as below. The house should be set on fire at both ends. Begin with the families of Peers and M.P.'s, and work downwards as well as upwards. Then the two lines of compulsion will meet somewhere in the core of that great Middle Class, which, we are assured, by journals claiming an immense circulation, contains all the virtue and wisdom and energy of England—and which, therefore, will doubtless be found to have an ideal education already, and to be steeped in MR. ARNOLD'S patent Anti-Philistine Solution, of which the materials are "Sweetness and Light." Only the inventor knows the precise quantity of each ingredient.

When a House controlled, no—the word is too strong, advised by an accomplished debater and tactician, who has taken high honours in literature, is thwarted and insulted by men without education or courtesy, is it not time to act? The gentleman who addressed the Irish Secretary with "When the Right Honourable Bar'net has answered them questions," would clearly be all the better for a little education. As he is past the age to learn grammar, might not the School-Boards do something for the children of this charming class now coming to the front and hindering the work of ability and culture by perversity and stupidity?

Now here is a practical idea. Let a well-qualified School-Board Visitor be appointed to watch the debates—or, better still, one for each House, who should attend the sittings, and remain to the last—

When the morning is near, and reporters have fled,
And all but the spirit of dulness is dead,

and if any legislator, hereditary or otherwise, make a fool of himself, let that Visitor go straight to his house, and insist on his children being sent to a Board School. Then, perchance, in another generation, the floor of the house would not be littered with dropt h's, and there would be fewer Members who, longing to break their opponents' heads, break poor old Friscian's instead.

A LIFT FOR EVERYBODY.



MAN PUNCH,

You know what a difficulty there is about getting Recruits, and, my dear old fellow, you know that Mates in the Royal Navy were, in an instant, turned into Sub-Lieutenants, against your own notions, because brevity is the soul of wit, of which you are the embodiment. Now, in a friendly spirit, let me ask you if you could not raise your voice to promote the whole Army without expense, so that the private soldier may be a thing of the past—

like Judy's grandfather. Here is my tabulation:—

Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief.	Sub-Secretary for War.
General	Sub-Field Marshal.
Lieutenant-General	Sub-General.
Major-General	Sub-Lieutenant-General.
Colonel	Sub-Major-General.
Major	Sub-Colonel.
Captain	Sub-Major.
Lieutenant	Sub-Captain.
Sergeant	Sub-Sub-Lieutenant.
Corporal	Sub-Sergeant.
Private	Sub-Corporal.

So that, you will see, Recruiting Officers might induce lots of well made men to flock to the colours, with the enticing promise of their becoming at once Sub-Corporals, and this, *mirabile dictu*, without cost to the country.

Ever yours,

TODDY.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

A Sale of China at CHRISTIE AND MANSON'S.

SUDDENLY, I notice, the people are, so to speak, turned off at the main, and I am absolutely alone on the staircase. I do not see any show, or any signs of one. Perhaps, not being an *habitué*, I do not recognise them. I begin to fancy I must have mistaken the day. There are offices at the side, closed, as though the Clerks had sold all their tickets, and had shut up for the day. I am the only person on the staircase, and, after mounting the steps, I find myself the solitary individual on the landing. Yet I have heard that the Auction-rooms belonging to MESSRS. CHRISTIE AND MANSON are always crowded. Where's the crowd?

Happy Thought.—The "Auction-rooms" are crowded: not the staircase. This is the staircase. What a thing it is to have a logical mind! and to be able to appreciate one's own logic!

There is a room straight before me, there is a passage, I fancy, on my right, and there is another room on my left. An instinct (what instinct?—make a note of it in pocket-book, and go into the subject afterwards) tells me that the Auction-room is on my left. The instinct is correct.

Room Number One.—An office on my right, with an open window, resembling, on the whole, a refreshment place on the platform of an Underground Railway station, only that there's nothing to eat on the counter, and only two sharp looking Clerks behind it, instead of the fair ones with the golden locks and brilliant complexions (but falling off into the third-class housemaid about the hands just as the seductive mermaids rather fall off in their tails), who are called to the bar by MESSRS. LANCE AND TANK, the eminent refreshers. These two Clerks will not bear inspection.—I mean, they won't stand being looked at, as they are already assuming a defiant aspect towards me, as if saying, "Now then! move on! What are you staring at us for? This isn't MADAME TOWNAID'S." True, you are not the curiosities I came to see, so I will pass on. There is nothing

to stop at your bar for: it is as dry as an extinct volcano. In fact, this smile suggests the idea of its having been once a bar in action, but now an extinct refreshment bar.

Room Number One (continued).—Samples of porcelain are arranged on green baize sideboards against the walls. A few persons are bending over them. These are the articles for to-morrow's sale.

The atmosphere, so to speak, is heavy with the importance of the occasion. People who venture upon speaking, do so in a whisper, and are answered with a nod, or a gesture. There's a "Hush! don't say you saw me here, it's a secret!" sort of an air about everyone. We glide about noiselessly, like timid ghosts, and only the occasional creaking of a glass door, leading into another exhibition room, disturbs the stillness. It seems as though these mysterious people in the outer chambers were engaged in some preliminary rites, into which I have intruded myself, without having previously learnt the ritual, or the esotericism.

I am impressed by being a stranger and a pilgrim in the land. People go up and speak in a subdued manner to the Clerks at the extinct refreshment-bar. They are answered by them with a shake of the head; after which, being of an irrepressibly gay turn, I suppose, and accustomed to these serious surroundings, they wink and laugh at each other, and enjoy some joke, which strikes me as necessarily having something profane in it, as I feel that their conduct, like the levity of professional singers in an organ-loft, is quite out of keeping with the character of the scene before them.

Happy Thought.—What is the scene before them? Why, the Worship of China, and here, about the room, are the silent devotees. But Clerks will be Clerks be they never so clerklily.

Happy Thought.—Ask them for a Catalogue. Not being inclined to waste words on so trite a subject, they shake their heads. This not being a sufficient answer for me, I insist upon a verbal reply, and am carelessly informed that "There aren't any more Catalogues, and there won't be for a couple of hours or so."

O, indeed! And yet this doesn't appear to be a crowded sale.

Before me is the Auction-room. The doors are open. I have never been into an Auction-room. I have never seen an Auction. Hitherto I have always been afraid of going into one, lest I should be swallowed up in the whirlpool of bidding. If I see a thing marked up "Cheap—a bargain," in a shop, I can hardly restrain myself from going in and buying. But the spirit of competition, nay, almost the spirit of gambling, or at least of speculation, is present where everybody's bid is against his neighbour, where the game is to bid my neighbour out of doors, where the excitement runs from five shillings up to thousands of pounds, and how can an excitable and impulsive person, who has once put his foot into it, hope to escape? No, I have always felt that I should make a fool of myself at an Auction,—that, the day after it, I should be the happy possessor of a small pale pink shepherd, six inches high, in a black three-cornered hat, playing to a foolish-looking lamb with a blue riband round its neck; and my bankers would, at the same time, write to inform me I had overdrawn my account by just three hundred and twenty-five pounds, six shillings and sixpence halfpenny.

Happy Thought.—"That is the sort of man I am"—that is what I feel I should be at an auction, and so I've hitherto always kept out of it. Now I am going into it.

The Ideal.—My notion of an Auction-room was, that I should see an excited auctioneer in a wig (why in a wig I can't for the life of me make out—but this was my notion), leaning over a pulpit, with his right arm raised in the air holding the hammer (not unlike what one occasionally sees now-a-days as a relic of bygone times, the muscular golden arm and mallet over a goldbeater's shop), and ready to come down at the highest price; that the room would be filled with men and women, far more excited than the auctioneer, elbowing, shoving, yelling, screaming, while in corners would be the quiet, but determined, bidders, nodding their heads off against one another, like the old tombola figures of Chinese Mandarins in the grocers' windows.

The Real.—Not a bit of it. Not the least like it. Through the open doors I see that the room is full, not inconveniently crowded, and again I am surprised; my first surprise having been on the staircase.

I enter, diffidently. I do not feel sure of my ground. I am not altogether certain but that some inadvertent action on my part, such as scratching my nose, or raising my hat, or putting up my eye-glasses, will be mistaken by the Auctioneer for the sign of an additional bid, and that so I might find myself the purchaser of a cup, or a vase, or a dish, or perhaps a whole set of most valuable porcelain curiosities, before I know where I am.

Happy Thought.—Keep quiet. Don't catch the Speaker's eye. Above all, don't nod.

Perfect decorum, and indeed an air of repose about the room quite inconsistent with my preconceived notion of an Asylum of Chinamanes, struggling, waving their hands, and almost upsetting the Auctioneer in their frenzy. I think I must have confused bidders with bookmakers, and ring-men, at a race meeting.

Everybody here is more or less interested in the proceedings, which are, just this moment, apparently at a standstill, arising, it might well be, to judge from the tranquillity about me, from the Auctioneer's having dropped off to sleep. I have time to look round. I should say I am the only accidental visitor present. I wonder if there are many who know less about china than I do. Perhaps. If so, *those* are the real Chinamanians.

The attitude of most here, and the impossibility at first of ascertaining exactly what is going on, suggests the notion of a mixed crowd listening to an interesting case in a respectable police-court. I have, as it were, evidently entered during the anxious pause which intervenes between a crucial question put by the defendant's counsel, and the reply of the adverse witness. Everybody is holding in, and we are all going to breathe again presently. The state of the case is, that, there *has* been a bid, and there is now a pause. A plate, or a bowl, is under examination.

The Auctioneer, in a witness-box, at one end of the room, keeps up the notion of a trial. He seems to be an unwilling witness giving his evidence with an air of melancholy regret, which is simply touching. He is, so it appears to me, looking round the room with a despairing glance, as though trying to discover in the crowd some friendly spirit who will understand his sad position, and to whom he can say (with those pitiful eyes, and not aloud, of course), "Look here! here I am! I am! they've stuck me up here! I can't help it! I can't get out! I must speak! it's a painful, most painful position!"

Then he seems to address the public in general, in a reproachful way (but always with his eyes, of course, and never aloud), "I say, you come here, and take up my time. You don't help me in the least. It's no use talking to you. Do get on! Now, please, for my sake, do get on!"

I have not the slightest doubt that many a sympathetic soul is led into bidding by the plaintive but silent appeals of that apparent victim in the Auctioneer's witness-box. I am very nearly crying out, half sobbing too, I am so affected, "Here! What do you want? I'll bid. How much? Anything to help you and the little ones at home, only *don't*, please, look like that! How much? O, how much?"

But I restrain myself with the consciousness of having in my pocket only a doubtful cab-fare to the place where I am going to dine.

(To be continued.)

A BOOR AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

LAST wake up on him in Town,

As I'd got a good afternoon free,

I goozie there, afore I come down,

The 'Caddumny Pictures to see.

Them paintuns quite kiver'd the walls;

Twelve hunderd and moor on 'um, fillun

As many as ten gurt big halls,

Massy ho, what a sight for a shillun!

Which among all them there works of Art

Most to prize, if I knows I be blest.

Sitch a lot there wuz fair of ache sart—

'Twas a hard job to pick out the best.

There wuz moorland, and woodland, and copse,

Not from Natur' eyes couldn't scarce know 'um,

And a medder, and carn-field, w' crops

I could fancy afore me at wheam.

And I notus'd an old haythen Greek

Sart o' stonemason's workshop, for one,

Wi' sitch statches and figgers antek!

And, my eye, how the marble wuz done!

And a grand Sale by Auction o' Wives

In Babylon City of old;

No sitch bargains our gentlefolks drives;

Though their daughters be some on 'um sold.

The young lady's renowned "Waterloo,"

And another as drew crowds to stare,

Out and out beat the very best view

Ever took droo a peep-show at Fair.

To be sure there wuz many a score

O' pictures, though natral and true,

As we sime to ha sin all afore,

None o' which represents nothun new.

There wuz potraits o' coorse you'd expect,

Some for Aldermen meant, fat and big;

But there warn't—or I don't recollect

Naro a likeness I see of a Pig.

Ladies, Huntsmen, and Horses, and Hounds
Made one canvas to line a wide space.
Works of Art that spreads out of all bounds,
I be told, works of merit displace.

Them huge picture to hang here 's a plan:—
Our new Inns they be all got too grand
For to sport the "White Hart" or "Green Man,"
Dread and daabed by an unbeknown hand.
But I thinks that the Monster design
Of a gurt Rile Acaddumny swell
'Ood jest do to hang out for a sign
Up in front of a Monster Hotel.

MAY MEETINGS.

(From the Private Diary of a May-Meeter.)



at my tailor, whom I haven't seen for two years, during which time I've heard from him often. His last letter, a week since, was returned to the Post Office unopened with "Try South Coast of Africa," written outside. Met his demand half way.

Met with great politeness from a Cabman. Found, subsequently, I'd given him half a sovereign for sixpence.

Met, in the Park, Mrs. SPANKIE FLIPPERTON driving her showy pair. Offered me a seat in her trap. Couldn't refuse. Accepted. Charming. Envy of everybody. Met my Mother-in-law and wife driving home from an Exeter Hall meeting. [Personal explanation in the house afterwards.]

Met Miss BRILLIANTINE at a "small 'nd early." Wife said she didn't think her pretty, but too *posé* and loud. Agreed with my wife on the subject, and so signed the Peace Preservation Act.

Met, in Kensington Gardens, quite accidentally, Miss BRILLIANTINE, with her friends with whom she is staying. Friends disappeared. Miss BRILLIANTINE's name is ETHEL. Pretty. She is not a bit *posé* or loud. Never thought she was. She is clever, very. Interesting conversation. Side walk, under an avenue. Theme, "Love at first sight." She is a sceptic. I am convincing her. Met suddenly our nurse with all my children. They call out, "Papa! Papa!" While walking home alone think how to meet the difficulty. Children safe to talk.

Met with a scowl from my Mother-in-law in consequence of the children having arrived before me with the information.

Went into the City. Met a bill at my banker's. Satisfactory.

Commemoration Week.

TO BE LET.—The largest House in Oxford, the present Inhabitants having received notice to quit for the occasion. Excellent dining-room approached by a noble staircase. Several breakfast-rooms and one large Tea-chest. Poetic grounds planted with academic Laurels. Ornamental fountain, &c. Dags, Dancing, and Grind-organs objected to. No balls except indiarubber ones allowed on the premises. Rent (with the use of several Coaches) very moderate. N.B. A few Grates are wanting, and most of the rooms are given to smoke, otherwise the House is in first-rate order.—Apply to the "Porter," Cardinal House, Oxford.

Grand Finale.

THE *Morning Post* of Monday, at the close of its description of the Royal Academy dinner, contains the startling information that "the company left the banquetting-hall, and partook of a service of tea and coffee." Probably the President, under the influence of the occasion, swallowed a butter-dish; and, if his Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES bolted a sugar-basin, he may have felt the want of the utensil to accommodate the seething matter with which he has been surfeited at this and other public dinners.



"CHACUN POUR SOI."

Mamma (sternly). "Now, MIRIAM, SAY GRACE."

Miriam (who, for previous Misconduct, has been deprived of Pudding). "FOR ALL THEY HAVE RECEIVED, LET THEM BE TRULY THANKFUL."

THE PROGRESS OF PUBLIC BUSINESS.

THE following will be the order of business in the House of Commons to-morrow night. The names of the Honourable Members who will bring forward the various subjects not having yet been ascertained, they are, for obvious reasons, suppressed.

An Honourable Member will make a personal explanation.
An Honourable Member will present petitions from Hanwell, Colney Hatch, and Earlswood, praying that the Claimant may be tried again by the same tribunal that acquitted the GUTCOWAR OF BARODA.

An Honourable Member will spy strangers in the gallery.

An Honourable Member will endeavour to Count Out the House.

An Honourable Member will ask the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY whether it is his intention to move the adjournment of the House over the Derby Day, and if so, in view of the possible admission of ladies as representatives in Parliament, whether it would not be expedient to create the precedent of adjourning over the Oaks Day as well.

An Honourable Member will draw the attention of the FIRST COMMISSIONER to the defective ventilation of the House.

An Honourable Member will move that the Standing Orders of the House shall be suspended.

An Honourable Member will ask the Prime Minister when the Whitsuntide Recess will commence and terminate.

An Honourable Member will, when there are fifty Members in the House, call the attention of the SPEAKER to the fact that there are not forty Members present.

An Honourable Member will make a personal explanation.

An Honourable Member will move the recognition of the Carlists, the Fenians, the Red Indians, the Peculiar People, the Shakers, and the *Englishman*.

An Honourable Member will ask the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY when the Session is likely to terminate.

An Honourable Member will move for leave to bring in a Bill for the increase of the number of Bank Holidays to one a week.

An Honourable Member will move for a return of the Umbrella he lent to another Honourable Member on leaving the House the other night.

An Honourable Member will ask the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY whether the usual Whitebait Dinner at Greenwich will take place this year, and will move a resolution.

An Honourable Member will call the attention of the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS to the defective stuffing of the Seats in the House.

An Honourable Member will call the attention of the House to the defective Stuffing of the Roast Ducks in the Dining-room.

An Honourable Member will rise to make a personal explanation, but,

An Honourable Member will Count Out the House.

(PIO TRIUMPHE!

IN spite of friend WHALLEY,
Who growls "It's all no go,"
Things still seem quite jolly
With POPE PIO NONO.

He sends his Ablegate
And COUNT MARCOSCHI
The Cardinal's Red Hat
To clasp on McCLOSKEY!

Hail with loud "jubilate"
The first Hat in Yankcedom;
Et "retro" clamate,
To MOODY and SANKKY-dom!

VOL AU VENT À LA FINANCIÈRE.—The robberies ventilated before the Foreign Loans Commission.



DIZZY DROWSY!!!

RIGHT HONOURABLE P. "WAKE UP! WAKE UP, SIR! THOSE IRISHMEN ARE AT IT AGAIN—'SEEING STRANGERS!'"

RIGHT HONOURABLE D. "O, BOTHER!—WHAT DOES IT MATTER! WE'RE ALL RIGHT!"

THE NEW YORK TIMES



DINNY DROPPY!

THE NEW YORK TIMES
PUBLISHED EVERY DAY
EXCEPT SUNDAY
AND THE LATTER PART OF THE WEEK
AT NO. 10 NASSAU ST. N.Y.

A PARLIAMENTARY REPORT AS IT SHOULD BE.

Respectfully dedicated to MR. MITCHELL-HENRY.



ET at four o'clock. The Official Verbatim Reporter (who is now daily in attendance, in compliance with the terms of Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY'S Motion) having taken his seat, the proceedings commenced. The first business on the Paper was the adjourned debate on the Proposed Annexation of Central Africa.

The following is a verbatim report of the speeches:—

MR. FLITTERBY STUTTER said: Sir—MR. SPEAKER—the fact is—well, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking—well, you know. I hope the House will show me—in point of fact, you know—some indulgence. ("Hear, hear!") The fact is, this occasion—I mean the present occasion—is the first time. In point of fact, I have never

addressed an audience before. I printed my speeches at my election, you know. To tell the truth, this is what I may call, you know,—in point of fact—this is my maiden speech. (Cheers.) As I said before, my maiden speech ("hear!")—my maiden speech. Of course, when a man is addressing any body for the first time, you know—unaccustomed as I am to public speaking ("hear!"), I am sure it is very kind of the House to afford me this—in point of fact—this indulgence. I have much pleasure, in obedience to the feelings of my constituents, in supporting the Motion that—I mean, you know, the Annexation of Central Africa. ("Hear, hear!") I have put together some valuable statistics, and I beg the indulgence of the House. (Cheers.) The fact is, Gentlemen,—I mean Sir (laughter)—I repeat I mean Sir, the notes I hold in my hand have, I am afraid, got rather mixed up. (A laugh.) I repeat mixed up; and, to tell the truth, I'm afraid really, I can't exactly make head or tail of them. (Laughter.) I repeat, head or tail of them (a laugh)—head or tail of them. As far as I can make out, I wanted to say that Great Britain was a great nation ("hear, hear!"), and I find that I had some poetry. (Laughter.) I repeat, poetry (a laugh)—poetry. But the fact is, you know, my Secretary, who looks after these things for me, writes an awfully bad hand, and I am hanged—(loud cries of "Order!") I apologise. ("Hear, hear!") I am sure I can't make out what he has written, you know, Sir,—I mean, that is, MR. SPEAKER, I do not wish to detain the House longer than is necessary, as I am sure you know more about Central Africa than I do. ("No, no!" and a laugh.) It seems to me we should annex it. (Opposition cheers.) At least, so I'm told. Central Africa is a very large place. ("Hear, hear!") The British flag has braved the battle and the breeze for several thousand years; at least, so far as I can make out, that seems to be the thing I have got in the notes that I now hold in my hand. I am sure that the people living in Central Africa would be pleased if we annexed Central Africa. At least, some of my constituents, you know, who are very deeply interested in Central Africa—I don't know why—(laughter)—I repeat, I don't know why (a laugh)—I don't know why—seem to think so. (A laugh.) I repeat, seem to think so. In point of fact, when I consider—I mean, when I think—as a matter of historical accuracy, I crave the indulgence of the House (cheers), but the fact is, I promised them—I mean, you know, the Central African Association—they have a branch down at my place, you know—to speak upon this subject, and, as a matter of fact, I have spoken upon this subject. (Cheers.) I can't help feeling that I have wasted the time of the House, as I am sure nobody cares two pence about Central Africa. I am sure I don't. (Laughter.) I say I am sure I don't. In fact, why should we annex Central Africa? (Ministerial Cheers.) And, therefore, in point of fact, I have much pleasure in supporting the Motion—I mean, Gentlemen,—I beg pardon, I should say MR. SPEAKER—the Motion "that Her Majesty's Government do immediately take steps to annex Central Africa." ("Hear!")

MR. PROBY said: It is with feelings of no small interest that I rise to support the view that has been so powerfully advocated by the Honourable Gentleman who has just resumed his seat—

At this point an Honourable Member called attention to the fact that there were not forty Members present. The House having been counted, it was found that forty-one Members were in their places.

MR. PROBY resumed: It is with feelings of no small interest that I raise my feeble voice—"Hear, hear!"—in favour of the Motion that has just been supported in such felicitous terms. With your permission, Sir, and with the permission of this Honourable House, I will give you a short history of that Nation of which we are all so proud, of which Nation we have such good reason for boasting, in short a history of England. Now, Sir, I find that, B.C. 55, this island was invaded by JULIUS CÆSAR. ("Hear!") The Roman Emperor was lured (so says the legend) not by the greed of gain, not by the dream of victory, but rather by the desire to taste, in their native home, those succulent objects of the sea-shore, which we are accustomed in this nineteenth century—this century of luxury, progress, and refinement—to associate with codfish. I allude, Sir, to the Oyster. ("Hear! hear!") Yes, Sir, in B.C. 55, JULIUS CÆSAR, of whom I may be permitted to say, "Hæc avis is terribilis, nigroque similis cyncno" (cheers), invaded these shores. I will now trace the history of England from that date up to the present time, and I think, Sir, when I have finished my retrospective view of the past, that you will agree with me that the annexation of Central Africa should be one of the dearest desires of the future.

At this point it was found that the Official Verbatim Reporter was fast asleep. As no further proceedings could be reported, and as all efforts to awaken the Official Reporter were found ineffectual, the adjournment of the Debate was formally agreed to.

The House adjourned at five o'clock.

SCHOOL REPORTS OF THE FUTURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

My experience of to-day justifies me, I think, in anticipating for my Son's son, when he goes to a Public School, some such School Report as the enclosed.

Your obedient Servant,

PETER PATERFAMILIAS.

ST. PAUL'S COLLEGE, EASTMINSTER.

Report for First Term of 1895.

NAME—"PATERFAMILIAS SECUNDUS."

SET II.

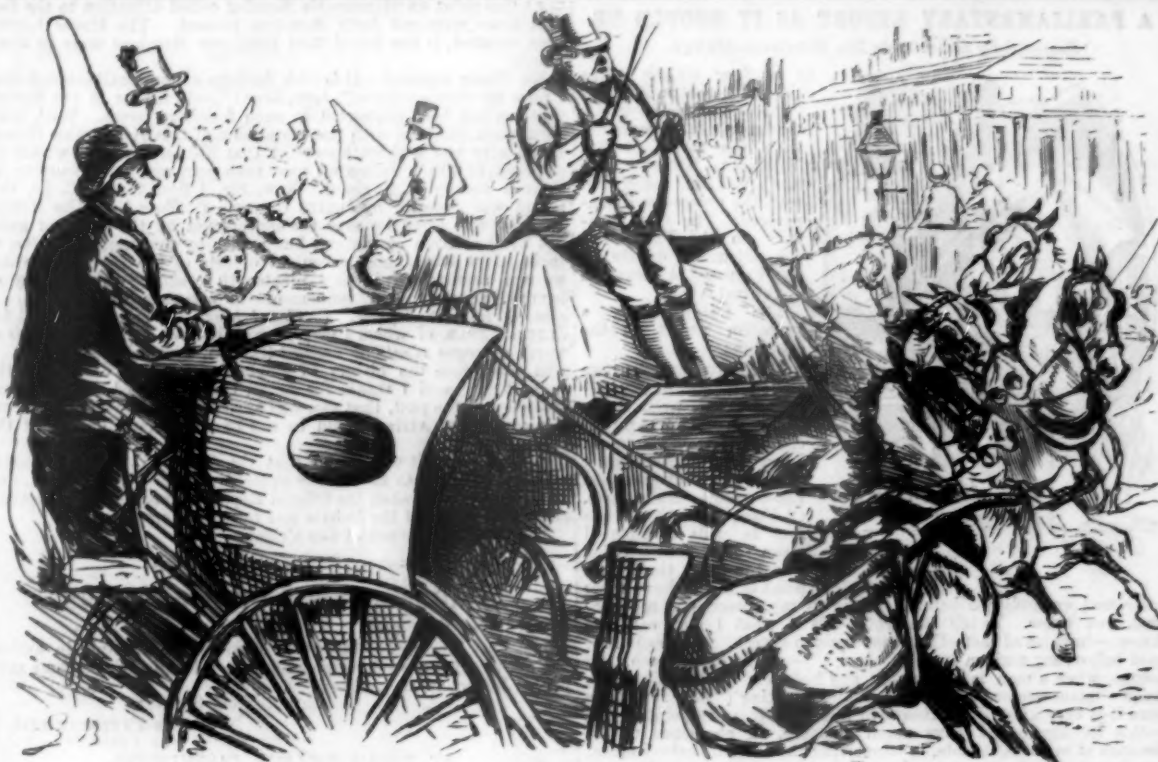
Subject.	Place in Set.	Remarks.
1. FOOTBALL.	Back.	Is not wanting in pluck—should allow more for the wind in his drop-kicks.
2. BOATING.	No. 7.	Has overcome his "screwing" propensity—hangs a little on the feather.
3. RACQUETS.		Is getting to place his balls lower, but has not yet broken himself of shutting his eyes on the stroke.
4. BOXING.		Striking out better from the shoulder, but still will anticipate his parry.
5. CRICKET.	Point.	A sure catch. Fair change bowler, and is improving. Might bat squarer, and wants confidence.
6. GYMNASIUM.		Parallel bars, good. Will do the "back circle" next Term. Vaulting moderate.
7. ATHLETIC SPORTS.	First in Mile under 16.	Time in long races good, but trusts too much to his spurt. Does better at long jumping than high. Putting the weight, weak.
CONDUCT { Coach's Report House-Master's Report		Fairstaking—seems to have ambition. Obedient, except that he will practise fives in his bed-room.
HEAD-MASTER'S REMARKS ON FORM-WORK.		No observations; the weather having been so fine this Term that every day has been devoted to games.

ARNOLD BUBBY BROWN,

(Formerly Stroke of the Lady Margaret Eight, and Captain of the Cambridge Eleven.)

HEAD MASTER.

NEW INDIAN CONDIMENT.—LORD NORTHBROOK'S Baroda Pickle.



IRREVERENT.

Cabby. "NOW THEN, GOV'NOR, WHEN YOU 'VE DONE PLAYIN' WITH THEM ROCKIN' 'ORSES, PERHAPS YOU'LL GET ON!"

FANATICS V. FISHES.

REDUCTIO ad absurdum is the Order of the Day. This not only in the House of Commons. The Working Men's Lord's Day Rest—*et alia* Observance—Association boasted of having got the Brighton Aquarium decided to be, within the purview of GEORGE THE THIRD'S Sunday Act, "a disorderly house." Let them see what is likely to come of their triumph. Here is a little paragraph of news which may foreshow them how much they will have taken in the end by their motion—for the time successful—to close an instructive and entertaining place of resort, and interfere with the Sunday recreations of the Public:—

"SUNDAY CLOSING AND THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.—The decision of the Court of Queen's Bench against the Brighton Aquarium Company, in the late action brought against it for opening on Sunday, was fully considered at the board meeting on Saturday, and communications were read from various institutions similarly affected. It was determined to make every effort to obtain the immediate repeal or modification of the Act under which this and other institutions are liable to such heavy penalties."

To get any ridiculously unbearable law or usage abrogated, enforce it.

In pressing a Sabbatarian statute against an admirable Institution, the Sunday Observance Associates did the same kind of good that certain Honourable Gentlemen—exceptions to Collective Wisdom—have done by abusing the privilege of excluding strangers. Moreover, the Sabbatarians have succeeded in obtaining not only a judicial declaration of their precious law, but also a judicial disapproval of it. The necessary decision of the Judges in favour of a vexatious prosecution was given "with every expression of regret." This regret will be an argument for the repeal of a Sabbatarian statute which would never have existed if the Sabbatarians had not evoked it. The speedy consequence of the judgment they have got to shut up the Brighton Aquarium, we may hope, will be that both it and the museums, picture galleries, and all other exhibitions tending to improve the popular mind, will be legally thrown open on the weekly holiday.

Surely the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY will withdraw his countenance

from a confederation of zealots who discredit religion, impede progress, and promote the consumption of intoxicating liquors. The next time they ask the noble Lord to take the chair at one of their meetings, perhaps he will send them to officiate in his stead the donkey with which he was presented the other day by the costermongers. The fittest of creatures to preside over people who do not see that Sunday should be a day of recreation as well as rest is an Ass.

"HE TOO WAS BORN IN ARCADIA."

(MATTHEW ARNOLD ON DISRAELI at the R.A. Dinner.)

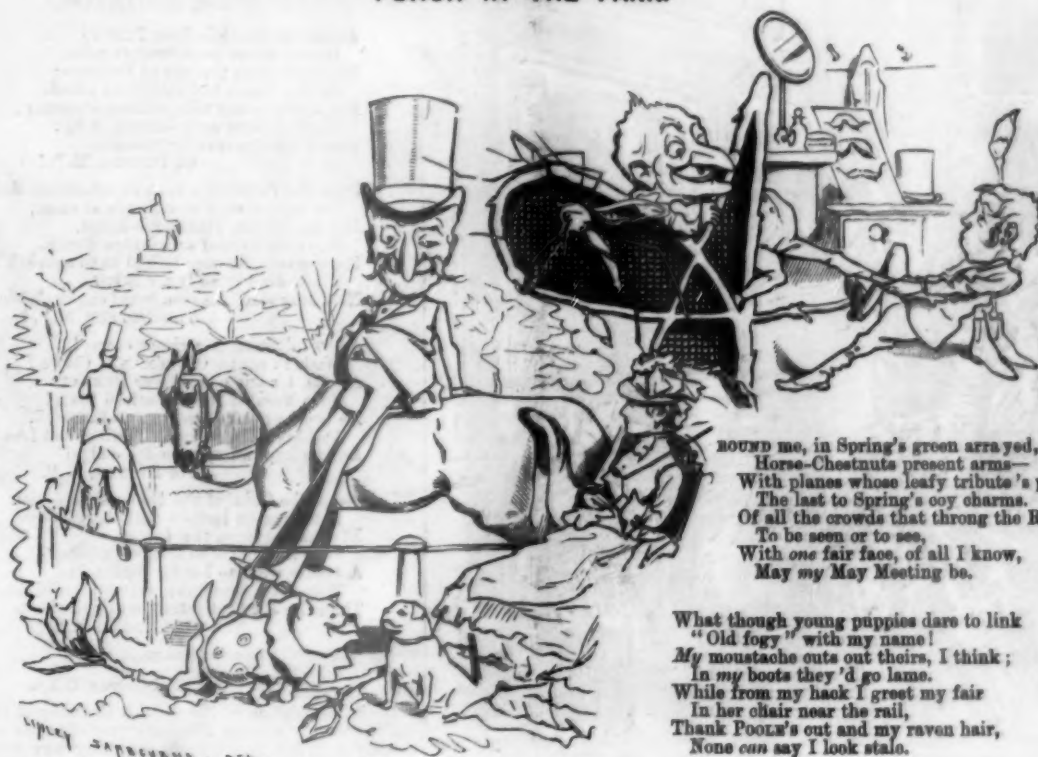
BORN in Arcadia! Ay, he knew
Pan's cloven foot-print on the dew,
And heard, the mystic woods across,
Aigipoda, Philokrotos,
"The bright-haired god of pastoral,"
With pipings to his wood-nymphs call.
Yes, but a nobler sound there came—
The clarion of imperial Fame,
By which our greatest are withdrawn
From the serene Arcadian lawn.

DEERY and GLADSTONE felt the breeze
That urged their sails to Homer's seas;
Yet in the Senate found their fate,
And drank the hot wine of debate.
Perish the thought that England's realm
Should e'er have dallards at the helm!
Far from us be the stolid surf
Who ne'er has trod Arcadian turf,
Nor heard, amid the glimmering trees,
Pan's happy *Orestiades*.

* CHAPMAN: *Homeric Hymns*.

TRoublesome FOREIGN RELATIONS (JUST NOW).—Cousins German.

PUNCH IN THE PARK.



Punch is perennial—*il faut*—
I like my French to air—
Il faut souffrir pour être beau,
And suffering 'tis, I swear.
I scarce know in which work I've gone
More awful tortures through,
To induce trousers legs upon,
Or feet in boots to screw.

ROUND me, in Spring's green arrayed,
Horse-Chestnuts present arms—
With planes whose leafy tribute's paid
The last to Spring's coy charms.
Of all the crowds that throng the Row,
To be seen or to see,
With one fair face, of all I know,
May my May Meeting be.

What though young puppies dare to link
"Old foggy" with my name!
My moustache cuts out theirs, I think;
In my boots they'd go lame.
While from my hack I greet my fair
In her chair near the rail,
Thank POOLE's cut and my raven hair,
None can say I look stale.

But on both boots and trousers are,
And waxed moustache as well—
And smartest of the Ride, by far,
See *Punch* bears off the belle.
So well he reins his glossy hack,
So swell he looks and aly—
With tail so trim, moustache so black,
And no green in his eye!

WIT AND WATER.

At a Meeting for the formation of a Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society at Newport in the Isle of Wight—according to a Report of it—a resolution having been proposed:—

"The Rev. W. BAKER, in seconding the resolution, said he felt considerable diffidence in following a speaker in whose very name was music."

[Namely the Rev. ERNEST WILBERFORCE. Is the Reverend Gentleman a Precentor? Is he an instrumentalist or a vocalist? Or has he any namesake who is or was a composer?]

"The mover of the resolution had completely taken the wind out of his sails, but he hoped to be able to make headway, and get at length to port. [Mr. WILBERFORCE: Don't say 'port.' Say 'water.'] (Laughter.)"

Thus we find a preacher of Temperance taking, as it were, a leaf out of the book—the better book—of SIR WILFRID LAWSON. Let not that volume be called *Joe Miller*—but the Honourable Member for Carlisle has lately adopted the policy of pleading for liquor laws in a facetious vein. The Rev. Mr. WILBERFORCE, though the Church of England Temperance Society professes the Voluntary, not the Prohibitive Principle, is a Total Abstainer, as SIR WILFRID may or may not be; but anyhow the Reverend Gentleman can, like the Honourable Baronet, crack a joke. The former, at any rate, cracks jokes against port upon water. That is harder than to be joocose against intoxicating liquors on champagne. But mere jokes break no bones, and infringe no liberty. The more witticisms on behalf of voluntary teetotalism, the merrier.

It is remarkable that one of the speakers at this Church of England Temperance Meeting was a Wesleyan Minister, the Rev. W. MOISTER. We have heard of Wet Quakers, but here is a Moister.

Methodist—say not the difference is one of degree. The humour of MOISTER, as compared with that of WILBERFORCE, may be thought drier. He stated that—

"After thirty-three years trial of total abstinence, during which time he had been in some of the most unhealthy climates in the world, he found it good for the body, and good for the soul, and good for the pocket, and good for this world, and good for the world to come."

That last goodness may be an article of belief; but have you found it a matter of experience already, good MR. MOISTER? Then are you a Spiritual Medium as well as a Minister? Do you converse with ghosts? Excuse the question; doubtless your meaning was quite right, most excellent MOISTER.

Still, though a joke's a joke, perhaps it is too much of a joke to joke people into taking the pledge. The Total Abstinence pledge is no joke:—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine."

This sort of pledge in regard to drinking, if duly observed, will keep any one sober enough. Sufficient for its purpose is the wit which inspires a firm resolution to use "a good familiar creature," and not abuse it. However, practise Teetotalism if you please, so long as you regularly take your *Punch*.

Whist (and its Lights).

SOME take a birds-eye view of Whist,
Some seek returns from play,
Others on Cavendish insist—
Punch smokes them all—in Clay!



"THE VERNACULAR."

Old Gentleman, from Aberdeen (at the Exhibition). "I SAY, JOACK, LOOK UP THE CAT'LOOK AN SEE FA THAT IS WI' THE 'BEECHUM' [HORSE-COLLAR] ON!"

ORTHOGRAPHY IN THE NURSERY.

THE School-Boards have decided to carry their operations into the Nursery, being well aware that "as the twig is bent the bough's inclined."

Nursemaids and nursery-governesses will henceforth be required to inculcate nursery rhymes scientifically devised to teach orthography. We have been favoured with some early specimens. They are arranged with extreme ingenuity to suit the names of the young folk, which of course it is advisable they should learn early to spell. *Exempli gratia*:—

I.

My pretty baby,
My sweet M-A-U,
With dimpled knuckles and eyes so blue,
I've an idea
Your P-A-P-A
Is bringing a toy for y-U-U.

II.

Ah, JOHNNIE my boy, to the City you'll go,
And you'll soon spell C-O-N-T-A-N-G-O,
And your joy, my dear JOHNNIE, it ever will be
To lay up a store of nice G-O-L-D;
Then the prettiest of boys will be wisest of men,
My dear little City boy, J-O-H-N.

III.

I-U-C-Y
Is not at all shy.
A pert little flirt is she, she, she,
And I guess, by-and-by,
She will t-r-y
To marry a l-o-r-d, d, d.

The admixture of practical philosophy with these elementary spelling lessons cannot be too much admired.

DUFFER, DICTATOR.

ANOTHER Republic from PLATO's
Is that where such Orators rule;
He comes from the Isle of Potatoes;
On the Saxon looks down as a fool.
For hours he can talk without stammer;
Great in brag as in blarney is he:
And O the remarkable grammar
Of DUFFER, M.P.!

Once the PREMIER's keen sword-thrust decided
The fate of such blockheads at once;
But the Duffer, rhinoceros-hidden,
Has nine lives of an average dunce.
For the man we once looked to to squench him,
While drowsy as DIZZY is he,
How long shall his own brass entrench him,
This DUFFER, M.P.?

Are we doomed to a circus eternal,
With PURCELL O'GORMAN as Clown?
Ah me, for one hour of our BERNAL,
Once Member for Waterford town!
He brooked alike fustian and fudge ill,
And his mind he spoke fearless and free:
And he kept an appropriate cudgel
For DUFFER, M.P.

Sleeps the Chief of the House, in oblivion
Deserting on Lethe's dull shore,
His earliest hero, the Vivian,
Who knew how to shut up a bore?
A House with no Leader within it,
Worse led, methinks, scarcely could be,
Than the one that wastes many a minute
On DUFFER, M.P.!

A Case for Cod-Liver Oil.

Is the ventilation of the British Chamber of Deputies out of order? Are the Members incautious as to diet; do they keep late hours, or in any other way transgress sanitary laws? Because a fear is very generally expressed that the House of Commons is so far gone in decline that many people predict a complete break up of J. B.'s Constitution.

CONVERSION AND CANT.

THE walls of Her Majesty's Opera House—walls have ears—heard a statement the other morning which, within the hearing of such walls, appears to have been uncommonly out of place. At "a meeting for a conference on religious subjects," present "a number of clergymen and other persons of various denominations from all parts of the United Kingdom, and many from America and the Continent," they heard, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the REV. W. KEELMAN, of Edinburgh, eulogising the effects of Revivalism in that City, say, amongst other things, that:—

"The number of drunkards and theatre-goers who had been reclaimed had been very remarkable."

Drunkards and theatre-goers! What a very remarkable employment, in an Opera-house, above all houses, of the word "and." Intervening between "theatre-goers" and "drunkards," it places them in an apposition the same as that of publicans and sinners, thieves and robbers, rogues and vagabonds. We are accustomed to have drunkards and gluttons, or drunkards and other slaves to vice, named together, but which of the moral or spiritual laws is broken by theatre-goers? Is such nonsense as that above-quoted really a characteristic ingredient of "Revivalism"? If so, then the revival of Revivalists is in part the revival of the most illiberal and illiterate phase of snuffing Puritanism. That is saying little, for the modern Barbones have not the excuse of a licentious drama for abusing the stage. Let them reform their abusive language, give over talking of "drunkards and theatre-goers," and learn to use the copulative conjunction in the right place; as, for instance, in such connection as to imply similarity between persons so really like one another as hypocrites and humbugs.

APPROPRIATE MUMS.

GLEW for the Passengers on the Great Western Railway, as the train approaches Wednesbury (honeycombed with coal-workings)—
—"Softly tread, 'tis hollowed ground."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PARLIAMENTARY winding up week before Whitsuntide. General cleaning, making all a-taunt, and flemishing down, as they say aboard ship.

Monday, May 10th (Lords).—Railway Accidents discussed in a light and airy tone. The only Peers damaged in this way lately have been piers of railway-

bridges. Agricultural Holdings Amendments considered, and Bill reported therewith. DUKE OF ARGYLL solemnly adjured LORD CHANCELLOR. Would he answer for the Bill as it stood amended—that freedom of contract was maintained by it? THE LORD CHANCELLOR would answer for it, in so far as any statute could be answered for. In their Lordships' Monday business *Punch* notes the passing of a "Piers and Harbours Confirmation Bill." That Peers should be confirmed (at a proper age) is only right and proper, but the confirmation of Harbours is a new ceremony. Probably it

has been thought becoming, since we have employed THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY in christening ships of war.

(Commons).—Questions, answers, announcements of good intentions, and promises of consideration, with due allowance of laughter, by way of *lever de rideau*.

Among the questions, one from MR. STACPOOLE, when the Whitsuntide holidays would be fixed, on which the Head Master startled the school by the solemn announcement that he did not at that moment feel sure that it would be his pleasing duty to fix any Whitsuntide holidays at all. But if they were good boys, and got on with their tasks, he would see. Peace Preservation Bill, as amended, brought up for consideration. Most of the Amendments, already rejected, brought up again, in new forms, by the Home-Rulers, and rejected again. So the night was consumed, till—

Thrice they routed Home-Rule foes,
And thrice they slew their slain.

There was one passage of arms and fun between our own Major and MR. MACARTHY DOWNING. The Major had written to ask MR. M. D. by what authority he had thanked the Government, the other night, for their courtesy in the Peace Preservation discussions. MR. M. D. wanted to read his reply to the Major. The Major insisted on his letter being read first. The House, mindful of the fun of the Major's speeches, was delighted to hear one of his letters. So it was read; and then came MR. DOWNING's answer, and then the Major asked for a reading of his answer to MR. D.'s answer. Then up jumped the irrepressible BIGGAR, and, jealous of the success of the Major as a complete letter-writer, asked that his letter to MR. DOWNING might be read—for so he pronounced the word—*verbatim*. This was too much; and BIGGAR was at once sat upon. By midnight the Bill as amended was disposed of amid cheers.

Tuesday (Lords).—THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY moved the Second Reading of his Bill to Prevent the Cruelties of Chimney-sweeping by Climbing-boys, which, though illegal, is still largely practised. The Bill would compel all master chimney-sweeps to take out licences, revocable on breach of the law. *Punch* has no heart to joke on this sad and sickening subject of the cruelties still perpetrated, in defiance of the law, on wretched little Climbing-boys and winked at, he blushes to say, by local authorities. *Fuist indignatio coram*. He has spoken his heart out on the matter in metre in the present number. The Bill was read a Second Time, and *Punch* heartily prays may become law this year. The Session will, in that case, have done something to lessen the sum-total of human suffering.

Artisans' Dwellings Bill read a Second Time. *Punch* is sorry to see LORD SHAFTESBURY hopes for little good from it. He ought to know. What we want is more Shaftesbury towns, like that near Clapham Junction, where working men may enjoy the luxuries of light, cleanliness, space, fresh air, and comfortable dwellings, at rents not exorbitant, and within a distance not incompatible with the conditions of their labour. If we could only decant the London slums into the London suburbs!

After a sharp spar between LORD SANDHURST and the DUKE OF RICHMOND, the Regimental Exchanges Bill passed through Committee.

(Commons—Morning Sitting.) MR. BOURKE, in answer to SIR C. DILKE, said that the Government had that morning received from Berlin assurances of a thoroughly satisfactory character, and that the Government was of opinion that there was no further cause for apprehension as to the maintenance of peace in Europe.

The ugly fact remains that there has been such cause. All the more thanks to our Bear, who has danced "to the gentlest of tunes" this time. Perhaps—indeed *Punch* thinks very probably—BISMARCK played to him, and he has recorded his belief accordingly. But whichever made the music, Czar or Chancellor, the right tune seems to have been hit upon. (See Cartoon.)

MR. WHALLEY made an affecting appeal on behalf of the Claimant and referred to his complaints in the *Tizer* of short allowance of food and physic at Dartmoor.

MR. CROOK, admitting that the prisoner has fallen off considerably in weight, thinks this was only to be expected, and rather for his good than otherwise.

So does *Punch*, and the rational Public will probably agree with him. The medical officer is watching the case, and will feed or physic the Claimant as his bodily needs may dictate.

SIR WILFRID wanted to know if MR. DISRAELI meant to adjourn over the Derby Day. MR. DISRAELI gravely said, "he should consider the subject." Poor "consideration"! How art thou fallen, when even a Prime Minister dares thus poke fun at thee! But our chief Augur should really take care. The two Heads—Government and Opposition—may exchange a harmless snigger, but it isn't well to laugh right out in the presence of the whole College.

Third Reading of the Peace Preservation Bill. The Home-Rulers fought to the last, on MR. BUTT's Motion for third reading that day six months, negatived by 287 to 70, and Bill passed. D. L. "All's well that ends well."

A fight over the Bill for creating a new Bishop of St. Alban's, to make a fourth Episcopal head for the enormous population now left with three such heads only—London, Rochester, and Winchester. That this three-headed Episcopal Giant is not enough for the work may be taken for granted. A fourth head is none too many.

MR. RICHARD, as in Quaker-duty bound, opposed the Bill, in a speech as thick-set with plums of *petitio principii*, and as rich in inconsequential logic, as any ever spoken in Parliament—and that's a bold word.

MR. HOFFE answered him, and told his "flattering tale" of the Church and the Bill. SIR W. HARCOURT would support the Bill because it was one for making a State Bishop for a State Church, and because the best point in the constitution of the Church of England was that it was a State Church. . . . In other words, SIR W. HARCOURT sees the Church's highest recommendation in that which is its sentence of condemnation for MR. RICHARD. MR. CROOK summed up sensibly, for the Church, the Bishops, and the Bill, which passed Second Reading by 273 to 61. Food and Drugs' Bill in Committee. The Government accepts an amendment, throwing all analyses on Somerset House Laboratory. DR. PLAYFAIR warned them of the seriousness of the responsibility they are thus assuming. MR. SCLATER-BOTH accepted it "*de cour léger*." The only thing that

occurs to Mr. Punch by way of comment at this act of courage is, that Mr. SOLATHN-BORTH knows nothing about the matter and Dr. PLATFAIR knows a good deal.

Norwich Election Report. Poor Mr. TILLEY out again, though his hands are quite clean—more than Norwich's are, though Mr. JUSTICE LUSH puts his conclusions very gingerly: "He is not in a position to report, as an ascertained fact, that corrupt practices had extensively prevailed at the Election; but he is of opinion that there was reason to believe they had." A fine example of the cautious accuracy of the judicial mind! In the evening the House was Counted Out at five minutes past nine.

Wednesday.—MR. WHALLEY means to present further Petitions on the TICHBOURN Case. Where is the Doctor? Irish Coroners and Infanticide Bills read a Second Time. Irish Towns-Rating talked out—its natural fate. Vivisection Bill (Dr. PLATFAIR), and Autumnal Manœuvres (Mr. HARDY) brought in.

Thursday.—MR. BARCLAY complained of Tuesday night's Count Out. It turns out to have been a case of that wise way of conducting their own business, which Punch has often praised in the Members for "canny" Scotland. They did not think Mr. BARCLAY had any right to take up the time of the House, so they stayed away, and intimidated as much to Mr. HART DYKE, who whipped out the House accordingly. In spite of the presence of a number of Irish Members, who attended in pursuance of their patriotic design of impeding business and making Members' lives a burden to them, the House was Counted Out, and Mr. H. DYKE earned thereby the gratitude of all sensible M.P.s, though he may have incurred the maledictions of the hobby-riders, whom *manège* it is one of his most useful functions to prevent. Why, indeed, should there not be a board permanently fixed up in the House, as there is for the warning of grooms in some of the Parks and Commons, "Hobbies not allowed to be exercised here."

Food and Drugs Bill advanced, and Bishopric of St. Alban's Bill passed through Committee. Bill to facilitate and simplify Loans by Local Authorities read a Second Time; ditto Metropolitan Gas, and referred to a Select Committee.

A row over Irish Town Rating—everybody rating everybody. There had evidently been a misunderstanding about the adjournment of the Debate, but nobody seemed to know what had been agreed to and what had not; so, after a long and loud cross-fire of confused contradictions, the Debate on the Bill was adjourned till after the holidays, and the House till Thursday the twentieth.

Friday.—The Lords met and "rushed" the Peace Preservation Bill through the House, disposing of all its stages in a sitting. When their Lordships do sleep to business, the way they get through it is wonderful.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

The Sale of Old China at CURRIE and MANSON'S continued.!



I SEE now, for the first time, having ventured into the second line of crowd, that the centre of the room is occupied by an official-looking green-baized table in the shape of a horseshoe, whereat are seated a select half-circle, consisting chiefly of Jewish elders. These are the gentlemen who are really examining the witnesses. Everyone here, whether male or female (there are a few Hebrew matrons present), has a catalogue, and a pencil.

Happy Thought.—The notion of the resemblance between this and a Police-court would be furthered by these representing the solicitors and their clients; but, on the whole, as the Auctioneer must, in his box, represent the witness, and as there is no Magistrate or Judge present, I am more inclined to think it like a Committee-room of the House of Commons, with the members of the Committee at the board of green cloth, the public crowding in behind the barristers' and solicitors' table, and the witness up in a rostrum at the side. If it isn't this, it's *rouge-et-noir* without the cards.

I admire the crafty dexterity displayed by the assistant who hands round the article, at this moment under the hammer, for the inspection of the ladies and gentlemen around the board of green cloth. He doesn't let anyone of them hold it one-half quarter of a second more than he considers absolutely necessary. His eye is on them all the time, as much as to say, "I know you, bless you, I know the lot of you. If you could get me to look the other way for a minute, you'd shove this under your tail coat-pocket, and your confederate at the side would produce another not worth a rap, and pass it on." His commendable celerity, however, leads to every article, of anything like real value, being recalled and re-examined by a short-sighted, long-nosed gentleman, at the upper end of the horseshoe table, a proceeding invariably warmly protested against by a red-haired man, on the right-hand side lower down, who subsequently insists upon seeing the cup, or basin, or plate, or whatever it may be, once again himself, and rubbing the paint with his wetted finger, before making any further advance. This causes a considerable amount of professional *badinage* among the two principals and the initiated bystanders, and the chuckles are deep, low, and oily.

At this point, when I am still admiring the cleverness with which the assistant has taken a Dolphin and Crab, in China, out of the hands of the red-haired man, who was actually clinging to it as something too precious to be parted from, except for a valuable consideration, I sympathetically catch the Auctioneer's eye. He sees me. He doesn't know me, and yet he appears to recognise me. His eye seems to lure me on. It seems to beckon me, and say persuasively, "Now, then, you're going to buy: you're going to make an offer, I know you are: you don't want this salt-cellar made out of a Crab biting a Dolphin's tail, but you're going to bid, just for the sake of speaking to me. Come, you will bid, won't you? Come now—come along! won't you? Do, for my sake, do! Now, how much?"

At this moment an acquaintance, whom I have not seen before, standing on the opposite side of the room, and out of the glamour of that eye, nods at me. I can't out him. I must return his nod. I do. I nod. I tremble as I do it. Yes! my nod seems to have set all the machinery in motion once more. The Auctioneer has taken his eye off me; he has turned; the Dolphin and Crab salt-cellar has gone up to forty-one guineas. The Auctioneer wants to know whether there is any advance on this, which, to judge from his changed and more cheerful aspect (as if things were looking up a bit), is a very good price for the article, and his hammer is just descending on what I feel sure is my bid of forty-one guineas for a stupid thing that I wouldn't have given sixpence for in a common shop, when some lavish creature in a corner nods another guinea's worth, and, as the hammer goes down on forty-two, I wipe my forehead with my pocket-handkerchief, and come out of a mental Turkish bath into a place where I can breathe again. What would my Aunt have said had I appeared before her with a Crab and Dolphin salt-cellar, and showed her the Auctioneer's receipt for forty-two guineas!

What's the next article? There is a great rustling of leaves all over the room, reminding me of an audience at a concert, carefully following the singer. The wave of sound passes over, and, with one movement, all the heads go up, and the eyes open wide, anxious fingers poised stumps of pencils in the air, until the hammer descends, when down again go all the heads, the pencil are used to make brief marginal notes, and that pause being over, up comes another article, and the machinery being once more set in motion, up come all the heads again, and so it goes on, bid after bid, without any sort of variation.

What is being handed round for the inspection of the Jewish and Gentilian connoisseurs—the Chevaliers of the Horse-shoe Table? A something, a pale salmon-coloured Boy, with—with—yes it is a Dolphin. That's the second Dolphin I've seen here, and I noticed (now I come to think of it) lots of them in the ante-room. The ante-room is, so to speak, quite an Aquarium of China Dolphins. No, it is not a boy who is with the Dolphin; it is a salmon-faced Shepherd in a pale canary-coloured coat. China manufacturers were, it seems, rather limited in designs, apparently: their ideas seem to have been limited by Dolphins and Shepherds.

Happy Thought.—By the way, when one thinks of it, these China manufacturers must have been men of vast genius; for, of course, there is a very wide field for the imagination to range over between the two extremes of a Dolphin at one end and a Shepherd at the other. Beginning with a Dolphin, for example, it would be a long time before, in the ordinary course of things, you thought it out and came to a Shepherd. Or, reversing the order, I do not see any line of meditation which would bring you straight from a Shepherd to a Dolphin. Might think this out and use it in *Typical Developments*—somewhere (possibly, as they say when the person who quotes isn't sure of his authority), as the subject, i.e. the development of a Dolphin not a Shepherd, would really be most interesting.

While I've been thinking, the Dolphin and the Shepherd have been knocked down for forty guineas. In consequence, the Auctioneer is beginning to brighten up, as he smiles on an elegant young Hebrew seated, officially, at a desk near him, employed in making



THE FIRST SERMON.

Aunt. "WELL, DAISY, HOW DID YOU LIKE 'CHURCH' YESTERDAY?"

Daisy. "O, AUNT, THEY WERE ALL SO QUIET AND LOOKED SO CROSS, I THOUGHT I MUST 'A' SCREAMED!!"

memoranda of the sale, and sucking his pen-holder when business is slack, or when he feels perhaps inclined for some slight refreshment.

The mild-eyed Auctioneer, however, is very easily depressed. A mug ("worth two aces," somebody says, in a hoarse whisper, to somebody else near me) goes for eighteen shillings, and he is "down again," as the placards announce in the small coal-shops. He takes in everyone with his eye—by "takes in," I mean "includes in one glance,"—and he sighs, as though his breaking heart would go, like an overstrained waistcoat-button, while he seems to say to me, personally (though by this time he knows I am "out of it"), "Look here! did you ever see such a lot of duffers! No spirit! No energy! If this sort of thing goes on, I'd better chuck up the whole thing at once. *Othello's* occupation is gone!"

A little statuette sells for twelve guineas, but he gets no comfort out of this. It wasn't worth seven—but no matter.

Next Lot.—China figures. Seen from a distance, they appear to be two little people trying to climb up a candlestick. Probably a Shepherd and a Shepherdess. I am right. I see them as they are handed round by the Assistant, who shows the things to the sharp-eyed hook-nosed people about the table, as dexterously as DR. LYNN shows one of his mechanical trick boxes, in order that they may be perfectly convinced "there is no deception."

A Christian dealer at my end—say *Antonio*—wets his finger, and innocently tries the colour of the little gentleman on the candlestick. This is strongly protested against by a Hebrew dealer higher up—say *Shylock*,—who says some cutting professional things to *Antonio*, who, however, returns the loan, as *Antonio* was bound to do, with interest. *Shylock*, however, gets the better of it—the Tubals and others being in force.

The two figures I see, owing to this delay, are a Harlequin and a Maiden by a tree, which serves as the candlestick. A Harlequin, at all events, is a long way off from a Dolphin, and I don't see where, in the line of inventive genius, is his exact place between the Dolphin and the Shepherd.

Happy Thought.—Capital name for an Ian, "The Dolphin and Shepherd."

"PSYCHO" SURPASSED.

"A CLERGYMAN" in the *Medium and Daybreak*, hailing from Edinburgh, relates wonders exhibited there by a DR. MORCK at a *seance* in which that gentleman "was suddenly lifted up by some invisible power on the shoulders of some of the company." The witness of this, among other unusual occurrences, promises his report by the statement that:—

"After waiting a long time we were rewarded with numerous raps of at least four or five distinct sorts."

Was one sort the sort of raps that can be given by a good cane over the knuckles? If so, perhaps the Clergyman and his companions were rewarded as they deserved.

Another writer, who signs his name and address, mentions amongst the "facts" which occurred at DR. MORCK'S *seances*:—

"Tests, elongations of the body on one occasion, as described by MR. SIMMONS and MRS. J. BOWMAN, who had held of the medium's hands; the medium was drawn out to the enormous height of ten feet, nearly from floor to ceiling."

Credible witnesses have related the same incredible phenomena of MR. HOME. Can MASKELYNE AND COOKE produce the like—and what if they can? Will they indeed have struck "a death-blow to Spiritualism" by imitating sights which can never have occurred, except in the imaginations of some who say they saw them? However, if DR. MORCK was really elongated to the extent of ten feet, he should be employed by the Police to carry apoplectic or drunk and incapable persons to the station-house. He is evidently a first-rate stretcher. Perhaps, however, that expression may be deemed more truly applicable to the witness of his alleged elongation.

Long Odds.

His Highness the Guicowar begins to think he has been served on the principle of "Heads, I win—tails, you lose." Phayre dealing may have been hard; but unfair is harder.

COCKNEY CONUNDRUM.

WOT Lake in Hengland's got the glamiest buzzum? Windermere.

This goes for only fourteen guineas the pair. I am astounded, and the Auctioneer begins to feel that life is but a Vale of Tears.

Next article. Two plates and a cup. Nobody interested. They go for less than their value. Then a yellow Shepherd, with a few Lambs, and a Female Friend with a few more Lambs: a pair ("Sure such a pair!") which go for twenty-three guineas. This is better. ("Très bon marché," says a distinguished Jewish foreigner behind me. "C'est Moïse qui les a achetés"—and then such a chuckle!)

I find I've been here nearly two hours. Strange old women, in strange old dresses, make their appearance. They come in later in the day, with the afternoon shadows.

We arrive at Number Ninety-Six in the catalogue. Betting—I mean bidding brisker, and on we go again. More Shepherds and Shepherdesses. Then a set of plates is handed round. Everybody at the green table has a plate before him, and for one second it looks as if five minutes had been allowed for refreshment. But the second sharp assistant gathers them all up almost as soon as the first sharp assistant has deposited them, and nothing is put on those plates except a price.

They go for hardly anything. A salad-bowl shares the same fate, and the Auctioneer is in the depths of despondency. There are four days' sale. I wonder if he'll come to-morrow. His young Hebrew Secretary, at the other desk, regards the crowd superciliously. He evidently wouldn't bid for any one of them, even at his own valuation.

Suddenly business takes a turn. The Auctioneer freshens up. The offers have risen, by a sudden increase of temperature, to fifty on the Bidders' Thermometer. The room is becoming stuffy.

I will just see this out, and then see myself out. First, what are they bidding for? I crane over and catch a glimpse of the China ornament just as it is being removed and the hammer is coming down. I see it,—it is a pale yellow Maiden, and—and—what is that? Yes, I thought so, it is—a Dolphin.

Thank Heaven, I come out of these rooms as rich as when I went in; also a sadder and a wiser, but not (for China, at all events) a Bidder man.



TO UPHOLSTERERS, &c.

NOW THAT FASHIONABLE SKIRTS ARE WORN SO TIGHT THAT THE FAIR WEARERS THEREOF CAN NEITHER STOOP NOR SIT DOWN, IT MIGHT BE WORTH SOMEBODY'S WHILE TO DEVISE A CHAIR SUITED TO THE PECULIAR EXIGENCES OF THE POSITIONS.

TEACHERS AND TORTURERS.

"In learning a child you can't be soft with him, you must use violence."—*Humane Master-Sweep quoted by the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY in the Debate on the Chimney-Sweepers' Bill.*

MY Lords, Ladies, Commons, and all ye "respectable,"
Punch hopes this maxim strikes you as delectable.
Laid by a Master-Sweep's skilled hand we see
This strong foundation—stronger scarce could be—
Of his philosophy of cruelty.
Pray do not misconceive, my Lords and Ladies:
We have not here an axiom from Hades.
Indeed 'tis more than doubtful if that quarter
Keeps pace with Man in the fine arts of slaughter.
We might submit to Belial's inspection,
As a neat specimen of vivisection
Applied to infants—with a view to teach 'em—
Truths told by SHAFTESBURY in what LORD BEAUCHAMP
Politely called his "very able statement."
Punch hardly dares repeat without abatement
That tale of torture—ears, at least, are chaste;
Those who have little tenderness have taste,
And taste—a very dainty thing—refuses
To scan the list of blows, and burns, and bruises,
Of blains brine-hardened, knee-caps torn, and worse,
The foul soot-cancer—faugh! the ear's averse
To such unsavoury details. And yet
If eloquence could make the eyelids wet,
Or the heart hot, it should be such as sounds
From the red lips of these poor infants' wounds;
And bare recital of the woes that wait
On helpless climbing-boys, from six to eight,
Which is so "nice and teachable an age!"
Whip Justice up, my Lords; bid her not halt;
If helpless here, she is not worth her salt.

Has she been fumbling for a hundred years*
Till her keen blade's a-rust with hopeless tears,
And cannot smite one clean and cleaving stroke
To break these tortured children's heavy yoke?
Shall thrift respectable, and callous greed,
Baffle her still—while helpless infants bleed?
Sold, stolen, slowly-alain, the tiny thralls
From choking flue and soot-bag death-bed cry;
Heed, Lords and Commons, or men may ask why
Law sits enthroned and armed in costly halls.

* "This terrible system has now been before the Public for more than one hundred years, and for eighty-five has been the subject of legislation."—LORD SHAFTESBURY.

Charges at the Academy.

"CHARGES"—not in the French sense of the word, i.e. caricatures—are among the sensational features of this year's Academy Exhibition. There is Miss THOMPSON's Charge of Cuirassiers and Polish Lancers on the 28th in square, at Quatre Bras. There is M. PHILLIPOTEAUX's Charge of the French Heavy Cavalry on the Highlanders in square at Waterloo. But a more remarkable and determined charge than either is the Charge of the Scotch Greys, from North of the Tweed, on the Line of the Exhibition.

Ministerial Infanticide.

ONE of the measures at present before Parliament is an "Infanticide Bill." Will that, if it passes, prevent the usual Massacre of the Innocents? If it does not pass, will it fall itself a victim to the crime which it was proposed to check?

TO SPORTING CORRESPONDENTS.

INSTEAD of wasting time in reading Derby prophecies, you might do much better if you read *The Coming Race*.



“O, LOVELY PEACE.”

HANDEL.

B-SM-ECK (the Bear-Leader). “MY BEAR ALWAYS DANCES TO THE GENTLEST OF TUNES.”

GOLDSMITH.

THEY OF THE LADY CHARIOT—HE AT THE



"O, LOVELY BEACH."

WATER

THESE ARE THE LADY CHARIOT—HE AT THE

ROYAL ACADEMY COMMISSION.



OUR Commissioners sat after lunch. A great many Witnesses were in attendance. In answer to questions as to the necessity for visiting the Royal Academy, the various replies were as follows:—

Because we came up to town on purpose. Because everyone goes. Because we couldn't return to Slowcombe-on-Sea or Snoodston-in-the-Vale and own we hadn't been to the Academy. Because we know some of the Artists, and when we meet them we must be able to talk about their pictures. Because EDWIN will be there. Because EMILY will be there. Because one—I mean two—can get away so

easily and "sit out." Because, if you know when to go, you meet everybody you want to see. Because, if you know when to go, you don't meet anybody you want to avoid, &c. &c.

MISS MAUD FLYTER, examined by Our Own Commissioner, admitted that but for one, or more, of the above reasons, going to the Academy would be a horrid bore. But then to do anything you don't want to do is a horrid bore.

MRS. MATCHER and Daughters: How long did we take "getting through it?" O, an hour and a half, I think. We saw it all. Of course the girls were with me the whole time. Yes, except once, when they went, with my permission, to Number Six room with MR. TALBOOTS and MR. WYNDOR BROWN.

Yes, certainly, both these gentlemen are eligible parties.

THE REV. MR. SPECKLYUM (from Boddleborough) and two Nephews: Did you carefully examine the pictures you had heard "well spoken of?" Certainly. Were you loud and firm in expatiating on the merits of pictures by well-known Artists about which you had previously read, and were you diffident in stating your own opinion on other pictures of which you had previously heard, or read, nothing at all? Certainly. [The majority of Witnesses gave similar evidence.] Didn't you, as a rule, find that, had you consulted your own individual taste, you would have preferred the pictures which were by "Nobodies?" Yes—I think so. [The majority of Witnesses gave similar evidence on this point also.] The Witness went on to say that he pointed out to his Nephews all the pictures illustrative of historical and classical subjects, specially "Andromache tied to a Rock." Being asked if he didn't mean Andromeda, he replied, rather angrily, that he was an M.A., Oxon, and had told both his Nephews that it was "Andromache," and he must be right.

CAPTAIN SETROOTS, in answer to Our Commissioner's question, said he thought there was a very fair show of pretty gals this year at the Academy. Met some doosid nice-looking gals. Thought the country ones looked so fresh and—ar—that sort of thing, you know. (Our Commissioner didn't know, and objected to being quoted as evidence.) Didn't see any sculpturing. Didn't know there was any. Thought the Academy was all pictures. Yes, he recollected having seen some busts, and things of that sort, huddled together on a shelf somewhere, but he thought they were put there to be out of the way. Wanted to have a soda-and-B. at the refreshment-room, but didn't like the smell at the door. Thought it oookshopp, and preferred going to the Club. Saw some of the rummiest, queerest, antediluvianest old fossils, in fronts and curls, and such bonnets! Suppose they come up to town, like Christmas, only once a year.

MISS GUSHEN, in answer to questions, said: Of course, I went at once to MRS. THOMPSON's picture! O, isn't it awful! And the horses, you know!—that horse in the corner! And the men! O, it's thrilling! What else do I admire? O, that dear old lady in the cap and ruff, and the Babylonian Matrimonial Agency,—I mean Market! O, how lovely! And the Sculpture Gallery in Nineveh or Pompeii, or somewhere! O, it's really quite too lovely! Yes, I should like to be painted—I mean, have my portrait taken by MILLAIN, or TIMOT, or SANDYS. No, I do not know quite how to pronounce ALMA TADEMA. I'm sure he must be so nice. It may be "Almar Taddymar," but that sounds too like Scotch; or it may be "Al-may Tadeemay." Am I sure that ALMA isn't the name of a girl? It

never struck me before; but, O dear no, I don't think he can be a girl. O, it's all charming, delightful, and I'm sure if you only— (Here the Witness was requested to stand down.)

MISS NELLY DULCET deposed to the effect that she was engaged to EDWARD,—at least, as far as they were concerned, it was settled. Didn't mind saying that she thought the Sculpture-room a very nice place to sit in. It was so quiet. Did not think she spoke exactly the truth when, on Grandmamma and Aunt coming suddenly upon them in the Sculpture-room, she said she couldn't tell how it was that she and EDWARD had lost them, and how glad she was to have found them at last.

MISS GURBERRY, who was of opinion that she might perhaps be over thirty, but not much, thought everybody at the Academy very rude, and selfish. She never could get a seat. When she did, people trod on her toes, and didn't beg pardon. Then, when she was seated comfortably, people would get between her and the pictures. Thought she'd complain to the police. She nearly fainted twice, but nobody attended to her, and she didn't mind owning now, that she did lose her temper, and tread on people's toes on purpose. Thought there ought to be some rule about Bears being admitted. By "Bears," she meant rude people. Didn't know that some persons on the Stock Exchange were called "Bears," but had always heard that persons on the Stock Exchange were very rude. She went to the Academy with her friend MISS HOBBLER, but she wasn't any sort of use to her, except in finding the refreshment-room, which she thought the best part of the Exhibition.

It being time for five o'clock tea, the inquiry was adjourned.

'TWIXT CZAR AND KAISER.

(What passed at Berlin: From Different Stand-points.)

ACCORDING TO THE FRENCH.

THE KAISER. Sire, France is the greatest nation in the world. Paris is the Mistress of Civilisation. I dread both France and Paris. Help me to crush them, and name your own price.

THE CZAR. You are right, Sire! France is the greatest nation in the world. Paris is the Mistress of Civilisation. But both are invincible! Sire, you are answered!

ACCORDING TO THE GERMANS.

THE CZAR. Sire, as the Head of the Great Fatherland, as the Sovereign of Sovereigns, I beseech you to put your august foot upon my unworthy neck.

THE KAISER. What have you done to deserve the honour, O my son? However—kneel!

ACCORDING TO THE BELGIANS.

THE KAISER. We will be business-like. You can take Turkey, and Brussels shall be the capital of the new German State. I will crush France, and to you I leave that tiny but troublesome Island. You understand me?

THE CZAR. Perfectly. England. I accept the bargain.

ACCORDING TO THE AMERICANS.

THE KAISER. I guess the United States is a fine country—and jest raised a century!—yes, Sire!

THE CZAR. I guess it is so, Colonel!

ACCORDING TO THE ITALIANS.

THE KAISER. What did FRANCIS JOSEPH say to VICTOR EMMANUEL at Venice, Sire? Ask him, Sire, ask him?

THE CZAR. A thousand pardons, Sire! If you wish to know, ask him yourself. No offence, Sire; but ask him yourself.

ACCORDING TO THE RUSSIANS.

THE KAISER. Sire, I wish to hear your opinion upon a subject very dear to my heart. Do you think my new crown suits my complexion?

THE CZAR. Really, Sire, I must take time for consideration.

ACCORDING TO THE ENGLISH.

THE KAISER. Permit me, Sire, to sing you one of BISMARCK's last new songs—a sweet little thing, of his own composition—"Come, lovely Peace." Will you kindly join in the chorus?

THE CZAR. With pleasure. HANDEL's, though, is it not?

THE KAISER. BISMARCK's. At least he says it's his; and what's his is mine: so I never contradict him. Hark! Don't you hear him? The pipes of BISMARCK and GORTSCHAKOFF are heard in the distance. Sound approaches. Enter BISMARCK, followed by GORTSCHAKOFF.

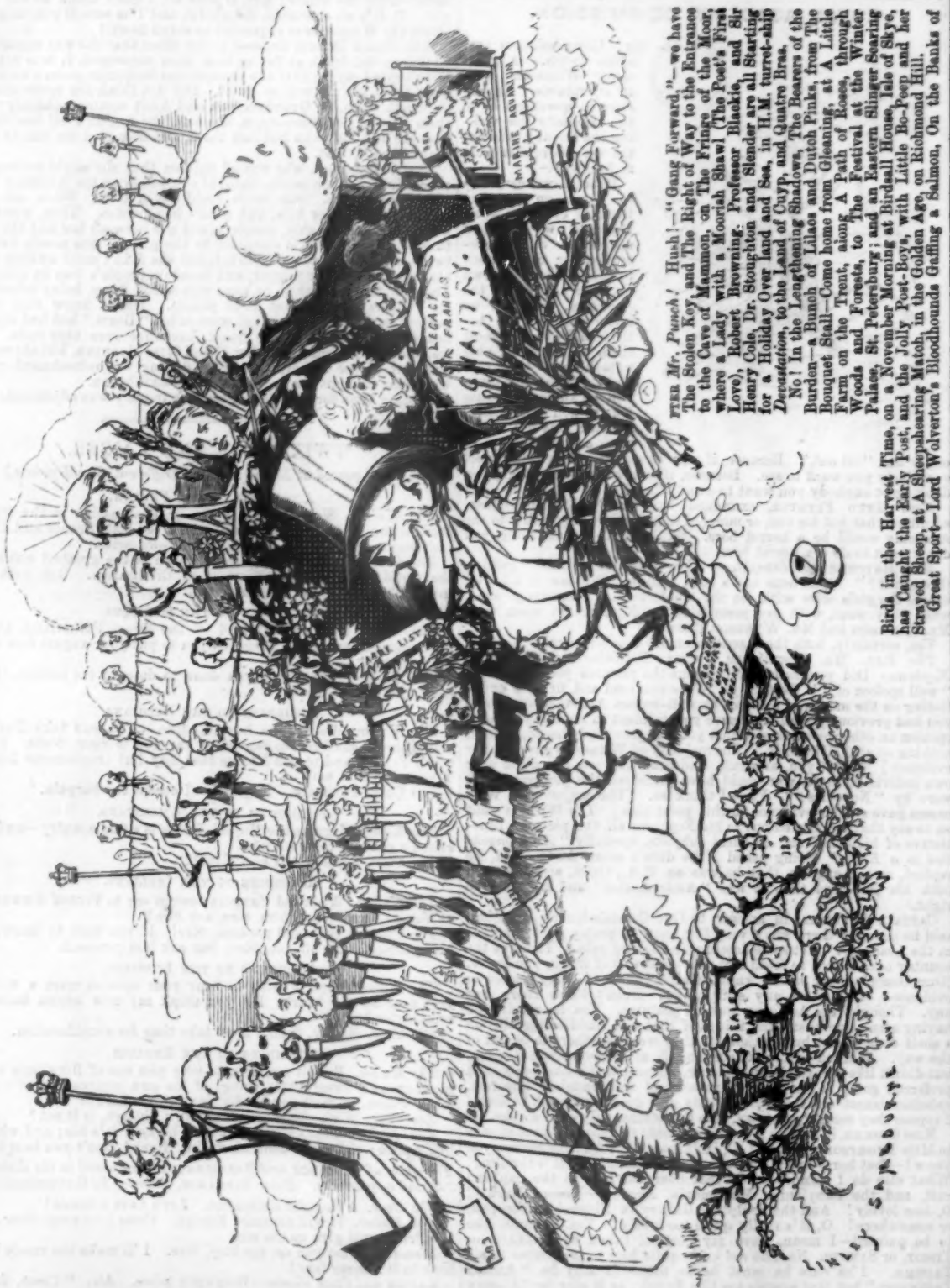
THE CZAR. A thought strikes me. Let's have a dance!

THE KAISER. It will reassure Europe. Come!—d nous deux. If the Prince will give us the air.

BISMARCK. Just you set the step, Sire. I'll make the music keep time to it: never fear!

KAISER and CZAR dance. BISMARCK pipes. Air, "Come, lovely Peace!" [At least the air sounds like it.]

AT THE ACADEMY—"A PICTURE PUZZLE."



TEEN Mr. Punch! Hush!—"Gang Forward,"—we have
The Stolen Key, and The Right of Way to the Entrance
to the Cave of Mammon, on The Fringe of the Moor,
where a Lady with a Moorish Shawl (The Post's First
Love), Robert Browning: Professor Blackie, and Sir
Henry Cole, Dr. Stoughton and Slender are all Starting
for a Holiday Over land and Sea, in H.M. turret-ship
Destruction, to the Land of Cyp, and Quatre Bras.
No! In the Lengthening Shadows, The Bearers of the
Burden—a Bunch of Lillies and Dutch Pinks, from The
Bouquet Stall—Come home from Gleaning, at A Little
Farm on the Trent, along A Path of Roses, through
Woods and Forests, to The Festival at the Winter
Palace, St. Petersburg; and an Eastern Slinger Soaring
in the Harvest Time, on a November Morning at Birdall House, Isle of Skye,
has Caught the Early Post, and the Jolly Post-Boys, with Little Bo-Peep and her
Strayed Sheep, at A Sheepbearing Match, in the Golden Age, on Richmond Hill.
Great Sport—Lord Wolverton's Bloodhounds Gaffing a Salmon, On the Banks of



TOO COMMUNICATIVE BY HALF.

Suspicious-looking Party. "THAT'S A FINE PUP O' YOURN, MASTER."

Mr. Verdant Green (with pride). "I SHOULD THINK HE WAS! WHY, I GAVE FIFTEEN GUINEAS FOR HIM WHEN HE WAS SIX WEEKS OLD, AND HE'S WORTH THREE TIMES AS MUCH NOW!"

[Suspicious-looking Party has quite a weakness for valuable Pups, and mentally makes a note of Mr. V. G.'s residence for the future.]

the Thames, *Pour les Pamees* and the Orphan of the Temple; H. D. Pochin Watching the Game, On a Favourite Shooting Pony; From the Shot-Tower in the Twilight; and Mr. Hardoncastle telling the story of "Old Grouse in the Gun-room" to Polly Peachum, and A Fruit Woman of Cairo Refurbishing The Crown of Love (Hardly Earned) in The Interior of the Grand Mosque of Damascus, on Sunday afternoon, in War Time.

What follows is Private and Confidential—about The Barber's Prodigy in A Barber's Shop in Tunis, and Bringing Home the Bride from The Babylonian Marriage Market, under Enid's First Parasol, to A Green Thought in a Green Shade; or with Julian the Apostate on A Fête Day, going to a Bull-Fight in The Steamer *Panther* to see School Re-visited by W. E. Forster and F. W. Walker, in spite of Thomas Carlyle and Philosophy, and with no regard for The First Taste and The Last Muster in the teeth of Master McGrath and Dr. Macleod, and all the Beer-Fish and Water Pets in The Royal Aquarium, and—which awakens a suspicion that all this may be A Dream—thence back to ALMA TADENA'S Sculpture Gallery in picture gallery No. 1.!!!

Phaugh! What a round—in this roasting weather, too!

FIGHT FOR THE NEW FOREST.

THE threatened enclosure of the New Forest has induced some Noblemen and Gentlemen to take rooms at 294, Regent Street, for an exhibition of the Forest scenery, which *Mr. Punch* earnestly recommends to the attention of his picture-loving readers. It has also moved the principal authorities of the Hartley Institution at Southampton to address a petition to the House of Commons praying the House "to take such steps as will make the New Forest a national park, and such as will keep unimpaired its beauties

DERBY-DAY DISCIPLINE.

"Really I must consider this subject."—MR. DESMAREZ in reply to SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S question if he meant to adjourn on the Derby-Day.

Is night-, by way of considering-cap,
Small blame to BEN if he took his nap,
While BIGGAR maunders, and WHALLEY wumps,
And daines through St. Stephen's creeps—
He dreams: SIR WILFRID, airy pate,
With Adam's ale inebriate,
Wakes up the PREMIER; wants to know
If to the Derby he may go.
Now, after answer *à la Sphinx*,
Bewails to his forty winks,
Bemoans he of the stand, the hill,
Bookmen and backers howling shrill;
The wild sweep-past of racing steeds,
And ladies of still faster breeds;
The bold dog that will cross the course,
Duffing Stamping and the Force,
And team defiant down the ride,
Mid hoots and howls from either side?

Meanwhile SIR WILFRID all would rule
By rod of the Good Templars' School,
And, laughing, shuts us from the pale
Which men will drink for cakes and ale.
"No Derby!" Let that field lie fallow:
A fig for favourite *Camballo*!
For wise men matters these a pin
Betwixt a snow and *Gallop-in*?
This is Good Templardom's stern sentence,
"As medicine to help repentance,
Drink, Wednesday next, to purge your faults,
Not Epsom salt, but Epsom salts.
For a siphonic mount hair-shirt,
Not 'gainst road-dust, but moral dirt;
Upon white tile no green will pin,
But tear off that which screens your sin;
O'er your back rather blush than hang,
And mount not, but put on, the drag!"
That for Good Templars! *Mr. Punch*,
Wooded on all hands to laugh and lurch,
With humours of the road enjoy,
Not with excess enjoyment cloy;
Will rise to transient may-fly loves,
Lose, matters not how much, in gloves;
From bright eyes sparkling madness drain,
More swift and sweet than dry champagne,
Feel racing rapture, breathe fresh air,
And gladly meet SIR WILFRID there.

and its value as a great field for artists and art-study." The Conservative majority of the House of Commons will, of course, readily take any steps which a Conservative Government may propose for a truly Conservative purpose, and all the Liberals who are liberal enough to value anything above money will march with them. In the meantime, may the pillows of all the wretches engaged in devising those changes in the New Forest which menace ultimate enclosure, be haunted by the Ghost of WILLIAM RUFUS.

Temperance Nursing.

SUCCESS to the new Temperance Café, established by the People's Café Company, in Whitechapel, and opened on Wednesday last by the EARL OF SHAPESBURY. Wean the people from gin on tea, coffee, ginger-beer, and lemonade, but don't treat them so completely like babies as to make laws for the purpose of depriving Britons of their beer.

Inaccurate Euphemism.

WHY are lodgings to let almost always advertised not as "Rooms" but "Apartments"? "Apartments" for Single Gentlemen are all very well; but surely "Togetherness" would be more suitable to Man and Wife.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CHITLING, who is a Master Mason, came up from the country by a fast train expressly to be present at the Installation. The notion of CHITLING being "Master" anywhere sounds rather amusing to Mrs. C., who is autocratic in the domestic circle.



CURIOUS.

English Tourist (in Ireland). "TELL ME, WAITER, AT WHAT HOUR DOES THE FIRST TRAIN LEAVE FOR CLONMEL?"
Waiter. "IS IT THE FURREST THRAIN, SOR? I'M NOT RIGHTLY SHURE. THE NOINE THRAIN UP USED TO LAVE AT HA'PAST NOINE—BUT FAIX IT GORS AT TIN NOW, AND THERE'S NO FURREST THRAIN NOW AT ALL AT ALL. BUT I'LL AX AT THE BAR, SORR!!"

"THAT UNHAPPY NOBLEMAN."

(See WHALLEY ON CASTRO, *House of Commons*, May 11.)

THE Tiebhorne Claimant, in convict raiment,
 Is picking oakum in a Dartmoor cell,
 And in that gehenna he can't get senna
 And salts and blue pill, when he don't feel well.
 He's growing thinner on the prison dinner,
 He misses his brandy-and-water cold;
 So, sadder and wiser, he writes to the 'Tizer,
 And by WHALLEY, weeping, is the story told.
 Those times, my WHALLEY, seem almost jolly,
 When the House bade you sing, as to speak unfit.
 Now with KENEALY, of mouth unmealy,
 For Coventry songless and sad you sit!
 But weep not for ORTON, if less sweet than short, on
 His mighty maw Dartmoor diet palls:
 Reduced abdomen is a healthy omen,
 For one of his size shut within four walls.
 Three agents of evil—world, flesh, and devil,—
 Our sponsors should teach us to renounce.
 But while these keep their place (as is too oft the case),
 Repentance is gammon, remorse but bounce.
 From two of these three,—world and flesh,—we see,
 Thanks to Dartmoor and diet, the Claimant's at peace;
 With the third and worst while he still is curst,
 As his friend, please don't ask for his release!

REVIVALISM ON THE ROAD.

CERTAIN Revivals have lately been held in Her Majesty's Opera House. But beyond doubt the most fashionable, and also the most popular Revival is the "Revival of Coaching."

THE LATEST ODDS.

THE Odd Persons (in Society) who pay regularly a Sabbath visit to "the Zoo," and yet object to the opening of the Brighton Aquarium on Sundays.

The Odd Persons (belonging to the School-boards) who think the best way to educate the Child is to starve the Mother.

The Odd Persons (in the Army) who profess to hold Cash in utter contempt, and yet haggle and argue about the price of an Exchange and the rate of a bonus.

The Odd Persons (in the City) who represent themselves as simple old Sailors, or poor old Soldiers, and yet object to the holding of the Royal Commission upon Foreign Loans.

The Odd Persons (in the Country) who, in spite of recent disclosures, still insist upon investing their money in South American Securities.

The Odd Persons (in Trade) who object to the Adulteration Laws, and yet wish to keep their customers from visiting the Co-operative Stores originated by the gentlemen of the Civil Service.

And, lastly, the very Odd Persons (for further particulars, see Red Book) who imagine that fame and fortune are to be secured at any time upon the Turf or in the City by merely refraining from acting "on the even."

Irish Tranquillity.

Is not the title of "The Peace Preservation (Ireland) Bill" a misnomer? Had it not better be The Peace Enforcement Bill? Or is it peace, Pat, when there is no peace? To be sure, there is something in the idea that an Irish Bill should have an Irish title.

WARNED OFF THE COURSE.

NEXT week is the Derby. *Punch* gives timely notice, with all the earnestness of which he is master, that he will not insert jokes about Galopin.



HOW WE GO TO THE DERBY.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



157Y Members showed after the Whitsuntide week—(Thursday, May 29)—“a beggarly account of empty benches.” The rest were not going to ‘cut short their holidays for Mr. SULLIVAN’s question, or LORD ELCHO’s perpetual motion—that the Service is going to that place which is paved with good intentions.

Punch would not be surprised if a good many of the dear naughty boys stretched their Whitsun holidays over the Derby-day. *A propos*, suppose, instead of PETER TAYLOR’s regular Anti-Derby-Day Jeremiad, SIR WILFRID, as Commons Professor

of “the Gay Science,” were to treat Honourable Members to a parody on “Black-Eyed Susan,” “All on the Downs the House was never remember the Drag so much in demand through the four months before Whitsuntide.

Business opened with Mr. SULLIVAN’s question about COUNT MUNSTER’s speech at the National Club, for which the Count certainly deserves a rap over the knuckles. (By the way, considering his high-flying Protestantism, suppose the Count changed his name from COUNT MUNSTER to COUNT ULSTER?) Will the Count forgive Mr. Punch for the suggestion that his advice to England—*à propos* of the struggle between Protestantism and Ultramontaniam—“to look out in time,” and “to keep an eye on Ireland,” is altogether superfluous, and *tant soit peu* impertinent? Punch is quite aware the latter word is not diplomatic, but neither was COUNT MUNSTER’s speech, as Mr. DISRAELI was bound to admit in answer to Mr. SULLIVAN’s question.

Suppose LORD ODO RUSSELL had tendered a similar piece of advice at the dinner of some Protestant Club at Berlin? Suppose even Punch—non-diplomatic as he is—turned the tables, and recommended Germany, through COUNT MUNSTER, to look out in time, and take care that between Eagle’s claws and Falk laws she do not come to grief one of these days?

Mr. DISRAELI answered Mr. SULLIVAN very discreetly. “COUNT MUNSTER’s speech, he should say, was *not* diplomatic; but he had no wish to discourage free speech, even from a diplomatist. It is possible His Excellency may soon visit Ireland, and then he will see there is not the slightest analogy between the Roman Catholic subjects of the German Emperor, and the Roman Catholic subjects of Her Majesty the Queen.”

Not the slightest. Our laws give our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects—Ultramontanes or others—full swing and free speech. The Falk laws give them repression, fine, and imprisonment. We leave the safety-valve free to work. Germany, or rather BISMARCK, not only ties it down, but sits upon it into the bargain, and the Reich’s-Kanzler is not a feather-weight. On the whole, England believes her own system the safer of the two, and, through Mr. Punch, recommends COUNT MUNSTER to look at home, and keep his breath to cool his (Prussian) porridge.

Another night of active ELCHO eruption—the Charteris Geyser in full military blast. Nothing and nobody can persuade LORD ELCHO that our Army is not rotten—stock, look, and barrel. Most of the old Army-men in the House, and a great many out of it, disgusted with recent changes—above all, with the Abolition of Purchase, and the introduction of a Short Service System—and indisposed to give these and their concomitant alterations a fair time for trial—are as busy as a certain gentleman in a gale of wind, picking holes in our present Army arrangements. All the military malecontents find a ready mouthpiece in LORD ELCHO.

The best proof of the utter want of practical usefulness in these Army-nights is the absolute irreconcilability of the suggestions for improvement with which they teem. If ever too many cooks spoiled the broth, there can be but small hope for our military *pot-au-feu*. Look at the range of recipes. LORD ELCHO, pending a conscription, which he believes we must come to, wants none but effective men—that is, in his sense of the word, men over twenty—entered on the Estimates of Effectives. He laughs to scorn the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE’s assertion that “if the present Aldershot Division were put on a war-footing he would be ready to march with them anywhere, or on any service, at five minutes’ notice.” He prefers the authority of “the man in the street” to that of the Commander-in-Chief.

SIR G. BALFOUR thought the estimate of men and horses to an artillery battery excessive. Good service had been done with half the regulation numbers. As to recruiting, he was dead in the teeth of LORD ELCHO’s plan of conscription.

MR. SIDEBOTTOM was all for raising the soldier’s pay.

MR. HOLMS was all for Short Service and Reserves.

COLONEL LOYD LINDSAY was all for training Boys for the Army, as we do for the Navy.

GENERAL SHUTE was satisfied that Short Service must fail. Deferred pay and pensions, with Civil employment in prospective, was the salt for the recruit’s tail. Your Home service should be compulsory, your Foreign service Volunteer.



KNOWING ONE'S PLACE.

The Lady Iscullie (act. three). "THO WELLY KIND OF YOU TO CALLY ME, YOBERT! THALL I GIVE YOU A KITH! "
Robert (in great trepidation). "N—H—K—NOT FOR THE WORLD, MY LADY! "

MR. BASS saw nothing for it but conscription, with a tax of a week's means of every one of the 300,000 young men yearly attaining twenty, to attract recruits.

SIR H. HAVELOCK defended the Short Service System, but admitted that of our recruits 10 per cent. ought never to have been enlisted, and another 10 wanted two years' seasoning to make into soldiers.

MR. HARDY begged the Army reformers to give him a chance of swimming by himself—not all to sit on his shoulders at once, by way of keeping his head above water. He had difficulties enough, but he was quite aware of them: was carefully watching the growth of LORD CARDWELL's plant, though he did not admit the advantage of pulling it up before it had had time to bear fruit. In short, he spoke candid common sense, as usual.

The truth is our Army is in a transition state, and must have time to get through it. And all the impatience and impetuosity of all the ELCHOS will not enable us to escape the drawbacks and weak points of a transition time. LORD ELCHO, Parliament, *Punch*, and JOHN BULL must all have patience.

DERBY DRAGS.

WHEN you have carefully contrived to leave your wife and children at Brighton, and have treacherously returned to town avowedly to attend to important business, but really to act as host to a jovial party of bachelors, who propose a pilgrimage to Epsom, to learn by telegraph on the morning of the race that your wife has decided upon following you, and will be at home just half an hour before the time you have appointed for the meeting of the aforesaid jovial party of bachelors at your own house.

When you have arrived at the Waterloo Station, and are in the middle of a crowd from which you cannot escape, to find that you have left your purse at home at Bedford, and have at that moment in your pockets just one shilling and fourpence-halfpenny.

When you are seated on the roof of a coach in company with a number of choice spirits on the road to Epsom, to open the morning paper to find that the venture in which you have invested the savings of many years has come prematurely to utter grief.

When you (a young man just commencing life) have received a grudgingly-given leave of absence for one day from your "serious" employer (who lives at Clapham) on the pretext that you wish to attend the funeral of a greatly venerated Maiden Aunt at Southend, to run across that serious employer at the Wimbledon Station, where you (evidently by some mistake) happen to be seated in a carriage conspicuously labelled "Epsom."

When you, to while away the time, join a few friends in a game of "unlimited Lee" in the railway carriage going down, and somehow or other contrive to lose a year and a half's income in five-and-twenty minutes.

When you (from the top of a coach) look into the drawing-room of the house wherein dwells the object of your soul's secret adoration to find the aforesaid object evidently on the point of accepting your hated rival SMITH, who, you notice, is pleading his cause on his knees before her.

When you are gallantly buttoning the glove of sweet ALICE FLINTINGTON (the charming daughter of that good-natured old soul FLINTINGTON, of the firm of FLINTINGTON, BROWN, JONES, AND FLINTINGTON) on the Hill at Epsom, to find your wife's mother glaring at you from the rumble of the next carriage.

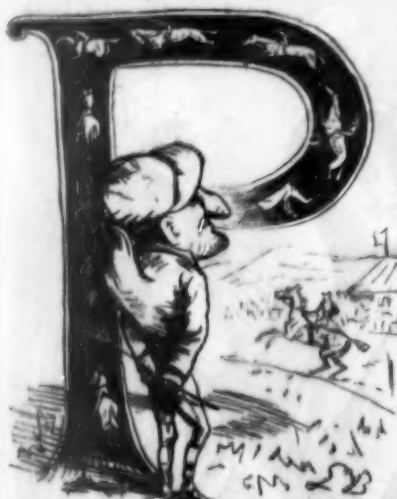
When you meet your tailor, to whom you owe a large amount, and from whom, strange to say, you have received no reminder for years, on the Hill, and he exclaims, "You here, Sir! Why, I thought you were dead! As it is, I shall have the honour of sending in my account to you to-morrow. To avoid unpleasantness on both sides, I trust you will enable me to give it to you receipted! "

When you find "the certainty" you have backed for a great deal more than you can afford to lose "scratched" on your arrival at Epsom.

When, after being unwise enough to entrust all your loose cash to a loud-voiced gentleman in the Ring who has given you long odds upon the winning horse, you look for your debtor and find him gone.

And, greatest drag of all, when you are conscious of having presumed to do, say, or think anything at Epsom, which you know would not have received the sanction of that best of men, wisest of sages, and 'cutest of prophets, Mr. *Punch*, the Grand, the Good, and the Noble.

EPSOM CHRONOLOGY.



AN HISTORIC anti-
quity of Epsom.

875. The Saxon
Races introduced
by HENRIET and
HOMER. Great re-
joicings, as a matter
of course. Address
from the Mayor
and Corporation.
Horse-power (many
years before the in-
troduction of steam)
seen in operation
on the Downs.

1216. Epsom salts
discovered acciden-
tally, by moon-
light, in a grove of
horse-chestnuts, by
an eminent London
physician, who had
lost his way on the
Downs, while re-
turning to Town
from a consultation,
on horseback.

1339. Horse-rad-
ish introduced into

this country, from Arabia, by a native of Epsom, who had fought in the Crusades under the CHEVALIER BAYARD, and was, at a subsequent period, elected an honorary member of the Jockey Club.

1602. The first *cheval* looking-glass seen in England, made by an upholsterer at Epsom.

1745. The young Chevalier (disguised as a Jockey) present at the Races. (This incident has been painted by HORSLEY, R.A.)

1779. The Oaks instituted. Won by a head by *Tête-à-Tête*.

1780. The Derby instituted. Won by a neck by *Nectarine*.

1784. The Derby won by MR. BURKE's gray filly, *Sublime and Beautiful*. Hence the origin of the proverb, "The Gray Mare is the better Horse."

1788. A French Horse, who had been quite out of the betting—*Hors de Combat*—the Winner of the Derby.

1790. Known as Darby and Joan year, the great race having been won by SIR BUSHEY PARK's chestnut Mare—*Joan*.

1795. The first stone of the new Grand Stand laid (on the Oaks Day) by the Lord Mayor.

1800. Dead heat for the Derby between *Physician* and *Apothecary*. They divided the stakes.

1803. *Longshanks* won the Derby by a length.

1808. *Kaleidoscope's* year—ridden by SAM CHUTNEY. The Jockey who was to have piloted the Winner, being unable to fulfil his engagement through hoarseness, CHUTNEY was taken as a substitute on the spur of the moment.

1814. The Allied Sovereigns visited Epsom. By a very remarkable coincidence the Derby was won by *Prussian Blue*, and the Oaks by *Charlotte Russe*.

(To be concluded Next Year.)

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

A Visit to some Furniture Auction Rooms. Remarks on Specialists.

MY Aunt, in lodgings at Ramsgate (perched, as it were, previous to settling down in a nest of her own), wrote to say, that if I can pick up anything cheap in the way of tables or chairs, old-fashioned, she will be glad of it.

Having done CHRISTIE AND MANSON's, it occurs to me that I will inspect a furniture sale.

Happy Thought.—Send to my friend TWINTON VICK, who knows all about this sort of thing.

Of course, at the very moment he might have been of use, he fails me. He is out of town. I notice that this is invariably the case when you rely upon a friend who is a "Specialist." TWINTON VICK, just now, when I want to pick up some good furniture, cheap, would be absolutely invaluable. He knows the dealers, he knows their ways and their dodges; he knows the right people to go to, and the wrong ones to be avoided. Whenever you make friends with a Specialist—by which I mean some one who has obtained a peculiar knowledge on any one particular subject, or has advantages

not shared by his fellow men—I say, whenever this Specialist friend becomes very sociable and communicative, as, for instance, after dinner, he will make you offers as generous as the wine he is drinking. Perhaps he knows all about vineyards and importing. He will say confidentially to you, "My dear fellow, this is a first-rate glass of wine. Now I suppose you gave about sixty-four for this, eh?" You don't like to admit it, because you know that when a Specialist asks the question he implies that you've been a sweet idiot, and have given so much for an article really worth about half the money, so you answer, Yes, that was about the amount. "Ah," says the Specialist, "I thought so. Now, look here, when you want this sort of thing you come to me." The mystery and the emphasis of manner and facial expression accompanying this announcement quite take away your breath. You feel inclined to exclaim in a subdued tone, "Lor! you don't say so." Whereat he nods gravely, sips his wine meditatively, as though considering whether you could be trusted with a secret, and presently he will add, "You come to me; I can get this for you at about half what you're paying." Gracious Heaven! why haven't I known this man years ago! Henceforth (you determine there and then) never will you buy any wine without consulting this clever person, who is evidently "behind the scenes."

Happy Thought.—So is the gas-man at a theatre "behind the scenes;" but he is not an influential person: at least, I believe not. There are many who are behind the scenes without any advantage to themselves, or their "friends in front."

What a number of Specialists behind some scenes or other I have known! And how invariably have they failed me when the time came to invoke their aid—just as those three old Spinsters failed the too credulous *Macbeth*, who ought to have been more hard-headed as a Scotchman—[Note.—*Memorandum Book*. Subject for an article in *Typical Developments*, under letter *M*. *Macbeth* considered as exhibiting the (typically Scotch) absence of any sense of humour, specially where he loses his temper, and "strikes him."—*Vide Stage Directions*]. In horses, for example, as in my friend GLOFFIN's case, who had said when you want a horse, you send to me. I did send, and he didn't come. A very stout man, a DR. BLUMFIDGE, whose acquaintance I made at a party, on hearing that I was going to sell a horse and trap, said to me, confidentially, of course, "You go to BUCKLETOP's—young JINKS is the manager at BUCKLETOP's now—and you just send in to him; say you know me, and he'll square it for you." I thanked him heartily. I asked him to dinner: he came. He repeated his advice. I acted on it. I sent into JINKS; in fact, I saw JINKS on the subject.

JINKS, a very horsey young person, with mutton-chop whiskers, whose extremities were beautifully bright—I mean polished boots and resplendent hat—took off his hat politely to me, and asked me my business. I told him. Yes; there was no difficulty in disposing of a horse, trap, and harness. The sale days were so-and-so; and they would go, he said, in the usual way. "The usual way" gave me, as it were, my cue. Now was evidently my opportunity for bringing out DR. BLUMFIDGE's name, because I didn't want my things to be sold in "the usual way," which means, as I understand it, at a dead loss to the vendor. So it now flashed across me as a—

Happy Thought.—Look knowing, and mention I came from DR. BLUMFIDGE.

MR. JINKS bowed and smiled. No sudden effect from mentioning BLUMFIDGE. JINKS didn't immediately look surprised and pleased, and reply, "O, indeed, a friend of DR. BLUMFIDGE's? I shall be delighted to do anything for a friend of DR. BLUMFIDGE's. What will you take? Champagne? Here, JOHN, Champagne! And as to this horse and trap of yours, well, what do you expect to get for it, eh? A hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds? Well, as a friend of DR. BLUMFIDGE's, I shan't put you to the trouble of waiting for the sale; we'll manage all that, and here's a cheque for two hundred."

That's what was, in effect, my idea of what ought to have followed on my mentioning BLUMFIDGE's name. JINKS, however, did nothing of the sort. I tried BLUMFIDGE on him again. I said, "Dr. BLUMFIDGE recommended me here; and told me to mention his name to you."

JINKS smiles and bows. Yes, on consideration, he *thinks he knows* DR. BLUMFIDGE, and, to satisfy himself, asks me (asks me!) "if DR. BLUMFIDGE isn't rather a stout man with a bald head?"

"He is," I replied, with a fast expiring hope that when he had realised DR. BLUMFIDGE in his mind's eye, he would then come out enthusiastically. But JINKS never did come out enthusiastically; on the contrary, having recalled DR. BLUMFIDGE's appearance, and identified him, he seemed to wish to avoid any further allusion to him. He merely added, that "if I would send a man with the trap, and so forth, it should be attended to," and bowed me out. From that moment I set down DR. BLUMFIDGE as a humbug. So with Specialists in everything; don't trust them, that's my moral.

Thinking over TWINTON VICK and his wonderful purchases at



COURTESY



“THE DOG” ON THE COURSE.



E.

MAY 29, 1875.]

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI



REFRESHMENT.

Hospitable Good Templar (to Visitor—average Scotsman). "WELL, NOW, WHAT WILL YOU TAKE, MAC, AFTER YOUR WALK—TEA, OR COFFEE, OR PEASE-BROSE!" [Comment is needless.]

sales, my eye is arrested by an announcement, posted up on the door-way of what might be a second-rate music-hall, or a something-arian chapel, to the effect that there will be a great sale, on a scale of unexampled variety in all departments, taking place the day after to-morrow in these auction-rooms, where the public is now invited to step in and inspect for itself.

Happy Thought.—Step in and inspect. The passage is lined with all sorts of odds and ends, looking like the property of an uncommonly shabby genteel family removing, while the appearance of two or three stubby, greasy, fat men with dirty collars, or no collars, and rich in chains, rings, and hook noses suggests the further idea of the shabby genteel family having been obliged to leave by reason of circumstances (uncommonly bad circumstances) over which they had no control.

Meeting more greasy men, and hearing the Hebrew accent in every direction, I pause for a minute and, recalling my second notion of this place, being a place of worship of some sort, I begin to doubt whether I have not intruded into a Synagogue, just as the people are coming out.

No: The poster settles that—"On view two days prior and mornings of Sale"—"Valuable Collection of OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE and CHINA, including Bookcases, Cabinets, and Secretaries."

Happy Thought.—Buy a Secretary. Perhaps Secretaries is a misprint for secretaires. Then there is a "Beautiful Island Pier."

Happy Thought.—Perhaps a mis-print for "beautiful inland pier." Buy it, and send it down to my Aunt at Ramsgate. Or if they don't want a pier there, they can send it on to Pegwell Bay.

"Card, Pemproke, and Fancy Tables." This list has a few misprints, arising from what are called "clerical errors," which my Aunt thought came under the exclusive cognisance of the Dean of Aches or the Archbishop's Court.

"Cylinder writing-tables." Who on earth could write either in or on a cylinder, at least, I mean comfortably. Besides, I thought that cylinders were always mixed up somehow with boiler explosions and chemical lectures (for boys), and the Polytechnic. Shall look out with some curiosity for a cylinder writing-table. How frightened my Aunt would be if I told her I'd bought one. I'm sure she has about the same idea of cylinders as I had—till now.

"A pair of carved chairs from the Summer Palace of Peking" (sic).—These are "included" among genuine old English furniture, unless they come in under "China."

"Tulipwood C...
Mirrors and Gir...
have thought was...
Then come "W...
Groups, Vases, B...
also to be sold by...
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catalogue from a...
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"Tulipwood Cabinet," "Old China Clock, Candelabra, Mirrors and Girandoles"—the latter, by itself, I should have thought was a Spanish dance.

Then come "Worcester, Chelsea, Sevres, Oriental China, Groups, Vases, Beakers, and Lowestoft dinner service," also to be sold by auction, and to be inspected now, to-morrow, or the morning of the sale.

Happy Thought.—Inspect them now. I accept a catalogue from a man in a sort of railway signal-box, and enter the auction-room.

NORTHWARD, HO!

A God-speed to the Arctic Expedition.

YET once again the Sea-kings' blood
Stirs in the adventurous island brood;
Yet once again our peaked prows

Point northward gaily.
And, rising from the Solent shore,
In as right hearty British roar
As e'er did English echoes rouse,
Sounds forth our *Vale*!

Yet not as sad or last farewell,
Whose sound is like a parting knell,
But as a jubilant God-speed

Our "good-bye" follows
The lessening hulks, whose hoped-for goal
Is the ice-girded Arctic pole,
And thence when pluck has won its meed,
Back, like the swallows.

Southward again, and safe, we hope
To see your ships' white pinions slope,
Helped by a happy homeward breeze,
That secret bearing
Which still the chill grey warders h'd,
Spite of all seekers, stout and bold,
Whom yet the far and frozen seas
Have fired with daring.

HURRAH! The cry is "Northward Ho!"
Chill-washing wave, and frozen floe,
Are cheerily challenged once again

By brain and muscle
Of British breed; and now not aught
That Science's fore-reaching thought
Can shape, there lacks to arm the twain
For Titan tussle.

We know the North has taken tithe
Of English blood ere now; yet blithe
Is every heart that dares and shares
The strife, the glory.

On then! for, hap what happen may,
This chance shall not be cast away,—
To write our names with gallant NAMES
In English story!

Where stainless FRANKLIN strove and fell,
To die were surely more than well;
And if capricious fortune crown

A kindred merit,—
Though later yet, not greater,—then
There is no fear that history's pen
Will miss or mar the fair renown
We shall inherit.

Two million miles, untracked, unknown,
Lie in that ice-girt Arctic Zone;
Or which, as yet the Knot's* wild wing
Alone hath travelled.

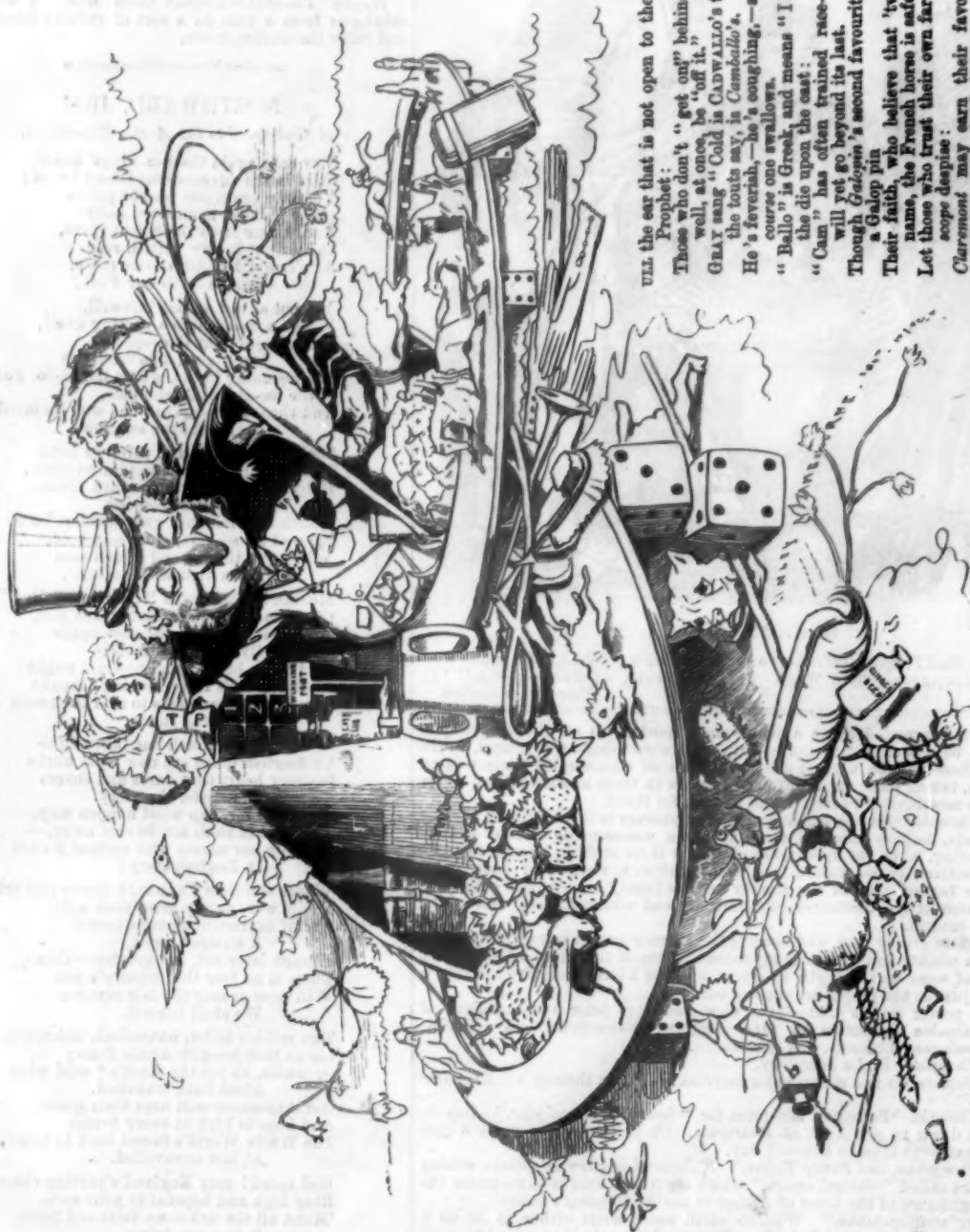
Our Argonauts will urge their quest;
And hope is high in every breast
The White World's Secret back to bring,
At last unravelled.

God speed! may England's parting cheers,
Ring high and hopeful in your ears,
Midst all the unknown frosts and fears,

Before you lying.
God speed! We wish you bravely back,
Safe from the frozen Polar pack,
Leaving our British Union Jack
O'er the pole flying!

* *Fringa canutus*,—a bird whose nidification is conjectured to take place further northward than explorers have yet penetrated.

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET-TIPS!



Will the ear that is not open to the oracle of the Prophet: "get out" behind him may as well, at once, be "off it." GRAY sang "Cold is CADWALLO's tongue;" hot, the touts say, is *Camballo's*. He's feverish,—he's coughing,—all touts say of course are swallows. "Bello" is Greek, and means "I throw,"—say, the die upon the cast: "Can" has often trained race-winners, and will yet go beyond its last. Though *Galopin*'s a second favourite, let those to a Galop pin Their faith, who believe that 'twixt race and name, the French horse is safe to win. Let those who trust their own far-sight a *Téléscope* despise: *Claremont* may earn their favour who have Spring-green in their eyes;

They say your *Breechloader*'s apt to kick—all my eye and *HEVER-MARTINI*—He's all right, stock, look and barrel—carries well, in short, is *bene*. *Dartrey's Earl* may go to *Fareham*, and each make the best of the other there; They're hot on the *Bay of Naples*—yet I shouldn't care to another there.

And as for *Holy Friar*, though *Punch* has no love for Monastic Orders, He might trust a Monkey upon the Monk, though on the profane it borders. On *Balls* We may be happy yet," would be the Prophet's sentence. And though we are miserable sinners, we may yet hope for *Repentance*.



LEVELLING UP.

Sub. (just arrived by rail). "HOW MUCH TO THE BARRACKS!"

Car-Driver. "Ah, SHURE THIN, CAPTIN, THE MAJESTY OV 'EM GIVES ME T'WEE AND SIXPENCE!"

And *Temple Bar*, though shaky, still continues to keep its place; And, if it does that in a *Fleet Street* rush, why shouldn't it in a race?

Lady Morgan, the biped, was a blue; if blue riband to blue should go,

Never yet was an outsider made her backers less blue to show.

Lady Nelson, like her Lord's "England," expects each man to do his duty."

But query if that's to put money upon you, my little beauty? I should like to see more of *Seymour*, ere I back him at forty to one;

If *Lord Berner's* friends are burners of their fingers, who will say "Done!"

The *Makeshift Colt* has made shift to find at least a place as outsider,

He may make shift to show in front, but he must find a wonderful rider!

From the above it will be seen which way *Punch's* Prophecy tends, So *Toby* sends *Tips*—of his ears and his tail—to his kyind and numerous friends.

THE NEW-FOREST EXHIBITION.

ART at war with Barbarism! Have you tracked the Forest, friend, by sunlight and moonlight? Have you found your way home through verdurous glades by the glimpses of *Lyndhurst Church tower*? Have you perused the faces of the five wise and five foolish virgins in *LEIGHTON's* famous fresco, and wondered whether a wise or a foolish one were the best to marry? Have you eaten Hampshire bacon and cream cheese at the *Crown*? Have you tried to catch a wily bull-trout in *Lymington Water*? Have you seen *Avon Tyrril*, where the slayer of the Red King splashed through the river in hot haste to reach *Poole*, and take ship for France? Have you lost yourself in the loveliest woodland region left in England—a region where at every corner you might meet *Rosalind* flirting boy-fashion, or *Jacques* in cynic meditation.

Whether you have or have not, go to 294, Regent Street, and see

the beauties of the Forest which the barbarian Commissioners propose to destroy by planting larches for gain's sake. They have already done irretrievable ill. Fourteen years ago, when *PRACOCK* published *Gryll Grange*, whose scene was in the Forest before barbarism defaced it, he said he would never see it again—and he was wise. It is a sad sight, to those who remember it in its beauty, before the deer were ruthlessly murdered—because there were a few poachers about! Still let us save what we can. Let us see whether Art is not stronger than Barbarism in these times. LORD HENRY SCOTT's Select Committee should go *en masse* to the Exhibition, and judge for themselves: they are a jury holding an inquest on living loveliness which barbarians desire to murder. It is well that a scion of "the bold Buccleuch" should strive to save from the Vandals a region traversed by "the Ariosto of the North," when writing *Mormion*, sixty-eight years ago.

A Word in Season.

AT a "Permissive Meeting" lately held at Cowes, the REV. T. SLIGHT said the object of the meeting was to remove the Drag of Intemperance from the path of progress. Of course, on Wednesday there will be no such vehicle as the Drag of Intemperance on Epsom Downs.

Dinner and Dessert.

For a cut of cold Mutton, choose the Saddle.

Eat a good Bit, but Bridle your thirst.

The best Nuts to crack on a Racecourse are Cobnuts.

A DESIDERATUM.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the Bishops generally have been requested to combine in composing a form of prayer of extra strength, to be used on the occasion of launching vessels intended for the passenger-trade.



THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

Nervous Old Lady. "O, POLICEMAN! POLICEMAN! THERE'S A STRANGE DOG THAT WILL STICK TO ME, AND WON'T LEAVE ME, AND I CAN'T GET RID OF HIM! COULDN'T YOU TAKE HIM IN CHARGE OR SOMETHING?"

Policeman (who doesn't like the job). "VERY SORRY, MA'AM,—BUT WE CAN'T INTERFERE WITH ANY DOG SO LONG AS HE'S A FOLLERIN' O' SOMEBODY!"

DERBY DREAMS FOR 1875.

If you dream that the Battle of Dorking has been realised, and that the Germans have occupied Woolwich and seized all our artillery, you may be sure that it will be *Breechloader* who will be the winner.

If you dream that *Lohengrin* is not so great a success as *Il Talismano*, and that the music of the future is not comparable with the music of the past, you may rest satisfied with *Baïfe* as your selection.

If you dream that North Britain is depopulated, and that England is full of Macs, you may be sure that *Flying Scotchman* will gain the stakes, and that *Camballo* will certainly obtain a place.

If you dream that you are at a ball and are snubbed by the prettiest young ladies because you cannot waltz, you may be sure that *Galopin* will win in a canter.

If you dream that you have invested in Spanish bonds, and that you are personally interested in the future of Honduras, you may be sure that the offspring of *Repentance* will be the first to pass the Judge's Chair.

If you dream that the French have become violent Royalists, and have determined upon choosing a good and sensible prince for their king, you may safely back *Claremont*.

If you dream that you are in Olympus, and that Venus has told you a secret, which you have immediately divulged to the newspapers, be sure that *Telescope* will be particularly lucky at the finish.

If you dream that you have seen Mr. Punch, and, having thus had the dearest desire of your heart gratified, no longer wish to live, be sure that the *Bay of Naples* has no chance.

If you dream that the GUICOWAR OF BARODA's guilt was proved in the pages of a popular London evening paper, you can scarcely do better than put your faith in *Seymour*.

If you dream that you have been to the Derby and have lost your last penny in backing the wrong horse, why rest satisfied, and let your vision remain a dream and nothing but a dream. *Verb. sap.*

AN EXCEPTIONAL MAY.

FINE weather in May,
For once in a way.
Blue sky, and sun glowing;
Mild gales gently blowing.
From their blossoms the trees
Sbed scent on the breeze.
Green meads, too, in bloom,
Exhaling perfume,
With specks of red clover,
Are spangled all over;
In silver and gold,
'Mongst the kingcups, behold,
And the white and pink daisies,
And saxifrage, blazes
The orb'd dandelion,
And flouts Hyperion.
Lo hyacinth, fellow
To cowslip's pale yellow!
See speedwell's bright eyes,
Like bits of the skies,
The verdure peep through,
Boat-race flower-bells in blue!
The thorn-bushes blow
So thick, that with snow
O'erladen they seem;
Or clots of white cream
On gooseberry pie
Suggest to the eye.
Horse-chestnuts are out
On all sides about;
They bid us, of course,
Remember the Horse.
Through flowers and o'er mead,
Too far from the Steed,
No thought now should stray.
But a Horse lives on hay,
And this maxim may pass—
That horseflesh is grass.
And so let us learn
The Horse to discern
In the green of the field,
Which his fodder should yield;
Imagine we see
The Favourite to be,
And behold plate and cup,
As 'twere coming up,
In pasture and crop,
Surveyed from the top
Of Derby-bound drag,
Or outside of a Nag,
When Nature is gay,
And birds sing away,
On the brightest of days
In this merriest of May.

An Unknown Quantity.

Given.—A Divisional Field-day in the Long Valley, Aldershot; time, twelve noon; thermometer 83°, on the shady side of Cooked Hat Hill.

To find.—The quantity of black sand eaten, and number of water-bottles emptied, by a regiment of Grabbles in the space of one hour.

Dog-Day.

"EVERY dog," ran the saw, "has his day;"

That old saw we've a new one to flog:
At least, Epsom knowing-ones say,

"Every (Derby) day has its dog."

CELA VA SANS DIRE.

A BOOK is advertised entitled *How to Grow Roses Out of Doors*. It may safely be conjectured that the doors in question should be made of rose-wood.



SHOWS HIS BREEDING.

Equestrian (to Policeman on the look-out for a Stolen Horse). "How did I come by 'im!" Why, bred 'im myself, to be sure—down at a little place o' my own."

OAK-APPLE DAY AMONG THE LADIES.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.—A PUBLIC MEETING will be held at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Saturday, May 29, which will be addressed by Ladies in reply to the speeches in the House of Commons against the Second Reading of the Women's Disabilities Bill.

Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. McLaren, Miss Becker, Miss E. Power Cobbe, Miss L. Ashworth, Miss Rhoda Garrett, Miss Sturge, Miss Isabella Tod, Miss Downing, Miss Wilkinson, and other speakers, will take part in the proceedings. Chair to be taken at 5 p.m. by GEORGE DIXON, Esq., M.P. (adv.)

THE Twenty-ninth of May

It is Oak-Apple Day,

And the far-advanced Ladies of their weapons make essay—

Though, pace the Oaks,

We might deem it a hoax,

If such strong-minded women could e'er stoop to jokes.

There's wise Mrs. FAWCETT,

How mildly she draws it!

If all's wrong—'tis the want of the woman must cause it.

Miss COSSA, with much power,

Her wisdom can shower,

Though e'en CONNOR's wisdom damps when it's poured for an hour.

Then there's Miss LYDIA BECKER

(There's a nothing to cheek her)—

The sex with such leading should keep up their pecker;

And Miss RHODA GARRETT—

No pretty poll-parrot—

Dropping diamonds of speech, worth a million a carat.

Punch likes these dear Misses

Who dive in abysses,

Preferring (unhappy ones!) suffrage to kisses:

And hopes that no vixen

Will try to play tricks on

Their highly respectable Chairman, GEORGE DIXON!

FOUND AT EPSOM.

A POCKET-BOOK (on the cover a monogram of "W. L." over the helmet of a Baronet), containing the following articles:—Notes for a Speech against the Adjournment of the House of Commons over the Derby Day; Notes for a Speech in favour of the Permissive Bill; and a small volume labelled "The Complete Works of the late Joseph Miller."

A Bundle of MS. entitled "A Handbook to the Turf—a noble, manly, distinguished, and historically-national sport—with some remarks upon the Three Courses called Epsom, Goodwood, and Newmarket, by an Ex-Prime Minister."

A Letter signed "Yours affectionately, W. H. W.," and bearing the Peterborough postmark, commencing "My dear Lord Cardinal, I should have the greatest possible pleasure in dining with you on the Derby Day, were I not engaged elsewhere on business of the last importance."

A Scheme for converting the Infantry of the School-Boards into a permanently embodied Militia, bearing the endorsement of a noble Colonel of London Volunteers.

A Brief inscribed "With you the GUICOWAR OF BARODA."

A Shillelagh branded "This Stick is the Property of a Home-Ruler—Please return it to him."

A Note-Book, bound in canvas and initialled "B. F. R.N., Barrister-at-Law," containing materials for a work to be called, *Every Sailor his Own Lawyer*.

Proof-sheets of a Pamphlet entitled *The Church and the House of Lords*. By a Spiritual Peer.

A long roll of paper containing a return of the profits made by American Publishers out of *Lothair*, *Sybil*, *Coningsby*, *Tancred*, *Henrietta Temple*, *Vivian Grey*, and other works by the same Author. In the corner of the paper, "Noted, B. D."

A very dirty paper, apparently part of a weekly journal, enclosing what feels like a vial, and directed in a loose, and scarcely legible hand, "Dew Drops from a Lion's Mane."

And, lastly, a strong oaken cudgel, labelled *Punch*.

N.B.—Any of the above articles (inclusive of the last) may be obtained at 35, Fleet Street, on personal application.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PARLIAMENTARY week with two Derby Days in it—the Monday, on which the House heard the announcement of a communication from LORD DERBY to PRINCE BISMARCK “of a nature to correct misconception and to ensure peace,” and the Wednesday, for which it adjourned in defiance of SIR WILFRID. So we see Roman prodigies repeat themselves. *Bos locutus est!* JOHN BULL has spoken. And more—so the Head of Her Majesty’s Government informs the Head of Her Majesty’s Opposition—has “received a satisfactory reply.” Fact! The British Lion, it seems, might have figured in Mr. P.’s Cartoon the other day in a *pas de deux* with the Russian Bear, to that “gentleest of tunes,” “O, lovely Peace!”

Prosit! may the startling circumstance that *Leo*, or *Bos Britannicus*—whatever be the brute-form in which British spirit may for the time have incarnated itself—has at last found a tongue, in a grave European crisis, be an augury that, if need be, he could find teeth and claws as well. Without them tongue is apt to be treated with the contempt that edges the old saw, “*Vox et præterea nihil.*”

Talk of the Elephant’s trunk that can rend an oak, or pick up a pin; or the Nasmyth steam-hammer, that can weld a hundred-ton crank, or crack a nut!

—What are these to the British Parliament? On the same night that it disposes of a dispatch on which may hang European peace or war, behold it seriously busy about the cutting of GEORGE WINTERBOURNE’S hair, in Oxford Castle! Other matters as minute were, on that same Monday night, the subject of Members’ questions and Ministers’ answers. So true is it that your Legislator, unlike your Lex, “*de minimis curat.*”

DR. PLAYFAIR, very sensibly, withdraws his Vivisection Bill, on the Government announcing the issue of a Royal Commission to inquire into the subject. The matter is of importance enough, both in the interests of humanity and science. The popular excitement on the subject, based as it is on humane feeling, and roused by some abuse of a useful practice, threatens to be mischievous, and demands the guidance of cool inquiry. Most of the night was taken up by a tourney between the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and *Punch*’s good friend, PROFESSOR FAWCETT, on the subject of Local Taxation, *à propos* of the Second Reading of the Public Works Loan Acts Amendment Bill. Pace the Professor, the fray was at once a sham-fight and a fight in the dark. No doubt, Local Government is chaotic. As little doubt that the Government which steps into that “mighty maze,” will very soon find its clue ravelling and tangling in its hand, while the hornets’ nests it will have disturbed make progress in any direction all but impossible. Local Government will be work enough and to spare for more than one Session, or many either, and will need a stronger hand than the one now at the helm. It is an enterprise that would have taxed GLADSTONE in his grimmest “cutting down” form.

Tuesday, May 25.—SIR WILFRID on the Derby—in very good form, and very excellent fooling. If only our dear baronet would settle, beforehand, with Mr. P. which of his good things are likely to be fired off with best effect from the benches of Parliament, and which had better be reserved for the columns of Mr. P.! There is his suggestion of the SPEAKER going to the Derby in his State Coach, with a body-guard of Members! What a capital Cartoon is here wasted! The House would have laughed as heartily at a far worse joke.

It is thirty years, it seems, since the House first adjourned for the Derby. Surely that should be sufficient prescription of title.

SIR WILFRID quotes MR. GREVILLE as an authority for the blackguardism of the turf (*Quis tulit Gracchos de seditione querentes?*), and the *Saturday Review* for “the filthy ruffianism” of suburban race meetings—whereof the Derby (he says) is the whole forty rolled into one. *Punch* is not disposed to dispute the verdict of such excellent authorities; but he would remind SIR WILFRID that the Derby is as much a scene of innocent outing, free-handed fun, and family, if rather rampant, out-door amusement, as an occasion of betting, book-making, or turf-blackguardism; and that what degrades it is not the stamp of “Cockney carnival and suburban saturnalia,” which SIR WILFRID selected for the climax of his peroration.

It is the old quarrel of cakes *v.* no cakes, and ale *v.* no ale; and if the “ginger” is a little “hotter in the mouth” at Epsom on the Derby Day than in other places, where cakes and ale are in the ascendant over the virtues, Mr. *Punch* sees no reason in that, why the House should not take a holiday for our “Isthmian games,” and see the “blue riband,” which politicians know more of as the prize of a good deal of political “crossing” and “milking,” “pulling” and “scratching,” contended for among a four-legged field, and on the Downs instead of the Commons. So the House thought when it voted a Derby whole holiday by 206 to 81.

And then, as if to make up for the morrow’s play by the day’s work, it knocked off some 200 clauses in Committee on the Public Health Bill; and after this “breather,” rattled through the rest of the Paper at the same slapping pace till seven, resuming for Scotch Education and SIR WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL at nine, and adjourning over the Derby Day at ten minutes to twelve! Hadn’t the House fairly earned its Holiday?

Wednesday.—All the World and his Wife Derbied and Joaned.

Thursday.—“A night w’ NORTHCOTE.” The battle of the Savings-Banks, Old *v.* New, was fiercely fought by the financial great guns on both sides, GLADSTONE and LOWE among them. Is Government right in taking the profits made out of the low interest on the Post Office Savings-Banks deposits to make up the deficit arising from the too high interest allowed in times past on deposits of the old Savings-Banks?

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE says it is only a question of account, and that the £118,000 surplus, from the one source, may fairly be employed to make up the £107,000 deficit, from the other. “No,” says MR. GLADSTONE, “that is the untradesmanlike falsehood of ‘the same concern;’ and, in Lombard Street, would be considered ‘insane banking.’” It seems clear enough that the system is not defensible from a business point of view. All that can be said is that the Old Savings-Bank interests are strong, and that as they



THE WORST OF A SOCIAL FIB.

"O, HENRY, THIS IS TOO AWFUL! HERE COME THE WELLINGTON SLOWBORES, WHO'VE INVITED US TO DINE WITH THEM QUITE QUIETLY, AT FIVE O'CLOCK, SOME DAY NEXT WEEK, AND I'VE JUST POSTED A LETTER TO THEM TO DECLINE THE INVITATION, AND I'VE SUDDENLY FORGOTTEN WHAT EXCUSE I MADE!"

prevented the late Government from putting things on a sounder footing, it is hardly to be expected that the present "Rest and be thankful" Administration should set the wasps' nest in a buzz by taking up the matter, except upon direct compulsion.

Friday.—Their Lordships re-assembled. It takes them a week longer than the Commons to lie fallow from their fatigues. LORD SELBORNE'S General School of Law Bill was read a Second Time, under protest of the LORD CHANCELLOR, who approves of a body to examine lawyers, but does not see the need of a Board to teach them.

Is there not a certain old gentleman who may proverbially be trusted to look after his own? What need of instructing those whom he is said to have peculiarly in hand?

"*Summum jus summa injuria*" says one legal maxim. "Law is the perfection of reason," says another. Take whichever you please, my little dears. To teach the one, a University is undesirable; to teach the other, it is incompetent. LORD CAIRNS reasons like the CALIPH OMAR over the books of Alexandria.

The Seals—great and small—should thank LORD DUNMORE. If Law can secure them a close time, they are to have it—at least from the English Seal-destroyer. Let us hope that the Yankees and the hardy Norsemen will better England's instruction, and; learn not to drain the oil that lays the golden eggs. In the name of humanity, why not allow the baby seals to grow up—till they have laid on blubber enough for boiling down?

In the Commons SIR C. DILKE drove, what we trust will prove, the first nail, into the coffin of the Unreformed Corporations which still exist, some ninety-six of them, scattered all over England—but especially in the southern counties—such curiosities of corruption, such strongholds of blatant, bloated, and blinded Bumbledom, as are unsuspected even by outsiders. Of course, even in England, such gigantic little rascalities are doomed directly they are put to the bar. Only in England, that wonderful country, in which a villainous Wrong has only to live long enough to become a vested Right, could these petty enormities have survived so long.

MR. JENKINS, by too much zeal, spiced with too much gall of bitterness, spoiled a good case of abuse in the distribution of the

Funds of the Disestablished Church of Ireland, and, after flinging firebrands broadcast, and setting everybody's back up, secured a decided defeat by 34 to 148. So much for tactics. Let *Gina's Baby* lay to heart the lesson.

WHALLEY maundered once more into the Tichborne trial, was repeatedly snubbed by the House, pulled up by the SPEAKER, admonished by CROSS, and finally snuffed out—alas, only to be lighted again, we fear, so long as it pleases Peterborough. A sharp wrangle over the Bill for Bishops by voluntary contribution, *HOPE pro*, *HARCOURT con*. A very pretty quarrel, as it stands, after four motions for adjournment.

MAGNA EST VERITAS.

To Mr. Punch.

HONOURED SIR,

As some doubt seems to exist among my friends about the reason why I did not go to the Derby this year, and as I don't exactly like making that reason public, I will tell you in confidence what it was. On the evening before the eventful day, on my entering the shop (we deal in china and glass), my wife, a robust woman, took hold of my collar, not gently, and said, not quietly, "Look here! you little reptile! SMITH, the greengrocer, has just been in, an' says as you're goin' to the Derby races with him. Now, if you go, I'll break every blessed thing in the shop, likewise your head when you come back, an' every bone in your wretched little body!" After this she looked up my best coat, jumped three times on my new white hat, and went off into hysterics. This, Honoured Sir, is the true reason why I did not visit Epsom on Wednesday last.

Yours most respectfully,

Petticoat Lane, May 29th.

JOHN SMALLMAN.

FOX'S MARTYRS.—Ducks, fowls, turkeys, and geese.



WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Valetudinarian (in the course of Conversation with intelligent Passenger, whom he takes to be a Dignitary of the Church). "NOW, WHAT SHOULD YOU THINK WAS MY WEIGHT!"

Gentleman in Black. "WELL, SIR—LET ME SEE—YOU STAND ABOUT FIVE FEET ELEVEN, THIRTY INCHES ACROSS CHEST, AND WE'LL SAY ELEVEN INCHES DEEP—WELL, I SHOULD SAY, SPEAKING AT RANDOM, YOU WOULD 'LIFT' AT ABOUT ELEVEN STUB' AND THREE QUARTERS!"

[Horror of Invalid—his fellow-passenger was an UNDERTAKER!]

THE DERBY OF 1876.

It is rumoured that, if, in accordance with SIR WILFRID'S brilliant suggestion, the SPEAKER consents to go in state to the Derby of 1876, the following arrangements will be made, with a view to give *éclat* to the ceremonial:—

A refreshment tent will be opened, under the management of the Bench of Bishops, who will guarantee the quality of all the wines and spirits supplied.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON will supply a brilliant descriptive article on the enlivening scene to the *Morning Advertiser*.

MR. NEWDEGATE will drive down, four-in-hand, the prettiest nuns from his favourite convents, and give them a champagne luncheon.

MR. TORRENS McCULLACH TORRENS will preside at an Aunt Sally. LORD LITTELTON will recite the *Isthmian Ode* of PINDAR from a drag on the top of the hill.

MR. WHALLEY having, by a brilliant *coup de main*, extricated "that unhappy Nobleman" from Dartmoor, will bring him to the Grand Stand, at the head of a majestic procession, consisting of all the wise men of Wapping, Peterborough, Stoke-upon-Trent, and Gotham.

DR. KENEALY will be unable to accompany this procession, being engaged to drive down in a curricle with the Lord Chief Justice of England.

MR. RICHARD will bring down several omnibus loads of Welsh Methodist Preachers, a bard with a harp accompanying each.

At an evening concert at Cremorne M^r. GLADSTONE will sing, to the air of "*Woodman, Spare that Tree*," an original lyric, on the theme of this great national holiday. By the favour of the Editor

WHIMS ON A WEDNESDAY.

LAWSON, 'tis true the Derby's now no more
What it once used to be in days of yore.
E'en then, and at its best a mixed resort
Of dissipation, roguery, and sport;
Thence, of late years, the sport has well-nigh flown,
The Vices have it almost all their own.
Yet still, such magic works in happy names,
Our Epsom Races are our Isthmian Games.
House or no House, the Leaders of Debate,
And all of every party in the State,
Save Wednesday's would-be lawmakers, would play
The truant ever on the Derby Day.

But all those Members of eccentric mind,
To whose conceits each Wednesday stands resign
They, all of them, would take the best of care,
The House for sitting open, to be there.
O, then what rampant Acts might not ensue!
What mischief Wednesday's wiseacres could do!
Enfranchise the fair sex behind our backs,
Enact Home-Rule; repeal the Income-tax.
An awful Bill might manage to get read,
Letting deceased wives' sisters widowers wed;
Then what restraints fanatics might impose
On British freedom goodness only knows!
Some odious Act, the birth of addled brains,
To stop, on Sunday, boats and railway trains,—
The bantling of a Sabbatarian ass,—
Might go into Committee, nay, might pass!
Or what if, in the absence of the wise,
Who keep on meddling pedants watchful eyes,
Fit representatives of Colney Hatch,
In a majority, should chance to snatch,
Unfairly, and against its Author's will,
A triumph for your own Permissive Bill?

EXPECTANT MEDICINE.

THE public may have learned from a late discussion that not only do Policemen very often mistake apoplexy for drunkenness, but Doctors are sometimes out in their diagnosis between the effects of drink and those of simple determination of blood to the head. The question between the graver and less serious state of coma has been formulated into "Drunk or Dying?" This it is evident can in many cases only be solved by waiting the event, which will always ultimately show whether the patient, or the prisoner, according to circumstances, has been in a really dying condition or only dead drunk.

of the *Contemporary Review*, in which this interesting composition will appear immediately after it has been sung, we are enabled to give the first quatrain of M^r. GLADSTONE'S song twelve months in advance:—

"WILFRID, list to me;
All this reforming row
Seems out of place to be—
As much as I am now."

Amusements will be provided in Palace Yard for those who object to our "noble, manly, distinguished, and historically national sport." There will be races along the river-terrace of the Houses of Parliament for all the donkeys who don't go to the Derby. Tea and muffins will be provided, and the band of the Good Templars will play.

Guns out of Gear.

CONCERNING the Cannon question, experience is said to have shown that breech-loaders are practically less eligible than muzzle-loaders, because they are considerably "more liable to derangement." This, it may be necessary to explain to some of our Scotch friends, does not precisely mean that breech-loaders are apt to get cracked.

Right Again!

BLEST is the Man with wisdom to *Punch* his faith to pin,
When he proclaimed, "twixt race and name, *Galopin* safe to win.
He that on *Toby*'s tip his cash laid out, of course, hath won.
He that did not back *Galopin*, is "*Galopin*," dreary, done!"

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 5, 1875.



WHIMS ON A WEDNESDAY.

LAWSON, 'tis true the Derby's now no more
What it once used to be in days of yore,
E'en then, and at its best a mixed resort
Of dissipation, roguery, and sport;
Thence, of late years, the sport has well-nigh flown,
The Vices have it almost all their own.
Yet still, such magic works in happy names,
Our Epsom Races are our Isthmian Games,
House or no House, the Leaders of Debate,
And all of every party in the State,
Save Wednesday's would-be lawmakers, would play
The truant ever on the Derby Day.

But all those Members of eccentric mind,
To whose conceits each Wednesday stands resign
They, all of them, would take the best of care,
The House for sitting open, to be there.
O, then what rampant Acts might not ensue!
What mischief Wednesday's wisacres could do!
Enfranchise the fair sex behind our backs,
Enact Home-Rule; repeal the Income-tax.
An awful Bill might manage to get read,
Letting deceased wives' sisters widowers wed;
Then what restraints fanatics might impose
On British freedom goodness only knows!
Some odious Act, the birth of addled brains,
To stop, on Sunday, boats and railway trains,—
The bantling of a Sabbatarian ass,—
Might go into Committee, nay, might pass!
Or what if, in the absence of the wise,
Who keep on meddling pedants watchful eyes,
Fit representatives of Colney Hatch,
In a majority, should chance to snatch,
Unfairly, and against its Author's will,
A triumph for your own Permissive Bill?

EXPECTANT MEDICINE.

THE public may have learned from a late discussion that not only do Policemen very often mistake apoplexy for drunkenness, but Doctors are sometimes out in their diagnosis between the effects of drink and those of simple determination of blood to the head. The question between the graver and less serious state of coma has been formulated into "Drunk or Dying?" This it is evident can in many cases only be solved by waiting the event, which will always ultimately show whether the patient, or the prisoner, according to circumstances, has been in a really dying condition or only dead drunk.

of the *Contemporary Review*, in which this interesting composition will appear immediately after it has been sung, we are enabled to give the first quatrain of MR. GLADSTONE'S song twelve months in advance:—

"WILFRID, list to me;
All this reforming row
Seems out of place to be—
As much as I am now."

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MEASURES.

With intelligent Passenger, whom he
HAT SHOULD YOU THINK WAS MY

SEE—YOU STAND ABOUT FIVE
AND WE'LL SAY ELEVEN INCHES
RANDOM, YOU WOULD 'LIFT' AT
no-passenger was an UNDERTAKER!

with SIR WILFRID'S
to go in state to the
will be made, with a

the management of the
ality of all the wines

descriptive article on
n-hand, the prettiest
them a champagne

wide at an Aunt Selly.
ds of PINDAR from a

de main, extricated
will bring him to the
sion, consisting of all
oke-upon-Trent, and

this procession, being
Lord Chief Justice of

nibus loads of Welsh
panying each.

GLADSTONE will sing, to
original lyric, on the
favour of the Editor

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 5, 1875.





WAITING TO BE WON.

(ARCTIC EXPEDITION SAILED MAY 29, 1875.)

EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW HOW TO
UTILIZE TO BE NO. 1



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

A WORD FOR WAGNER.



O you like Lohengrin? This with many people just now is the question of the day. And not to have heard Lohengrin is with many people tantamount to a sufficient proof that the person who is questioned is hardly worth the talking to. Certain talkers there are everywhere who are nothing if not

musical: and just fancy what a Godsend must Lohengrin now be to them! How grateful they must feel to Mr. Gtz for giving them so fruitful a theme for conversation! If they be jocular, what jokes may they not crack about the opera—writ by the Warbling WAGNER, as they may choose to call him: an opera wherein, although there is a King, there is not an air apparent! If they be serious, what platitudes may they be pleased to spout, and what a dreadful fate for those who have to listen to their prolixity!

If, in the course of conversation, Mr. Punch were to be asked by a musical young lady what he thought of this stage-symphony, as he would prefer to term it—Mr. Punch would frankly own that, though in parts he found it tiresome, on the whole he vastly relished it. Though not melodious, it is certainly most musically interesting; and in addition to its novelty and extreme originality, it has the further charm of being abundantly poetical. Moreover, tortured as he is by itinerant musicians, Mr. Punch would gratefully record the startling fact that he has actually heard the whole of a new opera without feeling any fear of hearing any part of it again, either whistled by a butcher-boy, or jingled on a barrel-organ. If this be always so with the Music of the Future, assuredly the future will be in this respect more blessed than the present.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

"On View" at a Furniture Sale continued—All among the Noses
—An escape.

AT CHRISTIE AND MANSON'S I could pass in the crowd for an amateur of old china knowing something about it. I could walk through their show-rooms inspecting the yellow shepherds, the harlequins, the blue maidens, the foolish-looking sheep, the dolphins, the little-men milk-jugs—the spout being ingeniously contrived out of a corner of their cocked hats,—and a hundred and one things besides, without attracting any particular attention.

A knowing friend, to whom I had nodded at CHRISTIE'S, had warned me against "Touts" and had told me why they should be avoided, and how that Sales, taken altogether, were swindles in some way or other, though how this came about I could not exactly arrive at from his somewhat complicated explanation, illustrated by what had happened to himself.

But, whether I had an anti-Tout appearance, or whether the above-mentioned conversation had been overheard by some sharp-eared member of the Touting fraternity, the result was that I was not interfered with by any one when roaming whither my wayward fancy next led me through the attractive saloons of the eminent Salesmen and Auctioneers above-mentioned.

Now here in this show-room, two days before the Sale, it's a very different affair. There may be some excitement "outside" about this "Extraordinary Sale of a Valuable Collection of Old English Furniture" (belonging, I suppose, to some fine Old English Gentleman, who has gone to Boulogne or Dieppe for the benefit of the sea-bathing), but there is no sort of excitement within.

I am, apparently, the only "lay" visitor. My nose, compared with those belonging to other gentlemen about the room, is pure Greek. As my favourite song (which I've quoted before in these notes, on some other and totally different occasion), says, or ought to say, "Nobody's nose like my nose,"—at all events, in this room, and at this moment. I may safely say that mine is the only unprofessional nose present.

I look round for another Christian nose. No, not one. Christianum

ad leones—and Lyons has, somehow or other, come to be a Jewish name. [Note here for future large and important subject, "Names and Noses."]

I am aware that many eyes are on me, that noses are tending towards me, that beaks will swoop down upon me, as a hawk on a lamb, without waiting for the mint sauce. They are one and all of the Hebrew persuasion. Shall I escape without being inveigled into laying out money on a lot of things I don't want?

Happy Thought.—To avoid being cajoled by any amount of Hebrew persuasion, I keep my eyes steadily fixed on my catalogue (as the Good St. Anthony did "on his old black book" in the once well-known song), and produce a pencil. This is a false move. It attracts the attention of a council of Hebrews in a corner, a private Sanhedrim, and one of their number comes towards me. I see him, askance. I do not know whether he is coming to me as the representative of a firm, or on his own hook,—of course I do not mean on his nose. The Hebrew persuader pauses. It is like a game. My object is to avoid him altogether: his to close with me. Who's to make the first move?

I do: and a wrong one. I observe a cabinet book-case in the distance marked 208. I make a mark against 208 on my catalogue. Of course I don't want the (as it's described) "Fine Old English Mahogany"—the writer must have had the "Fine Old English Gentleman" in his head at the time—"Chippendale Bureau, with complete set of moveable shelves, small drawers above, desk, pigeon-holes, and three secret drawers"—height fourteen feet—a most useful article, specially for the materials for such a work of compilation as my *Typ. Developments*. I am making this note, when a husky whisper enters my right ear, hissing and guttural:—

"Thome bootiful thingth 'ere. Bootiful!"

'Tis the voice of the Hebrew persuader. The game has commenced. I fancy we are being watched, and I seem to hear subdued chuckles while I am being played by this artful angler. He is a short, thickset man, with a big vulgar ring, a big vulgar chain, and an obtrusive pin in a black stock, above which I notice an effect of gradation of colour, between the stock and the dirty-brown face, artificially produced by the appearance of the day-before-yesterday's shirt collar. For further linen on view,—the rest is silence.

Of course he has black hair, and plenty of it, coming from under the well-worn brim of a shiny hat, of course he has the family nose,—one of a lot all out of the same mould, for it might belong to anybody else there, and could be claimed at any moment,—and also the family glance, smooth at once and swift, ocular greased lightning. He holds me by his glittering eye, this Ancient Broker. I am Antonio, with a fancy for picking up furniture secondhand, and he is Shylock's head-clerk, Tubal.

"You're looking," he goes on in the same whisper, "at that bureau."

I am. I do not deny it.

He continues, in a rapturous whisper, "Bootiful thing that! Bootiful! Couldn't find a pair of 'em anywhere. Bootiful! Quite a little gem!"

The "little gem" is fourteen feet high, and broad in proportion. I will not commit myself. I say, "Yes, it is handsome," to impress him with the idea that this sort of thing is a drug in the market with me, and that I've got lots of 'em at home much handsomer. He's not to be turned from his purpose, and he continues, "Quite a little gem! They don't make thuth thingth now-a-dayth. Come and thee it. It 'th bootiful. Quite a little gem."

His admiration can go no further than this. I don't want it, I explain, and move away slowly.

He follows me. He beseeches me not to throw such a chance away. "Aven't yer got a place you could put that bureau into?" I shake my head. "No, I haven't."

He can't believe it. He would rather not believe it. Surely I must be trifling with his feelings, when I am going to lose such a chance as that.

"Couldn't you find a plathe for it nowhere? Ain't you got room for it?" Then he looks round suspiciously, to see if any of his own fraternity are listening, in order to benefit by his experience.

Having satisfied himself of the absence of eaves-droppers, though still keeping a sharp look-out on a pier-glass, behind which I, too, fancy I just detected the tip of a nose showing itself a moment ago, he sinks his voice to his huskiest note, and informs me, most confidentially, "I can get it for you. You give me the commithion. I only take one commithion. I'm not like the unprintheipld brotkerth 'ere, who'll take commithionth from half-a-dozen perthonth. That 'th not my way of doing bath'nith. You may trutht me."

I tell him that I am certain of it; that, in fact, I would have trusted him without his assurance.

Happy Thought.—Perhaps—but not with his assurance.

He is still suspicious of some one behind the pier-glass, and wishes to elench the business before Nose Number Two pops out and gets my ear.

"Here 'th my card," he says.

I take it. "Morris Abrahams, Broker, &c., Camden Town Road."



"ONCE BIT, TWICE SHY."

Canny Scot ("Nas that fou," but he hears four footsteps, and suspects practical joking). "E-h! YE NEEDNA FASH YERSELS TO RIN. I SEE YE HAITH!"

Happy Thought.—Thank him; pocket the card; and being now, I suppose, "free of the place," get out of it as soon as possible. Perhaps I can shake him off by making for a distant Rosewood Cabinet, through a sort of North-west Passage of chairs and tables, through which Nose Number One is too stout to pass. I leave him. I arrive at the Cabinet. I look round to see how I shall now tackle for the door, when I hear, behind my right shoulder, "Bootiful thing thith cabinet! Thith ith too good to be here. It ought to be at CHRITHYETH. It'll go a bargain. Let me get it for you. Look here," he turns the keys in the drawers, and opens the doors, and bursts into an ecstasy—but never above a whisper—"It 'th a perfect thing! Quite a little gem!"

It doesn't matter what it is, a cabinet sixteen feet high, a candelabrum big enough for St. Paul's, a Japanese idol, a tea-tray, a brass eagle-lectern, a mediæval halberd, all's one to him. As soon as I pause for a second at any one of them, he is on me at once, with "Ah! they don't make thutth thingth ath that now-a-dayth! Quite a little gem!"

Happy Thought.—In order to get away without hurting his feelings, I tell him that I shall study the Catalogue at home, and return to-morrow, when I hope to see him, &c., &c. *Credat Judeus!*

He doesn't like parting with me. He cannot reconcile himself to giving me up, just when he thought himself secure of a first-rate commission. "You'd better let me get it for you," he says, referring to the last cabinet I've been looking at; "I should be thorry that you went away and didn't have it."

He is as grieved and pained as though he had intended to give me the cabinet as a handsome present, and I had rudely refused to accept it.

"I'll settle about it to-morrow," I say to him, encouragingly.

But the light of hope has nearly gone out of that Jew's eye. He follows me despondently to the top of the staircase. There is just a last chance, and he evidently considers that, after all his trouble, he has more right to it than any one of his fraternity who are hanging about the entrance, only waiting for him to relinquish me in order to seize upon me at once.

"You've got my card," he whispers anxiously—"MORRITH ABRAHAMTH. I'm thure to be here; but if you don't thee me, don't arthk anybody in the room—arthk the man in the offith. He'll thend for me. I'm obliged to be particular," he explains in a lower tone, and glancing round suspiciously, "ath there 'th thutth an unprinthipled lot here. Why, there are thome brokerth here would thwear their name wath ABRAHAMTH, and thay they'd come from me, jutht to get the commithion."

I express my horror of these dishonest scoundrels as I descend, and am half-way down the staircase.

"Ah! they would, indeed," he repeats, with intense earnestness.

"You don't know what dodgeth they're up to. But that 'th not my way of doin' buth'neth with a outthomer. You've got my card? You arthk the clerk in the offith for MITHTER MORRITH ABRAHAMTH, and—"

But I am on the last step, and I break away from him. In the street again.

Happy Thought.—Well out of it.

Symbols for Smokers.

In the window of a tobacconist's shop on Ludgate Hill are exhibited a variety of tobacco-pouches of a new description. A label sets them forth as the "Latest Novelty—The Donkey Tobacco-Pouch." Made of india-rubber, they are decorated with the figures of one or two donkeys stamped upon each, mostly red-brown on a black ground. These asinine articles may be confidently recommended to the young men who employ the greater part of their leisure time in smoking, and devote their minds chiefly to the occupation of colouring death's-head and other fancy pipes. The decorations of the Donkey Pouches will let everybody know to whom they belong.

THE CRUELLEST VIVISECTION.—Cutting your friends. The Most Painful—Cutting your fingers.



PLAYFUL BANTER.

"HERE! HI! HELP! BLOWED IF I AIN'T ALL OF A TREMBLE! I 'OPE HE AIN'T SAVAGE, MISS, OR LEASTWAYS AS YOU 'VE GOT A GOOD FIRM 'OLD OF 'IM!"

"A BERLIN!"

MR. DISRAELI, a few nights since, in reply to LORD HARTINGTON's request that the Government would publish the recent correspondence that has passed between the EARL OF DERBY and PRINCE VON BISMARCK relative to the Peace of Europe Question, said "that he did not think it would be to the public convenience to do so." Mr. Punch does not agree with MR. DISRAELI. Mr. Punch believes that the publication of the papers in question would serve as a useful lesson to Europe in general, and to all would-be-peace-disturbers in particular. Mr. Punch, therefore, has much pleasure in furnishing the correspondence (which has been kindly forwarded to him by PRINCE VON BISMARCK) in *extenso*. It will be noticed that COUNT MÜNSTER evidently founded the style of his speech to the "National Club" on the model presented to him in the following letter from Her Majesty's SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS to the Imperial Chancellor in Berlin:—

Memorandum from the EARL OF DERBY to PRINCE VON BISMARCK.

Downing Street, May, 1875.

"THE EARL OF DERBY, Her Britannic Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, &c., &c., presents his compliments to PRINCE VON BISMARCK, Chief Adviser to His Majesty the EMPEROR OF GERMANY, &c., &c., and begs to call his attention to the following facts:—England is now the richest country in the world. England has the strongest fleet in the world. England (if needs be) can buy the strongest army in the world. England is

tired of the theory of non-intervention. England is aware of the responsibility attaching to the position of a First-rate Power. England is weary of being ignored by Continental potentates. England carried the Crimean campaign to a successful issue, reconquered India, and was prepared to fight the United States of America had not reparation been made for the Trent outrage. England is now (according to the highest military authority) in a position to fight in any part of the world at five minutes' notice. England, however, objects to wanton warfare, and therefore will not tolerate foreign aggression. The EARL OF DERBY accordingly begs to state that he expects PRINCE VON BISMARCK to keep the peace. The Imperial Chancellor will be good enough to acknowledge the receipt of this order by telegraph.

Telegram from PRINCE VON BISMARCK to the EARL OF DERBY.

"EH? This is not at all the sort of despatch we are accustomed to receive from Downing Street. Surely some mistake. Where is LORD GRANVILLE?"

Telegram from the EARL OF DERBY to PRINCE VON BISMARCK.

"LORD GRANVILLE superseded. Be good enough to answer memorandum dated May, 1875, before post-time."

Telegram from PRINCE VON BISMARCK to the EARL OF DERBY.

"FOR your sake the peace of Europe shall be preserved. Always shall be charmed to oblige you. Will answer for the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. Anything else to-day?"

Telegram from the EARL OF DERBY to PRINCE VON BISMARCK.

"NOTHING else, thank you—not to-day."

THE BEARDLESS BOY.

THE Beardless Boy to the Race has gone,
In the betting-ring you'll find him;
His father's till he has drawn upon,
And his race-glass along behind him.
"Land! I must, or it will go hard
Should all my luck forsake me,"
Remarked the youth, as he bought a Card,
"And Policeman X may take me."

He lost his bets, and his watch and chain,
At which you'll scarcely wonder;
And as he rushed to catch a train,
He tore his coat asunder;
And said, "No one shall bully me,
I'll not submit to slavery!
I won't go home, but I'll wander free,
And take to a life of knavery!"

Insular Peacemakers.

AMONG the Bills at present before the House of Commons is the Pacific Islanders' Protection Bill. This title would be suitable to a measure for strengthening our national defences. What island in the sea is more pacific, as regards the natives of it, than Great Britain? Are not we the Pacific Islanders *par excellence*?

A CLERICAL ERROR.

MRS. MALAPROP presents her compliments to Mr. Punch, and begs to be informed whether the children of poor Curates may properly be classed among the Surplus population.

WAITING TO BE WON.

H.M. Ships Alert and Discovery, CAPTAINS NARES and STEVENSON, sailed for the Arctic Regions, May 29, 1875.



At her feet the Frozen Ocean, round her head the Auroral Lights,
Through cycles, chill and changeless, of six month-days and nights,
In her bride-veil, fringed with icicles, and of the snowdrift spun,
Sits the White Ladye of the Pole, still waiting to be won.

What suitors for her palace-gates have hoisted daring sail,
Though eye of man has never seen the face behind her veil!
So long sighed for, so hard served for, as this Queen, was never none,
Since the days of brave adventure and true service first begun.

To her feet their Norse blood urging sent the Vikingur throng,
Byrnie on back and axe in flat, in their war-drakes swift and strong.
There, bleaching on her threshold, lie the bones of ships and men,
With Red Eric that sailed Vinlandwards, ne'er to steer south again.

To her cold threshold galliots of the Zuyder-Zee made way,
With brave BARENTZ, sturdy suitor, that would not be said nay;
He set his heart to win her hand—but only saw, afar,
The glimmer of her wan white veil beneath the Polar Star.

In the steps of those Dutch suitors, English Captains, blithe and bold,
Since the spring-tide of good QUEEN BESS, faced fog and ice and cold;
FROMBISHER, GREENVILLE, HUDSON, and BAFFIN, souls of steel,
In quest of the Ice-Maiden urging North each pigmy keel.

As the desert track is measured by the wrecked ships of the sand,*
So bleaching bones of men and hulls from berg and hummock stand,
To tell where in some high, hot, heart the ice-wind's numbing breath
Chilled the wild blood coursing eager for that Bride of Snow and Death.

But still the white Witch-Maiden, that sits above the Pole,
In the snow-bound silver silence whose cold quells aught but soul,
Draws manly hearts with strange desire to lift her icy veil:
The bravest still have sought her, and will seek, whoever fail.

If England's flag yet leads the quest, crowding sail close behind
Our Western Brethren give their Stars and Stripes unto the wind;
On the faint tracks of Red Eric, follow Norsemen of his kin;
And Saxons tough, for Fatherland new conquests keen to win.

On, on, to the weird ice-world, where, the winner's prize, sits she;
An untrod land about her feet, washed by an unsailed sea;
And what though FRANKLIN's, CROZIER's, steps have left their icy track,
All pointing northwards, northwards—none ever leading back?

Not our last, nor yet our bravest, is this band the quest that dares,
Though brave are they that sail to-day with STEVENSON and NARES,
And amid God-speed and blessing upon all and every one,
Steer north in quest of that White Queen, who still waits to be won!

* *Punch* need hardly remind his readers that the caravan routes in the Desert are bordered by the skeletons of the camels which have sunk under their loads.

A HIT AT A HERETIC.

CONTINENTAL papers have announced that PRINCE BISMARCK is going, for the benefit of his health, to a warm place in South Germany. It is possible that M. VEUILLOT will reproduce this statement—with modifications.

OTHELLO OUTDONE.

(From our Sensational Reporter.)

AN appalling tragedy in domestic life has lately scattered consternation in the neighbourhood of Bayswater. A newly-married couple, possessed of ample fortune, and moving, it is rumoured, in extremely good society, had been observed to live together upon very loving terms, and no suspicion as to their affection was entertained among their friends. It appears, however, that on Monday morning last the young husband left his wife in considerable agitation, having, as he alleged, some business in the City. It has since transpired that he had previously secured himself a stall at Drury Lane for SALVINI in *Othello*; and there seems reason to believe that the tragical event, which subsequently happened, was first suggested to his mind by this most masterly performance. It was noticed by the Footman that he did not return until a few minutes before his usual dinner-hour, when, rushing in abruptly, without one word of warning, he proceeded to the bed-chamber, where his wife was in the act of dressing for the evening, and, before her startled Maid could even scream for help, he caught his wife up in his arms, in a frenzy of excitement, and deliberately proceeded to smother her—with kisses!

NO RETURN.

SOME Spirit-Rappers hold a dreary creed,
Much like Pythagorean transmigration,
That is, that souls from bodies will be freed
Only to undergo "Re-incarnation."
That theory is all humbug, let us trust,
Who would not rather be resolved to dust?

Our sires may well have wished again to be
On England's soil, so fair a face that wore,
But to revive among Posterity

For us 'twere sadder than to be no more,
Unless our souls could be debased, to suit
Surroundings suitable to natures brute.

All that endears life to the young in heart
But old in years, is withering day by day,
Else were they still unwilling to depart;
Now little reck how soon they pass away,
And, if they disbelieved it not, would dread
Return to this changed country from the dead.

How fast the smoky sweltering cities grow!
The flowers, the fields, the woodlands disappear!
How foul with factory filth, and fouler, flow
The turbid rivers, once so crystal clear!
'Twill be a worse world still for the next race,
Going the way it goes, and at the pace.

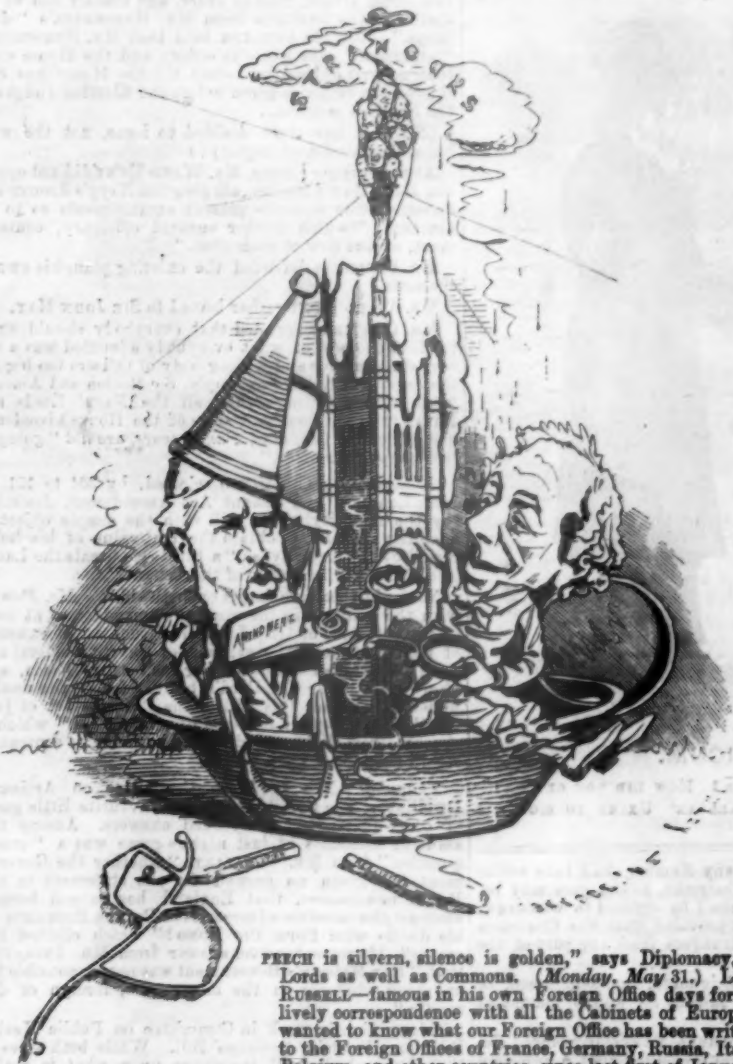
O Conquering WILLIAM, and O thou Red King,
Whose bones were lately shunted from their tomb,
For you, remand to Earth, if souls can bring
Back Earth's old memories, were a doleful doom,
Now that official churls enclose, and fell
The forest glades, and trees you loved so well.

There is no power their doings to undo,
And deal as you'd have dealt with those and them;
Yet hope remains to check the sordid crew,
And sylvan shades, yet spared,—which they condemn
To vile utilitarian ravage,—save,
Whilst you at least rest quiet in the grave.

BIRDS' NESTS AND BABY-FARMS.

THE now frequent song of the Cuckoo (*Cuculus canorus*) may suggest to the ornithologist, if also a student of social science, that in the case of that bird's behaviour as a parent, the practice of baby-farming, apart from its abuse, appears to be warranted by an analogy in nature. That analogy, though, is close only as regards the Cuckoo and the corresponding human creatures. The latter, indeed, put out their children under much the same feeling as that which moves the Cuckoo to deposit its egg in the nest of the Hedge-sparrow. But there is a difference between the Hedge-sparrow and the Baby-farmer. The Hedge-sparrow gets nothing from the old Cuckoo, and feeds the young one instead of starving it.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FRENCH is silver, silence is golden," says Diplomacy, in Lords as well as Commons. (Monday, May 31.) LORD RUSSELL—famous in his own Foreign Office days for his lively correspondence with all the Cabinets of Europe—wanted to know what our Foreign Office has been writing to the Foreign Offices of France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Belgium, and other countries, since last first of January. The "Complete Letter-Writer" of a few years ago desires, apparently, to begin as the Complete Letter-Reader of 1875.

LORD DERBY objects, for very good reasons, to transport the Foreign Office files into the House of Lords. To do so would not be for the peace of Europe, or the comfort, or advantage of any Foreign Office concerned—including our own. If the ears of its walls were once known to leak, little would be trusted to them.

As to this last correspondence, *à propos* of the French "scare," LORD DERBY admits, in effect, that the British Lion and Russian Bear have been standing side by side, as mediators between the German Wolf and the French Lamb—calming the timid Wolf's terrors, and soothing the savage Lamb's irritability.

Thanks to Lion's and Bear's joint good offices, the peace of Europe had been confirmed. The Government, we are assured, has contracted no guarantees, given no pledges, done nothing to hamper its successors. JOHN BULL (said LORD DERBY) "approves of non-intervention as a general rule, but the non-intervention he approves does not mean absolute isolation or indifference to the peace of Europe."

Perfectly true, my LORD DERBY. JOHN BULL accepts the responsibilities of a great Power. He admits the rule, *noblesse oblige*—even if the obligation go the length of binding him to put his foot down. He understands the weakness of isolation, and the History of Holland has not been written for him in vain.

The Commander-in-Chief explained what he did, and what he did *not*, say, or mean to say, about the troops at Aldershot. When he declared that he would be "ready to take those troops anywhere at five minutes' notice," he only meant to "express his general satisfaction with their physical condition." Whether even this satisfaction is to be taken as extending to "our boys" of eighty-eight (F.-M.'s in particular), and our recruits of seven-

teen, F. M. the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE did not say, and F.-M. *Punch* has reminded him of the omission in this week's Cartoon.

The Duke roundly committed himself to the opinion that Conscription is out of the question in this country. "*Patres Conscripti*" in Parliament, if you please, but "*Filii Conscripti*" in the ranks, never! *Punch* is bound to say "ditto" to the Duke. If we can't get an Army by help of the spurs of patriotism and bull-dog love of fighting in the hour of need, and by the attraction of pay, as a matter of business in the piping and pipeclay times of peace, we had better shut up the military shop altogether, and confine ourselves strictly to the other branches of shop-keeping, with exclusive devotion to which we are, even now, often charged. Bosh! JOHN BULL has always kept a serviceable shooting-iron (long-bow, match-lock, Brown Bess, Enfield, Snider, Martini-Henry, as the regulation pattern might be) under the counter, beside his yard-measure; and said shooting-iron would be as readily forthcoming as ever, on good *casus belli* shown—Manchester, Peace-League, or any other school's teaching to the contrary notwithstanding.

(Commons.)—MR. STEPHEN MOORE (Conservative, returned in lieu of JOHN MURCHELL, defunct, and now legally declared ineligible, both as a naturalised American citizen, and as a convict who had neither been pardoned nor fulfilled his sentence), took his seat for Tipperary.

MR. HOPK means to keep the Bishops' Bill alive on the paper night after night, in hopes Government will give him facilities for Second Reading. Has HOPK told himself two flattering tales, one, that he may pass his Bill, the other, that if he pass his Bill, he will get his "Voluntary Contributions" to pay the Bishops it will legalise?

MR. HARDY resumed the adjourned Debate on the Exclusion of Strangers. Many men and many minds. COLONEL MURE backed LORD HARTINGTON's Resolutions, taking both Bulls by the Horns, the one for putting honest newspaper reports beyond prosecution, and the other exempting Reporters from liability to be "cleared out," except on a vote of the House, or an order of the SPEAKER.

SIR RAINALD KNIGHTLEY opposes. Would leave the reports to the discretion of able Editors (very well exercised as it is, thinks SIR RAINALD, and Mr. *Punch* agrees with him), and the Reporters to the discretion of the House (which *Punch* would remind SIR RAINALD has once been BIGGAR.)

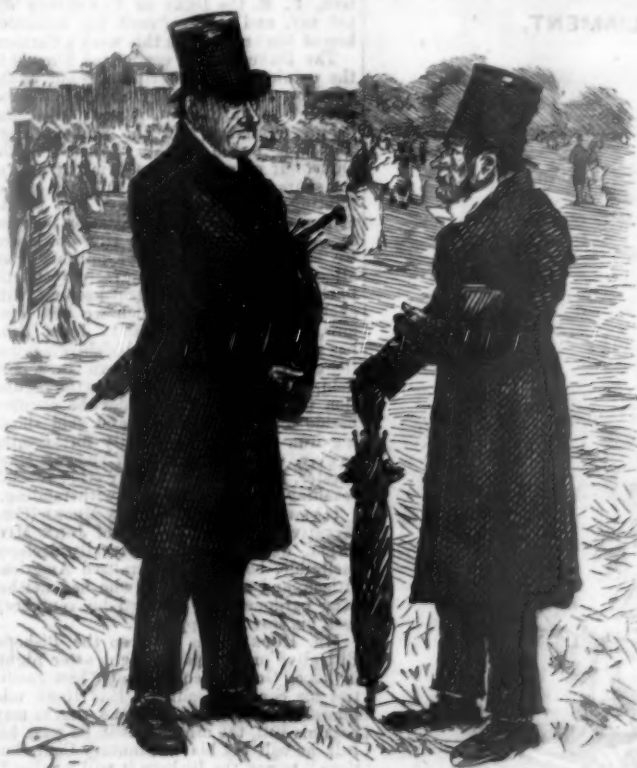
MR. ROEBUCK would have the order to "clear the galleries" apply to every strangers' gallery *except* the Reporters'.

MR. HOPK eulogised editorial discretion. (Is he not next door to a newspaper editor—a newspaper proprietor—himself?)

SIR W. HARCOURT pitched into the Government for making the Motion a Party one.

MR. HORSMAN pitched into the Opposition for the same reason. He preferred the old-fashioned practice. (MR. HORSMAN has always been reported at length.)

MR. HENRY withdrew his Speech—preservation amendment; LORD HARTINGTON's resolutions were negatived (as was MR. NEWDEGATE's amendment that the Member moving the clearance of the Galleries should give his reasons); and, finally, MR. DISRAELI moved, and the House accepted, a Motion which Mr. *Punch* records at length, as the settlement—*pro tem.*, at least—of a vexed matter, which has been safely left to the discretion of the House for many generations of legislators, but cannot safely be so left, it would seem, any longer:—"That



ODIUM THEOLOGICUM.

First Street Preacher. "ON THE 'EATH WAS YER! HOW DID YOU GET ON!"

Second Ditto. "O, I WARMED UP OLD TYNDALL AN' 'URLEY TO-RIGHTS, I CAN TELL YER!"

if at any sitting of the House, or on Committee, any Member shall take notice that strangers are present, the SPEAKER, or the Chairman, as the case may be, shall forthwith put the question that strangers shall be ordered to withdraw, without permitting any debate or amendment, provided that the Chairman may, if he thinks fit, order the withdrawal of strangers from any part of the House."

So the light of the Press stands, at last, not ignored, but sanctioned, in the House of Commons! A memorable fact. *Magna est opinio publica et precelescit!*

In Committee on Friendly Societies Bill, COLONEL BARTHELOT moved for compulsory registration and audit, and the general introduction of a properly graduated scale of contributions. These protections of ignorance against itself, or, still oftener against rogues, are what every one admits Friendly Societies want, though nobody save COLONEL BARTHELOT—now SIR WALTER BARTHELOT BARTHELOT, BART., of Stopham, in the county of Sussex, since before the Conquest—has the courage to face the local Lions in the Path that bar the way to their adoption. If they were insisted on, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said "the Bill must drop," so rather than no bread, SIR W. BARTHELOT and his friends took the half-loaf.

Tuesday.—The Lords in Committee on the Church Patronage Bill. LORD HOUGHTON denies there has been any gross abuse on the part of the lay-patrons. Probably, the Bishops know better than LORD HOUGHTON. Let him ask BISHOP TRENCH.

(Commons).—Those pillars of the Constitution, MESSRS. WHALLEY and KENEALY, are so much shaken by indignation that the new writ is not issued for Norwich, that the former to-night prayed for the issue of the writ within a few minutes of his assuring the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that he meant to postpone his Motion till Thursday. Charged with this by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, WHALLEY the Wonderful said he had made the Motion with the intention of postponing it! DR. KENEALY spoke big, as usual, on the same side, and shook a liberal shower of fragrant dew-drops from his mane over the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. MR. HERSCHELL thought that DR. KENEALY's interference was indecent, seeing that his son was a candidate for the suspected and suspended borough. DR. KENEALY—the "Susceptible Doctor" *Punch* would propose to call him when he takes his place in the Hierarchy of Doctors with the "Admirable

Doctor," the "Infallible Doctor," and other scholastic and theological Great Lights—deeply hurt, as usual, at this cruel attack, rose to order, and timidly fled to the shelter of the SPEAKER from MR. HERSCHELL's "dew-drops." But the SPEAKER held that MR. HERSCHELL's "aspersion" was quite in order; and the House voted that no writ should be issued till the House has considered the evidence given before the Election Judges on the Norwich petition.

(N.B.—It has since decided to issue, not the writ, but a Commission of Inquiry!)

At the evening sitting, MR. WARD HUNT did not oppose SIR JOHN HAY's Motion, alleging the Navy's dismay and dissatisfaction with the present arrangements as to retirement, "which neither secured efficiency, contentment, or due flow of promotion."

MR. CHILDERS defended the existing plan, his own in the main.

MR. WARD HUNT rather leaned to SIR JOHN HAY.

MR. GOSCHEN suggested that everybody should agree to make the best of what everybody admitted was a bad bargain—an able and willing body of Officers too big for the Service they have to supply. So Motion and Amendment were withdrawn, and all the Naval Lords and Naval reformers on both sides of the House kissed and made friends; but, alas, *Punch* fears, are not "going to live happy ever after."

Wednesday.—The House rejected, by 301 to 151, an Irish Landlord and Tenant Act Amendment, described (by the minority) as "a Bill with the simple object of enabling a Tenant to obtain the real value of his holding;" by the majority, as "a Bill to confiscate the Landlord's property in favour of the Tenant."

No doubt there are faults on both sides. *Mr. Punch*, with the best will in the world to amend some at least of the acts both of Irish Landlords (such as the exaction of rack-rents and the eviction of solvent holders) and Irish Tenants (such as breaking each others' heads, and blowing out their Landlord's brains) feels quite unable to decide whether this Bill is the "simple act of justice," or the "cruel measure of confiscation," which it appears from different sides, and so must be content to record the fact of its rejection.

Thursday.—The Lords in Committee on Artisans' Dwellings. The Commons at their favourite little game of cross-questions and crooked answers. Among the amusing incidents of last night's game was a "cross-question" from MR. WHALLEY, "whether the Government has given no ground for the statement in the Berlin newspapers, that England has ranged herself amongst the possible adversaries of PRINCE BISMARCK in his duello with POPE PIO NONO?" which elicited the crooked, if comprehensive, answer from MR. DISRAELI, that "Her Majesty's Government was not responsible for anything whatever in the newspapers, foreign or domestic."

A long night's work in Committee on Public Health Bill, and Friendly Societies' Bill. While both sides of the House shirk legal insistence upon what is really wanted to secure these Societies against their own ignorance, or—occasionally—the rascality of their promoters and managers, *Mr. Punch* cannot think the Bill, however well intended, much more than "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

Friday (Lords).—LORD HOUGHTON modestly recommended the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH to withdraw his Church Patronage Bill. The BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH disrespectfully declined, intimating that LORD HOUGHTON had as good a right as ever to SYDNEY SMITH's old title for him, "The Cool of the Evening."

Commons.—WHALLEY on the Tichborne Case again. *Quousque tandem?*

Friendly Societies' Bill got through Committee.

Bill for Bishops by Voluntary Contributions read a Second time, in the absence of HORN—in more senses than one.

House Counted Out, after two attempts, on MR. TORRENS's Motion for a Royal Commission to inquire into the dismissal or removal of officers, without the option of a Court Martial. No doubt the House held that such cases, as a rule, involve more consideration than oppression.

MORAL SONG OF THE SEASON.

(By an Indignant Aristocrat.)



H, how the Vulgar
do increase
Their herd on
every side!
We've scarcely left
a spot in peace
Wherein to walk
or ride.

Too rich of late, by
means of trade
And manufac-
tures, grown,
In countless droves
they now in-
vade
Resorts once all
our own.

Their chariots do so
choke the Ring,
Its current scarce
can flow;
Their horsemen an
unpleasant
thing
Have made of
Rotten Row.

At horse-shows 'tis the steeds of snobs
That beat His Lordship's steed:
E'en pigs, bulls, sheep, once bred by nobles,
Your common herd now breed.

Reserved no more, a sacred place
On Sundays, for the Few,
Is that which, from plebeians hence,
We've learned to call the "Zoo."

In show and splendour of attire
Our Order they excel:
Likewise in equipage aspire
To cut us out as well.

A taste unbounded by expense
Their vanity displays.
Outshining our magnificence
Their gaudy liveries blaze.

We cannot stand apart and clear
From new rich folk so fine.
Still, 'mid the herd we may appear
Distinct as deer from swine.

All ostentation to disdain
Henceforth should be our plan,
And turn out in a style as plain
As possibly we can.

Such garb let all our servants wear
As suits a Christian race;
No gorgeous plush, no powdered hair,
No gold and silver lace.

Instructed by each Marchioness
In Fashion's loftier sphere,
Let gentlewomen learn to dress
On fifteen pounds a year.

Select we thus ourselves might keep
From mushroom of the mud,
Till we had in appearance cheap
A sign of gentle blood.

CHEMICAL CRACKJAW.

A CERTAIN M. HAYDAULT has "analysed orthoamidotoluene-sulphonic acid and disortho-amido-paratoluene-sulphonic acid."

He "also affirms that the action of pewter and hydrochloric acid on nitrobrumacetanilide produces hydrochloride of ethenylbromo-phenylenediamine." These particulars of chemical news and nomenclature have been culled from the *Gazette de Pharmacie*. They cannot be made too public for the benefit of dental surgery.

Any attempt at their pronunciation generally made must lead to a very extensive inquiry at the dentist's shop in the Strand for the "Guinea Jaw."

Would not Chemistry receive a service from its Professors if they could contrive, in some degree, to simplify the expression of chemical combinations in verbal compounds?

COMMEMORATION.

Oxford Commemoration irresistibly suggests the propriety of imparting a little useful information, which strangers and visitors to that famous University may not, perhaps, find unacceptable.

Besides Colleges, Libraries, Museums, Professorships, Scholarships, and Bursaries, the Founders and Benefactors, whom the University at Commemoration time especially delights to honour, have left many substantial evidences of their munificence and forethought. Services of plate, cellars of wine, complete sets of kitchen utensils and croquet implements, funds for gravelling the quadrangles and pathways in the College gardens, for the provision of blacking for the Fellows' boots, for renewing and repairing their "oak," and for complimenting the Heads of Houses with bouquets of flowers on their birthdays—the bequest of a Lady—are only a few of the instances that might be quoted of the care and liberality of those generous men and women, whose names and good deeds are annually proclaimed by the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors at daybreak from the summit of Magdalen Tower.

The recipients of the honorary degree of D.C.L. are not called upon to pass an Examination. The only thing required of them (besides fees), is that they converse in no other language but Latin while they remain within the precincts of the University. The splendid robes they wear when presented for their degree are afterwards carefully folded up and put away in the University Chest.

The Heads of Houses will be easily recognised. Remarkable for their lofty stature, and venerable appearance, they are also distinguished by wearing on the front of their caps the name of the College or Hall (in its boasting colours) over which they preside.

Many old customs connected with Commemoration have faded into disuse. The Heads of Houses and College Tutors no longer run races in Port Meadow on Tuesday afternoon; the College servants have ceased to wait in Hall with wreaths of parsley round their heads; recent Vice-Chancellors have discontinued the practice of pledging the honorary D.C.L.'s in a beaker of old College ale; and fireworks are now no longer let off from the top of the Radcliffe Library.

The Colleges possess many interesting relics and memorials of their great founders and benefactors. At University, do not fail to ask to see the piece of one of the cakes which KING ALFRED forgot to turn when in the Peasant's Hut. WOLSEY's night-cap is one of the proudest distinctions of Christ Church, and can only be inspected in the presence of the Canon in Residence. New College is the happy possessor of three of the pens (there used to be four, but one disappeared during the Corn Law agitation) which WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM always placed in his shoes when going on a distant pilgrimage.

It may be interesting to recall a few of the subjects of the "Newdigate" in past years—"The Introduction of the Potato into England," "Cricket," "The Great Wall of China," "Covent Garden Market," "Political Economy," "First Love," "The Fifth of November," "St. George's, Hanover Square," "Women's Rights," and "The Thames Embankment."

The Geographical Lectures (illustrated by a good magic lantern), which the Travelling Fellows return to the University expressly to deliver in Commemoration Week, are well worth attending.

Everyone goes to see the Dean of Christ Church tell "Great Tom" in full canonicals on Wednesday evening; and to hear the Chapter sing DEAN ALDRICH's famous catch, "Hark the bonny, bonny Christ Church Bells!" on the top of "Tom" tower, at sunset, is a thing which once heard will never be forgotten.

There are no lessons in the "Schools" during Commemoration Week.

The Ladies may be glad to hear that the number of "unattached" Students is increasing.

Oxford cannot boast of its Bacon, like Cambridge; but when you visit the Bodleian, do not omit to inquire for the original receipt of the famous Oxford sausages in the autograph of the learned and "Judicious" HOOKER.

It remains to dissipate one or two pardonable mistakes. The Clarendon and New Inn are not hotels; the Margaret Professor of Divinity is (at present) not a lady; the Public Orator does not give lessons in elocution; the Postmasters of Merton do not attend to the delivery and despatch of letters; the Common Rooms are not open to the public; the most modern of all the Colleges is not New but Keble; All Souls has but few Souls; and the Theatre is never used for dramatic performances.



TRUE MOTHERLY SOLICITUDE.

"HOW FOND YOU SEEM OF THAT ETERNAL OLD DOLL OF YOURS, MABEL!"

"O, AUNT, IT HAS BEEN THE DESIRE OF ALL MY LIFE TO HIDE IT FROM HER THAT SHE'S A DOLL. I HOPE SHE DIDN'T HEAR YOU!"

DISCONTENTED PERSONS.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, in the House of Lords the other evening, declared that there were "some people who were satisfied with nothing." His Royal Highness was perfectly right, and Mr. Punch has great pleasure in giving a few specimens of the sort of military men to whom the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief must evidently have intended to make allusion.

The General, who has a great grievance about some particular regimental button, who looks upon the Martini-Henry as "Non-sense, Sir, nonsense," because "we did not use it, Sir, in the Peninsula, Sir;" who talks of all men under fifty years of age, as "mere lads, Sir—raw as bacon, Sir—raw as bacon," and who invariably wants to know, "what the deuce shall we do now" that leather stocks and beaver shakos have become obsolete?

The Colonel, who is thoroughly dissatisfied with all his recruits, because some of them (fine growing lads of nineteen) cannot exactly fill the tunics of men of five-and-thirty, who has some ridiculous grievance because he has been officially requested to keep the champagne bill down at mess, who cannot yet make out why the drill in vogue when he was a subaltern, should be altered now that he has become a Field Officer, and who (privately) is irritable to the last degree because his regiment in reality is commanded by his wife.

The Major, who strongly objects to having to command a half battalion; who is prepared to agree with his Commanding Officer about every subject under the sun, and who consequently is quite ready to believe that black is white if his Colonel happens to suffer from colour-blindness.

The Captain, who holds to the fixed idea that what is officially right must of necessity be equitably wrong, who firmly believes that the prestige of the British Army disappeared with the Purchase System, and who takes it for granted that the recruits of his Company must be bad, because it so happens that most of them now can both read and write, and even cipher.

The Lieutenant, who has come to the conclusion that the Service is "not nearly so chirpy as it used to be," now that the men have to work to perform the duties of their profession; who has a very great grievance indeed because the Autumn Manœuvres on one occa-

sion quite seriously interfered with the date of his leave; and who considers "Mufti" becoming at all hours of the day and night, and consequently uniform and its responsibilities "the biggest bores that ever were invented—don't you know?"

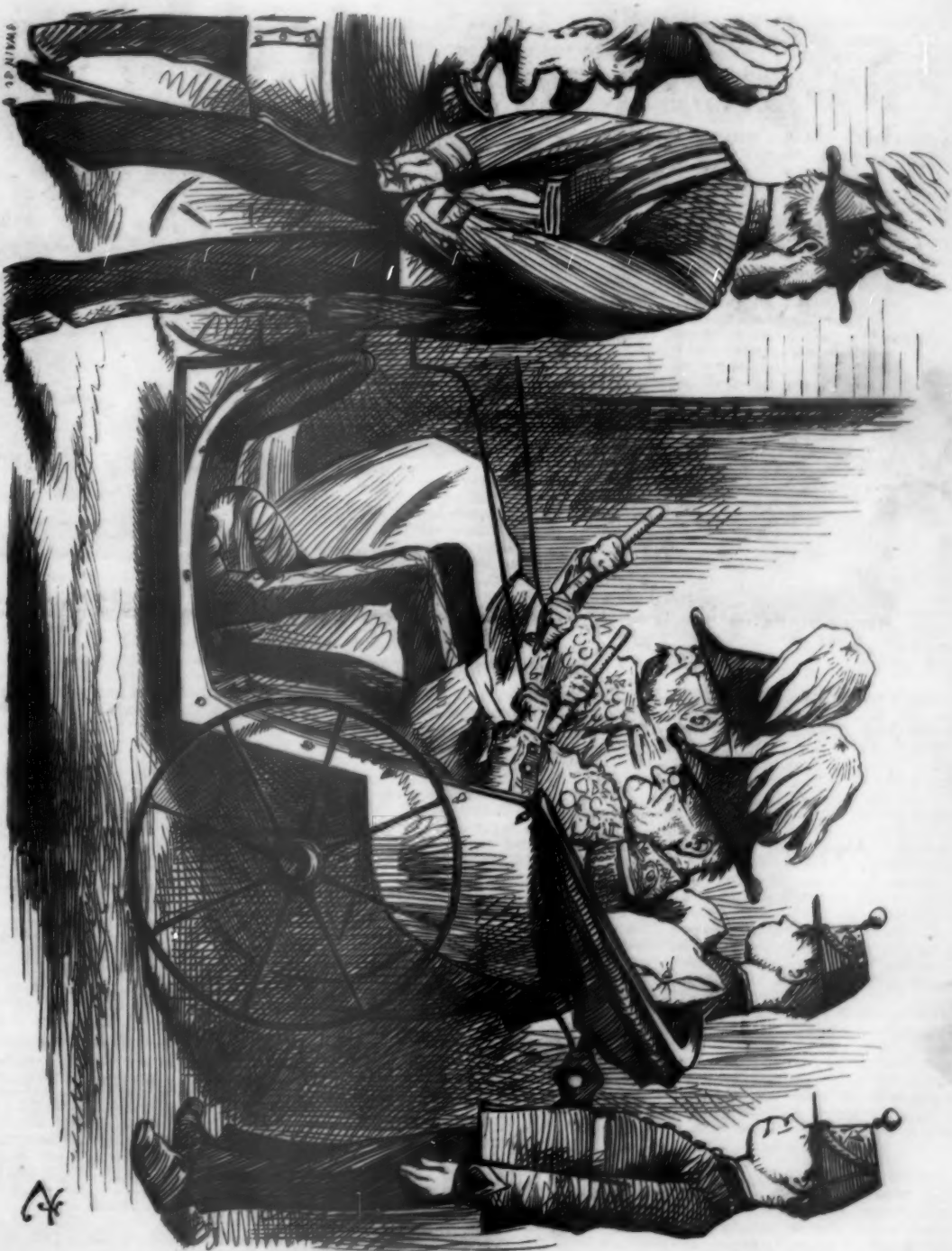
The Sergeant, (a very rare specimen this) who has never liked his stripes nor cared to rise to a commission; who sends letters to the papers full of frivolous complaints, and yet has not the courage of his opinions, who drills the men on parade and gives moral support to their gambling outside the Barrack Square; who, in fact, under the uniform of the Queen hides the baseness of a traitor and the meanness of a spy. And lastly—

The Private, who seeing the excellent examples set to him by his superior officers, turns their grievances into burlesque, and tries to out-Herod them all in his own grumblings.

LEGAL.

MR. PUNCH is glad to hear that the Legislature is likely at last to give Her Majesty's County Court Judges some additional remuneration, or, as LORD LITTLETON euphuistically expresses it, "improve their position," for doing the whole Bankruptcy business of the country (except the Metropolis), disposing of a very large number of cases referred to them by the Judges of Her Majesty's Courts at Westminster in the most flattering manner, and undertaking every possible civil jurisdiction, legal or equitable, past, present or future, without a murmur. Indeed, if any one wants to see a fusion of law and equity, he must go to the County Courts; and, if he wants to see a con-fusion, — Ah, well! he must ask SIR EDMUND BECKETT where to go to. Mr. Punch is also very glad to hear that there are savings and gains to the country, by the labours of the County Court Judges, amounting to upwards of £70,000 a year,* which will meet the additional remuneration to them without any increase of taxation on the public in general, or Mr. Punch in particular, and will leave a handsome balance, which can be paid into Mr. Punch's bankers any day during the usual hours.

* See SIR EDMUND BECKETT's letter on the Judicature Act in the Times, May 29.



“OUR BOYS!”

“WHEN I SAID THAT, AFTER CAREFULLY INSPECTING THE TROOPS AT ALDERSHOT, I FELT READY TO TAKE THEM ANYWHERE AT FIVE MINUTES’ NOTICE, I WAS REFERRING ENTIRELY TO THEIR *PHYSIQUE*.”—*Explanation of His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief (House of Lords, May 31).*

MORE COACHING CLUBS.



PUNCH has reason to believe that preparations are on foot to found a Coaching Club at Cambridge, and, if the project be successful, the sister University may doubtless be expected to start a sister club. Coaching has long been a favourite institution among the undergraduates, and they would no doubt hail with pleasure any steps that might be taken to further its advancement by the medium of a club. Moreover they would probably delight in seeing a parade of their "Coaches" now and then, after the fashion which is yearly so attractive in Hyde Park. PUNCH need hardly say the project has his heartiest good wishes, and if he has a timely notice of the first meet of the Club, he will take special care, for the

amusement of his readers, to have a special artist and reporter on the spot.

PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

(*Hamlet at Drury Lane: Money at the Prince of Wales's.*)

Not quite, yet somewhat, in the sense in which COLERIDGE, hearing KLOPFSTOCK called "the German MILTON," remarked, "A very German MILTON," PUNCH would call SALVINI's Prince of Denmark a "very Italian Hamlet."

The great Actor, with all his range of personation, cannot get beyond the four corners of his country's nature. All doubtless that an Italian can conceive, SALVINI can be; but to be SHAKESPEARE's Hamlet is not, and never can be, in his power. Hamlet is of the North, northern, as absolutely as Juliet is southern and of the South. "It is *ee*," said HAZLITT, "who are Hamlet." But the "*ee*" does not include men of the Latin race. And so the Italian adapter of SALVINI's version of SHAKESPEARE's wonderful play has shown. It was instinct of race, as much as calculation, or respect for the conditions of the Italian tragic stage, that has made him cut away all but one facet of the many-sided brilliant given him to reset.

Hamlet, in the Italian version, is the melancholy, gracious, loving, dreamy and self-questioning Prince, called upon, grievously against will and nature, to revenge his father's murder. But he is not the familiar, free and easy, discursive Hamlet, who takes the colour of his surroundings, whether he is criticising a play, lecturing the Players, chaffing Orazio, or chatting with the Gravedigger. He is not the Hamlet whose blood and judgment are so ill-commingled that his over-strung nerves give way under the tension of the horrible secret revealed to him, and the burden of the terrible duty imposed upon him by the dead, till he cracks wild jests with his father's ghost; blends true brain-sickness with simulated madness in his discourse with the Courtiers; loses the command of will and words when he tries to tear his love out of his heart; mingles hysterical raving with his wrath when he has forced his father's murderer to self-betrayal; and becomes, for a moment, a raging maniac over the grave of his Ophelia.

In short, SALVINI's Hamlet is Hamlet with three parts of Hamlet omitted. What remains of the character the great Italian Actor represents with all the resources of his Art—with a grace of gesture, tenderness of voice, measured music of elocution, and sustained dignity of bearing, of which our Stage now supplies no example. Not the public only, but our best Actors, flock to see SALVINI's Hamlet, as they did his Othello. They will find the one impersonation as full of lessons in their craft as the other, though their hair may well stand on end at the omission of the opening Ghost-scene, the entry of the players, the passages from their play—leaving Hamlet's second soliloquy without peg or cue—Hamlet's advice to their leading man, and the "recorder" and its lesson, no less than at the total excision of the Second Grave-Digger, and the reduction of Orazio to a supernumerary. They will even have to face the shock of a Hamlet with a heavy black moustache—almost as startling a Hamlet as FROSTEN's in a flaxen wig—and of finding the lime-light turned on the Prince instead of the Ghost.

Their first impression is likely to be the well-grounded one, that the Actor's impersonation is truncated like the play. They will feel that they have had shown them only one side among the many sides of SHAKESPEARE's Hamlet.

But within the limits of that side, what consummate mastery of action, tone, and stage resource; what skill in finding visible means to indicate the Actor's currents of thought and changes of mood by gesture and "business," as in Hamlet's succession of attitudes while listening to the Ghost; his movements in the "To be, or not to be;" his sad turning away from Ophelia, when the conviction of even her untruth is forced upon him; his manner of watching the King during the Play from behind his manuscript, his wild tossing of its loose leaves in the air, when his Uncle's "consulted guilt" has "unkennelled" itself; and, lastly, his clever mode of bringing about the exchange of foils.

This, by the way, is not managed, as the critics have described, by Hamlet, as an act of courtesy, giving his own foil to Laertes, and taking the one of which he has disarmed him, but quite otherwise.

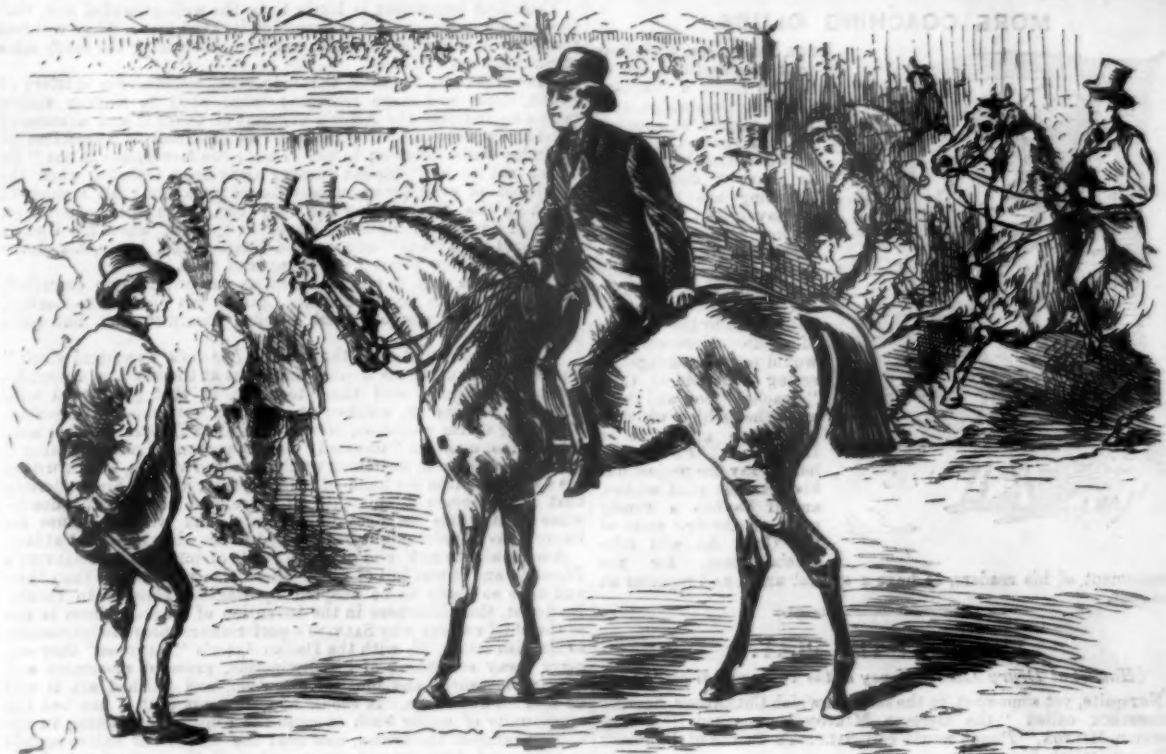
When Hamlet first feels the prick of Laertes's "venomed stunk," he claps his hand to the wound, and looks at the blood in astonishment. The smart and blood together, in that place, and with Claudius looking on, awaken at once the suspicion of foul-play. Following up the suspicion, Hamlet presses on Laertes, disarms him, sets his foot upon his "unbated" foil, to prevent him from taking it up again, and, then, snatching up the poisoned weapon, and thrusting his own blade into the hand of his adversary, attacks him so fiercely that he overbears all his skill of fence, and gives him his death-wound. All this he does impetuously, and with no pause for thought, as Hamlet might be expected to act when he *disacts* at last.

Among all the new and effective "bits of business" in SALVINI's Hamlet—and it was full of them—there was none better than this, and none so likely to be adopted by English Hamlets in future. No doubt, this cleverness in the invention of stage-business is one of the chief reasons why SALVINI's performances prove so interesting to English actors. If, with the Italian Actor's "business," they can carry away something of his distinction, grace of movement and gesture, measured and musical elocution, and finished art, it will be well for our Stage. It should be well for it that it has had the opportunity of seeing such examples of consummate acting in the noblest range of the drama, now that the best of our native models in that kind have passed away—when, if the highest art of the Stage is to be resuscitated, it must be, as the highest art of painting had to be resuscitated by Reynolds, by looking beyond our own school.

Consummate Art in a less dignified walk of the Stage is, happily, still left us. We can nowhere find better examples of it than at the Prince of Wales's. Perhaps the management of that delightful little theatre has been premature in accepting it as a fact, that the verdict of the public was against "their Merchant of Venice." No doubt the verdict of their habitual public was not favourable; but as regards the wider world outside, who had to find their way to the Prince of Wales's, suddenly become a home for SHAKESPEARE, there was so much that was admirable in the revival—in spite of the immense drawback of an unsatisfactory *Shylock*—such perfect mounting, dressing, and stage-management—such a peerless Portia—such a dignified Antonio—such a gentle and graceful Bassanio—so much that was excellent and rare in the care and thought and respect for SHAKESPEARE visible throughout, that we cannot but think, had the management persevered, the public—which has always to be created afresh, be it remembered, for an adequate performance of SHAKESPEARE—would have followed their lead, and done justice to their efforts. Then what a Beatrice, what a Rosalind, what a Viola, did not that Portia promise!

But disheartened at the first falling-off of the audiences they have usually found so kind, the Prince of Wales's management have turned back from their venture on an unfamiliar road. From SHAKESPEARE to BULWER is "a far cry" and not an upward one; but no doubt the regular public of the Prince of Wales's feels more at home with *Money* than the *Merchant of Venice*. So once more the pretty little theatre is thickly paved with merry faces, and rings with even louder laughter than usually shakes those serene stalls, rarely stirred beyond the still, superior, smile of "good society."

Money is an old success on the boards of the Prince of Wales's. MR. BAXCROFT's *Sir Edward Blunt*, MR. HOBBS's *Graces*, MR. ARCHER's *Deadly Smooth*, and MR. COGHAN's *Ecelyn* have already made their mark... the first, as a picture of well-dressed haw-havism, not less finished, if less extravagant, than *Lord Dundreary*; the second, a perfect realisation of all that is comic in the author's creation, but always observing the well-marked line that separates comedy from farce; the third, calm, cold, bland, well-dressed, well-bred, as he should be. Even MR. COGHAN's *Ecelyn*, over-violent and deficient in refinement as it is, is brought more into the region of possible humanity, than seems at first sight possible with so stilted, unnatural, and pretentious a personage.



MAKING UP FOR IT.

Hunting Groom. "WELL, SAMMY, 'OW ARE YOU? NEVER SEE YOUR GOVERNOR OUT WITH TH' 'OUNDS ONCE LAST SEASON!"

Sammy. "No, WE TAKES IT EASY WITH OUR 'OMES ALL THE WINTER, BUT WE GOES ABOUT SHOWIN' 'EM ALL THE SUMMER!"

MISS CARLOTTA ADDISON is as well fitted with a part in *Georgiana Vesey*, as MR. COLKITE is ill-suited in that of her father. This clever actor seemed to have misconceived the character: he was angular instead of round; harsh and grating instead of smooth and unctuous; too loud, fidgety and uneasy from first to last.

But the crown of the performance is in the two new impersonations added to the cast—MRS. BANCROFT'S *Lady Franklin*, and MISS ELLEN TERRY'S *Clara Douglas*. How irresistibly kindly, pleasant, and winning the former was all through; how silly humorous in the scene in which she coaxes *Graces* into forgetting first his own sorrows, and then his coloured bandanna, then into humming a dance-tune, and lastly, into dancing a jig, should be seen, and cannot be told.

How much could be done by sincerity, feeling, and fervour to give a new breath of life to the high-flown and cold-drawn *Clara*, *Punch* had never conceived till he saw ELLEN TERRY in the part. The appeal to *Ecceyn's* better nature in the Fifth Act was almost startling, so strange seemed its ring of heartfelt sincerity in the balanced rhythm of the author's artificial periods.

This young Actress has, in the two parts she has played here, revealed an altogether new and unsuspected quality of poetic grace and womanly feeling, which should justify all who look forward to the prospects of higher Stage art in England in building the highest hopes upon the future that lies before her.

Apollinaris Water in Chancery.

(See decision of VICE-CHANCELLOR WOOD. *June 3.*)

SOME comes from Prussia; some from Notting Hill.
So that its flavour pleasant be, what care I?
The druggist is a clever man, but still
Not "laured donatus Apollinari."

IMBECILE PER IMBECILIUS (*In Re the Reverend H. Keel*).—CHANCELLOR PHILLIMORE'S judgment on the BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S blunder.

PUNCH TO JUNE.

A POET* once said, in a fit of asperity
(Such satirical sneers read like wit out of tune!),
"Here's Summer set in with its usual severity."
Don't do it this season, O, rosy-lipped June!

Be kind to the holiday lads on their bicycles,
To the fair whom canoeing from blonde tans to bruns:
With no nipping East pinch sweet noses to icicles,
But come like the darling you should be, fair June!

Don't make heavy furs and thick Ulsters the fashion at
The Island of Yachts, when the year's in its noon:
Flush the calm sapphire West, till from pale it glows passionate,
And let us have plenty of pleasure in June.

When AMANDUS has won his delicious AMANDA,
And they're gaily enjoying their sweet melliflune,
Don't blow them away from their sea-side verandah,
Or give them a touch of rheumatics in June.

With your *crème de la crème* crown our strawberries fragrant,
And heap them, profuse, through the bright afternoon,
When *Punch*, *fête-champêtre*, a butterfly vagrant,
Flits light o'er the flower-beds of Beauty in June!

* COLBRIDGE.

OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

FIELD-MARSHALS. Why Field? Because, old as a class,
They're like horses past work that are turned out to grass.

MONEY-MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.—Operators for the Rise—Aéronauts; likewise Anglers.



"FIAT EXPERIMENTUM," &c.

"O—MR. JARVIS—WOULD YOU MIND RECOMMENDING TO PICK A QUARREL WITH ME, AND JUST GIVING ME A PUSH, YOU KNOW! I WANT TO TEST THE FLUOR OF THIS BIG DOG OF MINE!"

BISMARCK BEATIFIED.

KING OSMAN, of Sweden, on a visit at Berlin the other day, personally conferred upon PRINCE BISMARCK the Order of the Seraph. This is said to be "the highest of all Swedish orders." It is also the highest order in the Celestial hierarchy. Note the point of resemblance, between a better place and Sweden.

The readiness with which BISMARCK has acceded to proposals of peace, evinces feelings of an angelic nature, as to render him quite the fitting recipient of an emblem, signifying enrolment among the Seraphim. He certainly seems more of a Seraph than a Cherub; for it is the Cherubim especially that are sculptured and painted all head and wings; whereas BISMARCK, whilst a Statesman endowed with plenty of head, has considerable body too; although, to be sure, he is as yet unfurnished with wings. That defect, however, might easily be supplied by art, in case the great Chancellor should choose to appear at Sans Souci on the occasion, for example, of a fancy-ball in character as a Member of his new order. His numerous admirers would doubtless willingly subscribe to present him with a pair of golden wings, and a large framed of the same material. Thus equipped, he would look his part to the admiration of everybody, except his enemies, "those ribbids," as Mrs. Malaprop calls them, "the Ultramarines." They, indeed, with M. VUILLIOT at their head, will perhaps suggest that his wings had better be made of leather, and that his harp should be replaced with a pitchfork.

Let them. In the meanwhile PRINCE BISMARCK has been invested with the Order of the Seraph at the hands of a successor of "the Great GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, the Lion of the North, and the Bulwark of the Protestant Faith."

ECCELESIASTICAL EVILS.—Those of Ritualism.

FREE TRADE IN THE FRANCHISE.

MR. PUNCH'S Select Committee appointed to consider the subject of Corrupt Practices at Elections have made their report, as follows:—

1. Every free-born Briton has a right to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage if he chooses.
2. *A fortiori* he has a right to sell his vote for five pounds. *A fortiori* (excuse grammar) for ten.
3. There are a good many voters who have no reason whatever to vote for one candidate in preference to another of any other nature than that of five pounds. They have no better reason except more money.
4. Let all existing laws prohibiting Bribery and Corruption be repealed. Legalise Bribery and Corruption on the following conditions:—

a. Establish a Court of Bribery and Corruption, with a register kept in it, wherein candidates who propose to bribe and corrupt, and electors willing to be bribed and corrupted, shall enter their names.

b. Any candidate for a seat in Parliament who shall have entered his name in the Bribery and Corruption Court Register, shall be at liberty to offer a bribe; and every elector whose name shall likewise have been registered, shall be free to take it. Provided always, that their names shall have been so registered. Provided also, that every bribe shall be paid into Court to be transferred by the Court, through an officer, to the person bribed, so that all the bribery shall be *bonâ fide*. Otherwise, the offence of offering, giving, or taking a bribe to be punishable with penal servitude and forfeiture of property.

5. By these arrangements Bribery and Corruption would be limited to known candidates and known electors, who would be, both the former and the latter, appreciated at their worth by all

respectable persons. Registration would soon also narrow the representatives of corrupt constituencies to a small party, the party of venality, whose influence would give more money its just weight (rather less than it has at present) in the House of Commons.

A SHORT WAY WITH SOTS.

IN contrast with the ineffectual harangues of the Total Abstinence Platform Orators, with their impracticable ideas and irritating demands of paternal and restrictive legislation, take the sensible proposal instanced in the following newspaper paragraph, of an easy method calculated to answer its purpose, the prevention of—

"DRUNKENNESS AND CRIME AT LIVERPOOL.—At the meeting of the Liverpool Town Council, to be held on Wednesday next, MR. ALEXANDER BALFOUR will move that measures be taken for acting on the request of a town's meeting (recently held with reference to the prevalence of crime and drunkenness in the town), that an adequate staff of inspectors be appointed to look after public-houses and beer-houses."

If this plain and simple expedient for the suppression of intemperance is tried at Liverpool, it will probably be discovered to equal in ingenuity the device of COLUMBUS for erecting an egg. If you want to hinder sots from getting drunk, set policemen on the watch to stop them. What a capital notion! How wonderful nobody ever thought of it before! Suppose we try it? If this supposition is everywhere practised, the occupation of SIR WILFRID LAWSON and the United Kingdom Alliance will soon be gone. Restriction will then vex those only who ought to be placed under restraint. Dipsomanias and tipplers will be withheld from excess by measures which do not at the same time diminish the reasonable comfort and enjoyment of life, and the liberty of Britons.

RULER OF THE (CHANNEL) WAVES.—BOXTON *viz* BRITANNIA superseded.



THE SERVANTS.

Housemaid (just engaged). "I SHOULD LIKE TO BE SHOWN MY ROOM, M'AM!"

Lady of the House (startled). "O, IF YOU LIKE, YOU'LL FIND IT A COMFORTABLE——"

Housemaid. "I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW IF IT'S LARGE ENOUGH FOR MY PIANO, M'AM!"

THINGS AN EARL WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

EARL RUSSELL, having failed to obtain any information relative to the confidential communications which are said to have passed between the EARL OF DUNDY and PRINCE VON BISMARCK, will shortly ask the following questions in the House of Lords:—

Whether it is true that MARSHAL MACMAHON has informed LORD LYONS what he (the President of the French Republic) proposes doing during the remaining period of the Septennate; and if he has, whether the British Foreign Office has any objection to making the Marshal's plans public to the whole world?

Whether it is true that the Czar of RUSSIA has privately informed Her Royal and Imperial Highness the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH what course he means to take in the event of the English opposition to the St. Petersburg Conference continuing; and whether such information can be obtained through His Royal Highness the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, to be printed and laid upon the tables of both Houses of Parliament for the information of Noble Lords and Honourable Members?

Whether it is true that KING ALFONSO has confidentially informed an anonymous Spanish Bondholder of his immediate intention to leave Madrid *incognito* for Margate, and whether the address of the lodging-house Keeper about to be patronised by His Majesty can be obtained and be made public?

Whether it is true that the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA (at the end of a rather heavy banquet) confidentially informed the British Ambassador at Vienna, that he (the Emperor-King) could really no longer tolerate the combined insolence of Germany, Italy, Turkey, and Russia; and whether His Majesty made use of the following remarkable words on the same festive occasion—"I tell you what it is, Sir.—For a couple of florins I would declare war against the whole lot of them. (*Ich würde Sie alle zusammen fechten.*) That I would, Sir—I would do it to-morrow morning,"—and much more to the same effect?

Whether it is true that the Crown Prince of Prussia has written a long and lively letter to H.R.H. the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, asking

the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief to come over to Berlin with the whole of the British Army, at five minutes' notice, offering, in the event of the invitation being accepted, to "put up" both officers and men, *unter den Linden*; and whether the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE believes that his Royal and Imperial German connection intends the letter in question to be taken seriously, or to be considered only as what is commonly known as "chaff,"—meaning a playful joke?

A KNIGHTLEY VIEW OF REPORTING.

YES, you are right, SIR RAINWALD KNIGHTLEY, If the Knights of the Press report you rightly,— That noble army of short-handed martyrs,— Who've to mend the botching of Commons' "as it is."

The talk wherewith maund'ring Members illumine us, The Times compresses from vo- to luminous: Will ever these maundering Members have nous To compress for themselves, ere they come to the House?

Punch would gladly take steps, those botes to balk Who abuse Parliamentary privilege of talk; And with nightly inflections, the wish make fair Of gallery-alaves to be elsewhere.

Then sensible folk wouldn't suffer from vapours, Heavy e'en when severely condensed in the papers, But would wait a week, in patient quiescence, For Parliament's pith in Punch's Essence.

Probable Consequence.

THAT our seamen have small chance of sailing Our flag to the Pole, we assert— Those on the *Discovery* sailing Being none of them on the Alert.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



STED BARGHASH as a debate? The fate of representative institutions in Zanzibar may hang on the good behaviour of the British Legislator.

It is to be hoped the Lords began their week's work under a due sense of the awful responsibility hanging over their heads.

Monday, June 7 (Lords).—Two measures affecting "the Cloth" passed Third Reading—the Church Patronage, and the Chimney Sweeps' Bill. LORD PORTMAN grumbles at the first, as a rude interference with the vested rights of lay patrons. Probably some of the Conservative Master Chimney Sweeps of Liverpool and other towns, where they prefer to "stand on the ancient flues," and employ the climbing boy of our ancestors instead of the new-fangled machine of modern days, will be ready to fail foul of the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY as savagely as my LORD PORTMAN of my LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

But, in spite of the pockets of Patrons and Master Sweeps, and the rights of Church property and old flues, simony and suffocation are scandals, and must be diminished.

(Commons.) WHALLEY the Wonderful wants a House not only "made" but "kept" for him by the Government. MR. DISRAELI gently pointed out that as you *may* take an ass to the water, but cannot make him drink; so the Whip may drive forty Members to MR. WHALLEY, but no conceivable number of whips could compel them to listen to him.

In Committee on Savings Banks Bill, MESSRS. CHILDERS, GOSCHEN, and GLADSTONE in vain exposed the Government "rig" by which the loss on two accounts is hid under the gain of a third. If "rig" is not the word, will SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE teach Mr. PUNCH a better? Till he does, Mr. P. feels unable to apologise for his Cartoon, though it does depict SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE as a pea-and-thimble man.

But though sound sense and clear logic could not change a majority into a minority, they succeeded in reducing it by two-thirds; and the Amendments of the Opposition were negatived by but 38, instead of the normal 90 which represents Government *cis inertia*.

The *Times* recommends the Government to withdraw their Savings Banks Bill. As the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has given up the clause enabling the Savings Banks Commission to invest in Local Securities, it seems very doubtful if there is anything worth saving left in this very muddle-headed measure. There should be warning in the ominous fact that the high finance of HUBBARD and the mild wisdom of WALPOLE and HENLEY have alike revolted against this barefaced Government attempt to shuffle the Pea of Deficit out of sight among the three Thimbles of old Savings Banks, Friendly Societies, and Savings Bank Deposits.

Tuesday (Lords).—Several Bills advanced a stage. Offences against the Person Bill improved. There was room for it. Let us hope that now that the Cat is to be made to claw the back of the brute-biped, its movements may be as sharp, sure, and certain as well-drawn law can make them.

(Commons.)—Another Financial Debate on the best way of reducing the National Debt. A good deal like the discussion in *Great Expectations* between Pip and his friend over the "reduction of their liabilities." Besides the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S Sinking Fund and

MR. GLADSTONE'S Terminable Annuities, MR. HUBBARD now comes forward with a third course, which SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE declares has all the defects of Terminable Annuities with none of the advantages of the Ministerial Sinking Fund. MESSRS. CHILDERS and LOWE can't think how a Chancellor of the Exchequer without a surplus can have the impudence to propose paying debts at all. No more can MR. GLADSTONE—unless you can manage it in *his* way—Terminable Annuities. On a division, MR. GLADSTONE was beaten by 67—so much for the difference between fighting from the back of a stout steed and a hobby. *A propos* of his gird at MR. DISRAELI'S "docile majority," we were not aware that MR. GLADSTONE was the man to like his majority—when he had one—the better for being indocile.

In the evening a Count Out, and no wonder, WHALLEY impending on Contempt of Court.

Wednesday.—WHALLEY threatened to move on Friday morning that there should be no counting-out on Friday night till he had been heard. He claims to be above the laws of the House, as the German Emperor claimed to be above the laws of Grammar. Not so, my WHALLEY. If there had been no such thing as a Count Out before thou wert returned for Peterborough, for *thee* it would have had to be invented.

MR. NEWDEGATE wanted to know who moved the Count Out—"chiefly"—we presume, as *Miranda* asked her question—that he might "set him in his prayers."

MR. DIXON moved the Second Reading of his Bill for forcing all the small children, especially the tender bucolicals, into schools, *willy nilly*. MESSRS. FAWCETT and FORSTER supported him. VISCOUNT SANDON, satisfied with the increase of half a million school children in four years, declined to put on a stronger screw than is now in work. He thinks we had better, for the present, be content with bringing the water of knowledge within reach of our young asses, without attempting to make them drink. Perhaps he is right. Too many MRS. MARKES might over-strain popular patience—more sensible, at present, of the pressure of rates and the value of small children's small wages than of the worth of good schooling. At any rate, so thought the "docile majority," who rejected MR. DIXON'S Bill by 255 to 164.

Thursday.—MR. DISRAELI informed MR. WHALLEY that the Government was aware of the presence of Jesuits in England, and that their presence is a misdemeanour, but had no intention of proceeding against them.

A good deal of unbusiness-like talk about public business. Ditto discourse on Second Reading of the Judicature Act Amendment Bill, on which all the Lawyers in the House—the only fellows who can be expected to understand it—seem at loggerheads.

This paved the way for MR. CAHOE'S introduction of the Labour



A MATCHLESS PAIR.

Both Passengers (in a breath). { "MAY I TROUBLE YOU FOR A—
"WOULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH A— } LIGHT !"

Laws Amendment Bill—to do away with the long-standing injustice of the law by which offences of Master against Servant are treated as civil, but those of Servant against Master as criminal.

What is sauce for Master Goose will henceforth be sauce for Servant Gander, and vice versa.

Friday (Lords).—EARL DELAWARE moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the cruelties of cattle-transport. The DUKE OF RICHMOND declined. There are more Select Committees than Government know how to find work for already. Besides, what need for inquiry? The thing lies in a nutshell. There is law enough to protect the poor brutes: all that is wanted is its enforcement. How satisfactory for the cattle!

THE BISHOP OF EXETER withdrew his Bill for consolidating little livings—i. e., starvings—in Exeter city, en attendant a general Bill—much wanted—giving powers to do as much everywhere.

(Commons.) WHALLEY the Wonderful in two of his favourite characters, "the Jesuits' Foe" and "the Claimant's Friend," supported in the second rôle by the great K. A succès de rire for W.; a succès de détestime for the Doctor, both as usual.

MR. BUTT moved for a Royal Commission to pull up the Irish Land Act of 1870, and look how it is growing. (A man must do something for his money!) SIR M. H. BEACH declined—in the radical interests of the Act and of Ireland.

TEACHING THE TEACHERS.

As compulsory education is now a "burning question" (so it was three centuries ago—how history repeats itself!), Mr. Punch begs to suggest a few novel Acts to the respectful consideration of Members of Parliament. Gentlemen of the House of Commons will be good enough to take out their pencils and note-books. Mr. Punch begs to inform them that he will give his hearty support to any and all of the following measures, when they come up for Reading a Second Time:—

A Bill for Teaching Members of Parliament generally the difference between frivolous questions and important inquiries.

A HOUSE FOR WHALLEY.

"The Government have engaged to make a House for the Honourable Member for Peterborough; but keeping a House must depend very much upon the speeches."—MR. DISRAELI, June 7.

"To make a House for WHALLEY,"
The pledge provokes a smile,
And yet why should not folly
Have its fling, once a while?
The Borough of St. Peter
Its minster bells should ring,
When, the more scoffed at, the sweeter,
WHALLEY is asked to sing!

When that borough was re-christened,
Nine hundred sixty-three,
In KING EDGAR's eye there glistened
The tear of grateful glee,
Sprung from conviction thorough,
That in his island home
He had, in Peterborough,
A city fair as Rome!

So lands and gold he gave it,
And a new name, as we see;
But ah, he could not save it
From a WHALLEY yet to be!
No change could be completer
Than what has come to pass;
In the borough of St. Peter,
WHALLEY, ruler of the mass!

Then sing, thou new Ixion,
Whose wheel turns in thy brain;
While o'er thy foes Stoke's Lion
Shakes the dew-drops of his mane.
In this dizzy drowsy weather,
Of use a laugh will be,
So both sides should pull together
To keep a House for thee!

* A.D. 963, KING EDGAR, with the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and most of the Nobility and Gentry of the realm, came together to Peterborough, then called Medeshamstead. The King changed its name to St. Peter's Borough, gave it great oblations, and "wept for joy that he had a second Rome within his own kingdom."—Old Chronicle.

A Bill for Teaching Home-Rulers the practical inconvenience of captious opposition.

A Bill for Teaching Gentlemen who love late hours, and have been elected to "the best Club in London," that the duties of the House need never interfere with the claims of the Home.

A Bill for Teaching Ladies fond of airing their eloquence in public, that if conversation (in the drawing-room) is silver, silence (on the platform) must be golden.

A Bill for Teaching Young Bachelors that Club life *pur et simple* becomes monotonous after five-and-forty.

A Bill for Teaching Soldiers that cash has not the relative rank of honour and glory.

A Bill for Teaching the Royal Academicians that the walls of Burlington House should not be hung with "Pot-boilers."

A Bill for Teaching Theatrical Managers that when "the Mirror is held up to Nature," the result should never be a mere burlesque.

A Bill for Teaching Heads of Families about to travel on the Continent that there is no place like home.

A Bill for Teaching Company Promoters (practically) that there is no real difference between burglary and the manufacture of false prospectuses.

A Bill for Teaching Cabmen (also practically) that an unprotected Miss should never be considered as good as an extra mile.

And, finally, a Bill for Teaching the whole world a fact already admitted by every civilised country under the sun, that the Best Reformer, the Truest Patriot, and the Wisest Sage, is to be found in the person of Dear, Clever, Good-Natured Mr. Punch, of 85, Fleet Street, E.C., London.

"That Clever Czar!"

WE have all heard of JULIUS CESAR's "*Veni, vidi, vici!*" and SIR CHARLES NAPIER's "*Peccori*" despatch. The last achievement in the line of epistolary brevity is the CZAR's despatch, in answer to the proposal of GENERAL IVANOFF, commanding on the Central Asian frontier, to annex more territory. It was a blank, with the direction phonetically spelt—"GENERAL I'VE ENOUGH."

"ASTONISHING THE NATIVE."



OOD should come of the SULTAN OF ZANIBAR's visit to England, if he can but carry away a few practical lessons from our boasted civilisation. As the children of the South do not love exertion, Mr. Punch (always ready to oblige a potentate) begs to propose an appropriate course of Studies. His Highness's education might be easily completed within a week, were he allowed to adopt the following simple programme:—

First Day: Lesson in the Fine Arts.—In the morning, visit of the Sultan to the

exterior of the National Gallery. In the afternoon, inspection of the Duke of Wellington's Statue and the other London Monuments, with Brass Band and Barrel Organ accompaniment.

Second Day: Lesson in Cleanliness.—Promenade through Seven Dials in the morning. In the afternoon, lounge up Piccadilly after the road has been nicely watered.

Third Day: Lesson in Regularity.—A forenoon on the Arrival Platform of any Railway Terminus in the Metropolis.

Fourth Day: Lesson in Honesty.—A few hours spent in the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange.

Fifth Day: Lesson in Energy.—Official visit to the site of the New Law Courts, and inspection of the present condition of Temple Bar.

Sixth Day: Lesson in Economy.—Grand examination in the West End of Milliners', Jewellers', Haberdashers', and Pastry Cooks' Books.

Seventh and Last Day: Lesson in Decorum, Sobriety, and Piety.—Ten minutes study (on a Sunday) of the manners and customs of the frequenters of a London public-house.

THE OTHER VIEW OF THE PICTURE.

To the Editor of Punch,

SIR,

I AM a Jew, and a broker. Most indignantly do I deny every assertion contained in your article of the week before last, except the very witty statement—ten or twelve times repeated—that the Jews have hooked noses. As false is it that you saw a bookcase fourteen feet high as that you were surrounded by a troop of Jews, who wished to purchase goods for you on Commission. I attend sales daily, and do not know a single Jew who is a Commission Broker. There may be one or two, but, as far as my experience goes, the Commission men are all Christians. The poor Jews who attend sales are dealers on their own account, and pay for what they purchase. As to the broken English you so glibly put into the mouths of the Jews who addressed you, it is, like the rest, a bold assertion. I do not place myself on a par with the Jewish Judges, Serjeants-at-Law, Queen's Counsel, Barristers, Professors, &c.: I am only a Broker, and have been unable to study since the age of sixteen, yet I am quite willing to read or speak in English, French, German, or Italian, side by side with yourself, Sir.

I dare say I am as good a type as any other, as I have the black hair and the hooked nose so graphically described by you, yet I never, at any time, wear any jewellery. And, perhaps, I am as clean in my person, and in my linen, as yourself. If not, it is not on account of my religion, but in despite of it. It is a presumption to call us Jews unclean: it must be on the "*lucus a non lucendo*" principle. Why, the first Jew, ABRAHAM, placed water before his guests to wash themselves therewith; MOSES teaches cleanliness again and again; and ELIJAH taught the Captain of the Syrian host the cure for his disease in those memorable words, "Wash and be clean."

I do not deny there are poor Jews—I do not deny there are uneducated ones, but I unhesitatingly affirm that the Jew, in whatever position he be placed, can fearlessly maintain his equality—on the score of education, intelligence, and even refinement—with

the Christian, as he can in unflinching loyalty to Her Most Gracious Majesty.

What is the meaning of "a glance—dear general lightning," I leave to yourself. I do not suppose any of your readers can see the wit thereof.

It is quite time that men of education, like yourself, should try to remove prejudices, instead of increasing them. Wherever Jews compete, thank God, they can always hold their own; witness the Senior Wranglership gained at Cambridge by the second or third Jew who went to that University; witness the numberless professorships, scholarships, and prizes obtained at the University of London; as well as the Judgeships, Mayoralties, &c., &c., the rewards of intelligence, uprightness, and industry; certainly not of favour. The old Latin proverb says, "*Eugenius didicisse Adulter artes, emoluit moras*,"—it certainly does not seem to have done so in your case. In CORNWALL's famous tragedy, the mother of HORACE, when told that her son had disgraced himself by cowardice to save his life, and asked what he should have done in lieu thereof, most unhesitatingly replied, "*Qu'il mourût*." Perchance your own mother, Sir, would have spoken in like manner, had she known that you misapply your talent to vilify an innocent people.

I beg to remain, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

A JEW BROKER.

[Mr. Punch begs to point out to this vigorous advocate of the "innocent people," that he has never controverted a single one of the claims so energetically made on their behalf in this letter.]

POESIES FOR THE POOR.

"A GOOD SUGGESTION.—A Correspondent writes to us:—'At this season, when all the gardens are full of the loveliest and sweetest blossoms, there are—as at every season—hundreds of poor people in our London Hospitals for whom time passes very heavily, and whose sad, sick hearts would be cheered beyond measure by the sight and smell of our commonest garden flowers; and there are, I am equally sure, hundreds of kind-hearted men of business who would willingly bring up each a bunch of flowers, once or twice a week, to town, and drop them into a large basket placed conveniently at the railway station. Each hospital might have a basket, or the flowers could be shared out from the big one. Nearly every hospital is close to a station. Many poor sick people—regular Cockneys—hardly know what a flower is.'"

"SPLENDID bouquet you've got," cried young CITIZEN BROWN To old CITIZEN BRIGGS, in a train up to Town.

"Some young Party this evening to take to the play,
Or a ball? MA. BRIGGS, Sir! I say, Sir, I say!"

Said his elder, "It isn't at all what you think;
So you've got no occasion to smirk and to wink.
I am not a young puppy—these bristles are white—
Home and early to bed is my custom at night."

"No; these flowers from my greenhouse and garden will go
To a place where they'll serve more for use than for show;
To a hospital ward, where the lily and rose
Will improve the condition of things for the nose."

"A suggestion of late in my paper I read
Of this cheap contribution to cheer the sick bed.
As a thing to be done, Sir, my fancy it caught,
So in practice, you see, I've put that happy thought."

"The smell of syringa, carnation, and pink
May help raise up the spirits in sickness which sink,
And geranium, and scabious, and lychnus, supply
Some refreshment for many a poor patient's eye."

"MA. BRIGGS, Sir," said BROWN, "the ideas you impart,
They do honour alike to your head and your heart:
You experience, of course, that enjoyment which should,
And does, I have no doubt, attend doing good."

"I remember some rhymes upon acts of the just
Say they smell sweet and blossom, although in the dust;
And your nose, Sir, for hospital patients designed,
Though I can't quite repeat them, has brought them to mind."

A COLOURABLE PRETEXT.

A WICK, if not an over-nice, young lady-friend of ours declares that nothing in the world shall ever tempt her to wear mauve, lest she should be classed among *les mauvais sujets*.

"THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS?"—Assuming them to be placed one a-top of another, Punch altogether declines the calculation!



INDEPENDENCE.

Elder Sister (condescendingly). "SEE, ETHEL, YOU HAD BETTER COME AND WALK IN MY SHADOW. IT WILL BE COOLER FOR YOU!"
 Younger Sister (who resents patronage), "YOU ARE VERY GOOD, MAUD; BUT I HAVE A SHADOW OF MY OWN, THANK YOU!"

A BRILLIANT RECEPTION.

THE visit of His Royal Highness, the SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR, appears to have stimulated the hospitality of our Official Authorities in a remarkable degree. It being thought important to impress the distinguished visitor with the wealth, power, and greatness of this country, steps have been taken to effect this object in the most striking and effectual manner.

On his arrival at Gravesend, after being presented with a pint of fresh shrimps, the SULTAN was escorted into a Steam-tug with an awning to it, (liberally supplied by the Citizen Company,) and was rapidly conveyed up the river through the Pool, in drizzling weather, to Westminster. His Highness expressed great admiration at the manner in which the blacks from the chimney of the steamer gathered about his Royal person, as if recognising an African potentate. A guard of honour marked their sense of the occasion by arriving too late at the Westminster landing-stage. *En attendant* their arrival, the SULTAN's tug was moored to a coal-barge, whose fine lines and generally brilliant appearance appeared to interest him much. After some time an imposing force, consisting of a whole Serjeant's guard, marched up, with a brass band; and the distinguished visitor and his suite, amid the chaff of a small but enthusiastic crowd on Westminster Bridge, were deposited, bag and baggage, on the landing-stage, where a gentleman in a blue livery informed them that they might go to their hotel, and amuse themselves as they pleased.

"Growlers" having been procured, a procession was formed, which drove rapidly away in the direction of Hyde Park. The band then played "God Save the Queen" in recognition of our national hospitality, and the crowd dispersed.

The scene at the hotel was very striking. The hotel Commissionaire was at hand in his undress uniform, and the Policeman (A. 1) on the beat happened to be passing at the moment of our distinguished visitor's arrival, and respectfully opened the door of his cab. No pains had been spared to render the apartments assigned to the SULTAN at once magnificent and comfortable. New ornaments for the fire-stoves were displayed in profusion. It was

even observed that the stair-rod had been newly polished in honour of the occasion.

The following day His Royal Highness started in State, in a hired landau, for Ascot; but in order to give him an opportunity of making acquaintance with the roughs of Knightsbridge and studying West-End chaff (His Highness being much interested in linguistic researches), it was ingeniously contrived that the carriage should break down opposite Tattersall's. On the arrival of the SULTAN's *cortège* at the Course, it was delicately arranged, in order to spare His Royal Highness all embarrassment, that not the slightest notice should be taken of him by any one on the Royal or Grand Stand, or the lawns and enclosures adjacent. The *consigne* was respected by all, with the exception of a forward fortune-teller and a zealous policeman, who ordered the Royal landau to move further back.

On his return to the hotel, the SULTAN conveyed to the Head Waiter his satisfaction with all he had seen, and his sense of the flattering reception given him by the Royal Family and the nobility, gentry, and public of the Metropolis.

Other magnificent hospitalities are in preparation; and during his visit his Royal Highness will receive many distinguished persons, including MESSRS. MASKELYNE AND COOKE, MADAME TUSSAUD'S principal modeller, MR. WHALLEY, and DR. KENNELLY. Nothing, in short, will be wanting to impress our guest with an adequate sense of our national greatness, and our utter inability to receive with grace and graciousness a distinguished visitor, of a race with whom politeness is innate, and courtesy to the stranger a religious duty.

The Poisoned Hat.—(A Caution.)

(See *British Medical Journal*.)

WE'VE heard of socks that poisoned feet,
 Hats 'gainst heads are now combining,
 With poison in the four-and-nine,
 Lined with the dye of aniline—
 Death may haunt *any linin'*!



THE INDIGNANT BYSTANDER.

MR. GLADSTONE. "DON'T YOU SEE, SIR, THEY'RE *DOING* YOU? YOU *MUST* LOSE!—REALLY, THE POLICE OUGHT TO INTERFERE!"

DIZZY (a Simple Countryman?). "DON'T MIND *HIM*, SIR! IT'S ALL HIS SPITE! HE ONCE *KEP*' A TABLE HISSELF!"

THE GOOD CITY GIANTS.



Bless them!—the LORD MAYOR and Corporation,—not the Lords of Manors.

Acting on the judgment of the Master of the Rolls, obtained last year, and confirmed, says the *City Press*, "by the unanimous judgment of the Epping Forest Commissioners," the City Solicitor has given notice to the Conveyancers (the wise call them), who have made enclosures in the Forest since 1851, "forthwith to remove the fences round the lands they have enclosed." Thus the Corporation asserts the right of common it has established, and the doughty Gog and Magog will thus "restore the common land to those who are entitled to enjoy it, and at the same time keep the Forest open as one of the lungs of London for ever." Honour once more to the LORD MAYOR and Corporation! Glory to Gog and Magog!

Out of 6000 acres of Epping Forest which remained open to the Public, "a short-sighted and narrow policy" had "parted with the Crown-rights over no less than 3556 acres for the paltry sum of £18,000 or thereabouts." The greater part of the Forest is protected from Lords of Manors only by the right of common asserted by the City. But that protection, it is hoped, will serve; meanwhile, Gog and Magog are in possession. *Eto perpetua!* Gog and Magog for ever!

So far consumption has been checked in the lungs of London. There are, unfortunately, no like means of arresting it in those of Hampshire. Otherwise, what immortality might be won by the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton, or of Winchester, or both Mayors and Municipalities together, if they would combine to prevent the deposition of quasi-tubercle under the form of building in the New Forest! But that enterprise is reserved for the Party of Chivalry, and Poetry, and Art, and Wholesomeness, and Sweetness and Light in the House of Commons. It will be their work to fight for the New Forest

VOICE, O City, that you have still a LORD MAYOR, and be glad, O London, that there is yet a Corporation!

Not only have they saved what was left of Epping Forest, but they have also rescued much out of the hands of parties who had conveyed (the wise call it) the property of the Public to their private use.

against the Mammonite material utilitarian Giants, the Philistine Goliaths, the big, heavy, thick, low, broad, squat-headed Members for Money. Praise we the good giants Gog and Magog, the tutelary Genii of Epping Forest. Would that they could contrive to give those others—the monsters that are trying to sacrifice the New Forest, and everything else that is noble and beautiful, to £ s. d.—a taste of their maces!

UNSELECTED!

Soliloquy of an "Imperfectly-adapted Organism."

DARWIN is doubtless right! My doudiest rival Just "settled," and I'm still upon the shelf. Left, Dodo-like, undestined for "survival;" That's only for the "fittest;" I, poor elf,— One of Creation's *piccoli perduti*,— Am void of female "fitness,"—which is Beauty!

If I had been a beetle, with a case A little shinier than my next-door neighbour's. I might have had a chance; but, since my face Is plain, in spite of all cosmetic labours, I'm left with less chance from the small blind god Than Science gives the average Rhizopod.

"Imperfectly adapted;" that's the phrase In which the *sergent* gives his soothing summary! My nose is red, my eyes look different ways, My lips are thin and ineexpert at "flummery." So, to my (male) "environments" unsuited, I am not destined to be "evoluted."

And yet my *area vasculosa* thrills With yearnings which will never find fruition. The dowdy mollusc spreads its dingy frills Unmarked midst rivals gay—just my condition!— Since lack of loveliness has set a charm "Twixt love and my particular protoplasm.

DARWIN can track creation from its shell— The works and ways of beasts and birds and fishes Has at his fingers' ends; but can he tell The inner woes of the great Spinster species? "Great Nature's changeless laws" must be respected; But O! they're hard upon the "Unselected!"

PREPARING FOR WAR!

A MEMORANDUM containing a List of Rules to be observed during the Autumn Manœuvres has just been issued. By some strange mistake, the following regulations (which evidently must have appeared in the original document) have been omitted. They are now published for the first time:—

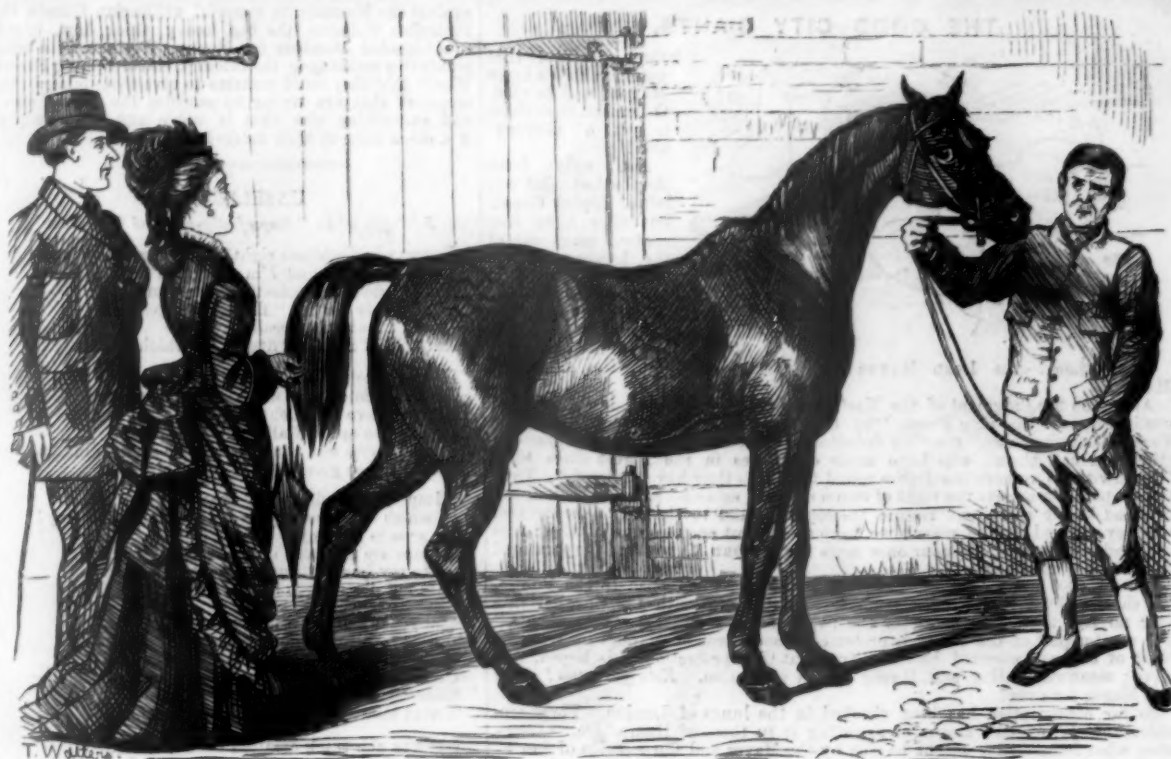
1. Recruits of tender years will not be allowed to draw their bayonets. This rule does not apply to fine growing lads of twelve years old.
2. Buglers will not sound their bugles except by special command of Generals of Divisions. The above-mentioned officers are reminded (for their instruction and guidance) that copper is expensive and should be used as little as possible.
3. Boots will not be worn by the Infantry on any march exceeding three miles. Commanding Officers are cautioned that shoe-leather has recently greatly increased in value.
4. In the event of two members of the Umpire Staff being unable to come to an agreement about the respective colours of Black and White, they will "draw lots;" *id est*, one of them will throw into the air a coin of the realm, and before the coin is able to reach the ground, the other will give the word either "heads" or "tails." The choice of cries will be optional. Gold coins will be used by General Officers, silver by Field Officers, and halfpence by all other ranks.
5. Dismounted Cavalry will not be allowed to pursue retiring Infantry on horseback, unless so ordered by the Commanding Officers of the 83rd (County of Dublin) 86th (the King's County Down), the Connaught Rangers, and the Royal Irish Fusiliers.
6. Should a Regiment of Infantry halt within two hundred yards of six hostile Batteries of Artillery to watch the practice, or for any other purpose of instruction, one-tenth of the Battalion will be marched to the rear, and will be considered *hors de combat* during the remainder of the campaign.
7. A Village containing one Pioneer, one Drummer (or Bugler) and a Quarter-Master Sergeant, will be considered fully garrisoned.

It will thus be seen that the Rules of War are to be followed in every particular, down to the very smallest details, by all concerned in the campaign.

8. As in the previous series of Autumn Manœuvres, at least "five minutes' notice" will be given when the Army is required to march five miles, or to perform any other military duty, requiring zeal, steadiness, and an intimate acquaintance with "Field Exercises, Edition of 1874, Part I."

A CLASS OF FRACTURES.

AN old woman, MARY BANKS, aged eighty-one, died in St. Pancras Workhouse of compound fracture of the thigh bone. She had been twelve months bed-ridden; had latterly become violent. Her thigh had got broken as she lay; broken, she said, being quite sane when her evidence was given, by the paid night-nurse kneeling on her to keep her down. This the night-nurse denied, and though the occupants of neighbouring beds heard high words between the nurse and the old woman, and though there had been numerous complaints against the same nurse for ill-temper and ill-treatment of her wretched pauper-patients, a Coroner's Jury—an inquest having been held by DR. HARDWICK—found "That the deceased, MARY BANKS, died from exhaustion from the fracture of her leg, caused by some means, but by what there was no evidence before the Jury to show." How this verdict was arrived at, in the face of the facts as reported, the jury knows best. Mr. Punch has heard doctors say that the bones of some old persons, through absorption of material, become so brittle as to be apt to get broken in a slightly extraordinary effort of mere muscular action. This, it is to be hoped, was what happened to Mrs. BANKS, and her case may not perhaps be one of the kind which surgical writers might classify under a new division as Lunatic Asylum Fracture. But nurses might as well be taught that old bones are brittle, and that, though aged persons may, in their tantrums, sometimes require to be kept down, it is nevertheless necessary that their attendants, especially if they kneel upon them, should mind how they do it.



FRONTI NULLA FIDES.

Lady. "SUCH A BEAUTIFUL CREATURE MUST BE GOOD-TEMPERED!"

Husband. "JUST WHAT I THOUGHT WHEN I MARRIED YOU, MY DEAR."

THE NAIADS' APPEAL.

"And add the power of some adjuring verse."

MILTON'S *Comus*.

By Science scorned, left in the cold by Song,
Thrust from our beds by Toil's triumphant wrong,
We Naiads, water-babies sore dismayed,
Wait our last kick and curse from conquering Trade.
Once 'twixt cool banks, with willowy curtains set,
We basked long Summer noons—the eddies' fret
Ruffling our lily locks. Those times are o'er:
Now common sewer usurps uncommon shore,
And city brewage fouls and fills our deeps,
And Trade's grey slime through our green sedges creeps.
O, foolish mortals, whom of old we loved
And oft inspired, have ye not richly proved
The blessing of our urns, that thus ye pour
Poison and plague from every streamlet's shore?
Self-smitten ingrates! Nemesis is swift,
To avenge the Naiads' desecrated gift.
The inky floods that daunt us, damage you;
What dims our silver, turns your copper blue.*
Not sweet Sabrina, from her depths impure,
Could sprinkle now those "drops of precious cure":[†]
The "vial'd liquors," from her fetid flood,
Fever, not freshen, now, town-tainted blood.
Swoll'n cities send contagion's germs by streams
Where troutlets once glanced through the lilies' gleams.
If dyes and sewage stain our bosoms bright,
They deal you death, where Nature meant delight.
The sombre Styx itself might surely shrink
From serving, as doth Calder's tide, for ink;
What odds 'twixt Bradford's Aire and Acheron?
Do e'en the fetid fires of Phlegethon

* The MARQUESS OF SALISBURY'S Speech introducing Pollution of Rivers Bill.
[†] *Comus*.

Worse gas than Irwell's putrid waters churn?
The Bourne—to which no traveller should return—
Coeytus shames; its flood, once clear and blue,
Than ochre yellower, and more thick than glue!
Alas! how should our delicate race abide
The palsying poison of Trade's fetid tide?
We faint, but, fainting, urge one late appeal,
Ere the last wave against our lips ye seal;
Shall England offer, holocausts of wealth,
Natural loveliness and human health?
Not so. Let Sense and Song to Greed give pause:
On, SALISBURY, on!—and good speed crown good cause!

"Come Up, Neddy!"

THE subjoined advertisement is extracted from a newspaper, and not from a fly-leaf of a new edition of *Aesop's Fables*:—

AN A.S.S. (by Exam.), requires a Young Man in a Dispensing and Prescribing business, with time for study with instruction, either for the Prelim. or Minor. This is a good opportunity for one desirous of passing his examination. Apply, stating age, &c., to BUTTERCUP, care of, &c., &c.

An A.S.S. by "Exam." should be an A.S.S. indeed; a tried and declared A.S.S. He appears to intimate that he is prepared to coach the Assistant for whom he advertises, whether for the "Prelim." or the "Minor," as need may be. In *Euclid* perhaps he could carry a pupil safely over the *Pons Asinorum*. Perhaps, however, he couldn't. Indeed, BUTTERCUP might perhaps even be called the Flower of Asses.

"Just as the Twig is Bent," &c.

WE wish to draw SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S attention to a most serious matter—the number, the alarming number of infants who from the first day of their existence are accustomed to "the bottle."



AT THE DOG-SHOW.

On being asked by one of his fair Daughters why the Bull-dog's nose is placed so far behind his mouth, the Very Reverend Gentleman depicted above discovers another instance of the merciful consideration ever shown by—shall we say "Nature"—to the humblest of her creatures, and replies:—"MY LOVE, IT IS TO ENABLE HIM TO BREATHE MORE COMFORTABLY WHILE HE IS HANGING ON TO THE NOSE OF THE BULL!"

FAITH AND PHYSIC.

THE "Peculiar People" intend to try an experiment not long ago proposed by a distinguished surgeon. They have, says a contemporary, "resolved boldly to put to a practical test the question as to whether medical aid is really a necessity, or whether prayer alone is not sufficiently efficacious in all cases." Accordingly some of them have taken a large house in Tower Street, on the north-east side of London Fields, and posted on a board outside of it an inscription announcing it as the

"House of Faith for the reception of such as are considered hopelessly incurable to be healed by the prayer of faith."

Then follow Scriptures. Among these there is a well-known text prescribing prayer and oil—but there is no text which forbids the friends of the sick in the meanwhile to send for a doctor.

As the "House of Faith" is to be an establishment for the miraculous cure of those who are considered hopelessly incurable, its conductors will hardly be chargeable with letting people die for want of physic. But for letting the curable so die, several of the Peculiar People have been lately committed, and are awaiting their trial for manslaughter. One has been convicted, but the verdict is impugned. Can it stand? Here is a knot which may want cutting. Of course the Peculiar People have the right to believe in miracle, and also the right to disbelieve in medicine. But have they a right to let those for whose care they are responsible die for want of it?

The Peculiar People's "House of Faith," we are told, "was formerly used as a homoeopathic hospital." Now, either homoeopathy, or else medicine proper, is false, at least in the differences between them. Most men think that the miraculous cure of (say) typhoid fever is not to be ordinarily expected, and that, in general, more oil and homoeopathic globules in the same case would be equally remedial. Homoeopaths are a Peculiar People in their way. But if a death occurs under homoeopathic treatment—shade of HÄNDEMANN forgive the surmise—who thinks of crying "Manslaughter!"

Certainly, however, Miracles bear equal relations to Surgery and to Medicine. Do the Peculiar People then rely on the proceedings they adopt for the cure of a fever as equally sufficient for that of a

fracture? If faith alone can remove effusion of the brain, it can just as well set a leg or an arm.

We tolerate Brahminism, but don't allow Suttee. Mr. Punch ventures to suggest that whilst the religious opinions of the Peculiar People expressly so called, like those of all other people however peculiar, must needs be respected, some provision might perhaps be made for taking those upon whom they practise them out of their hands. Unless, indeed, their "House of Faith" shall prove a success, for example, by turning out a successfully reduced dislocation of the spine, or, say, the shoulder.

ALLITERATIVE M.P.'S.

A.A. At Matlock you may see his mansion.
B.B. Why, this is Mr. SPEAKER, Sir.
C.C. Great Glasgow's newspaper expansion.
C.C.C. Palmerstonian, I aver.
D.D. From Cardigan he cometh hither.
E.E. succeeds an E.E. better known.
F.F. declares Whig principles shan't wither.
G.G. is one whom Wilts is proud to own.
H.H. has had a very famous father.
J.J. Perhaps is famous at Llandovery.
K.K. is KNIGHTLEY KNIGHTLEY—clever rather.
L.L. LORD LINDSAY boasts no great discovery.
M.M. inverts his poet-uncle's name.
N.N. is very hard on monks and nuns.
O.O., Home Ruler, doth Rosecommon claim.
P.P. is chief among Northampton's sons.
Q.Q. Ah, some of them are quaint and queer.
R.R. Kirkcaldy sends him to the House.
S.S. N.N. has kindly franked him here.
T.T. No doubt the Duchy owns his nous.
With U. V. X. Y. Z. we will not trouble you.
But Wales sends twice a W.W.W.

FOR CIVIS ROMANI.—The way to 'Ampton Races?—The 'Appy 'Un (Appian) of course.

A WISE ARRANGEMENT IN APPLES.

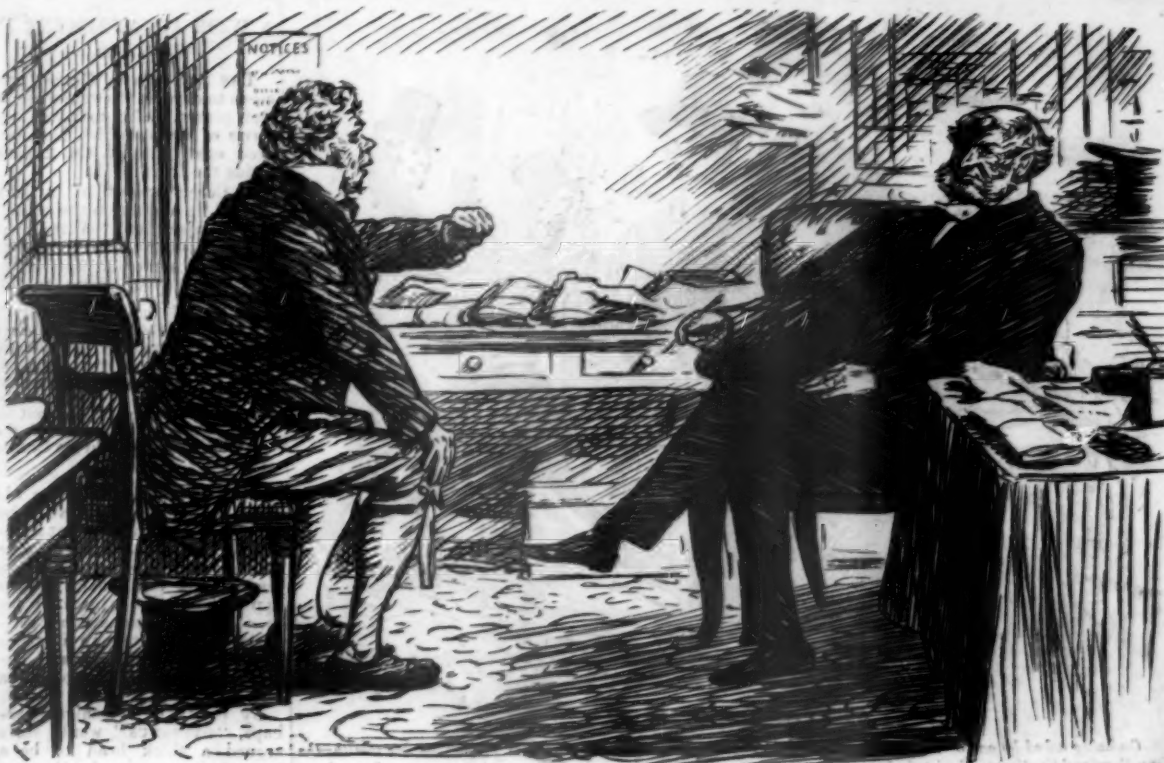
THE Sun, now in Cancer, proceeds to develop the young apples and plums. Also to hatch the larvae of insects which have laid their eggs, through the flowers, inside the fruit.

A Correspondent of a local journal, in a letter on the seasonable subject of "Vermin in Apples," referring to a paper in an early Number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, writes as follows:—

"I had noticed that in stormy weather comparatively few diseased apples (if I may so speak) fall, but mostly on calm, quiet nights. The article stated, too, that such was the case, being a wise arrangement of Providence, lest the tenant of the apple should be injured by too forcible a fall."

"SYLVANUS URBAN" was always too profoundly grave to be capable of a satirical slap at a far-fetched inference. In the "wise arrangement" supposed to be made "lest the tenant of the apple should be injured by too forcible a fall," he no doubt seriously contemplated an instance of special contrivance and design for the preservation of a maggot.

By parity of reasoning, perhaps, "SYLVANUS" would have argued a thick head to be a benevolent provision for the preservation of a "maggot" in the brain.



A HUNGRY CLAIMANT.

Legal Adviser. "BUT WHAT WERE THE PROVISIONS OF THE WILL?"

Mr. Flannigan. "'PROVISIONS' IS IT! DIVIL A BIT O' PROVISIONS WAS THERE AT ALL! AN' THAT'S WHY WE'RE ALL STARVIN'!!"

MRS. GINGHAM ON TOUGHENED GLASS.

WHICH it's almost too good to be true; but I hope that the stories one hears is correct, and no gammon.

Though glass as ain't brittle's a thing, I must say, as does seem out o' nature and not to be credited; But blessin's on that DE LA BASTIE, I says, if so be his invention ain't simply a sham 'un.

Which Tom read it out o' the *Times*, as he says is a decentish paper and carefully edited:

Which what with the gals,—drat their slippery fingers!—as smashes no end, and the boys with their stonees.

And them cattypult things,—as perhaps they 'll put down, now on the Princess they have tried 'em!—

The glass one has broken is jest ruination, as well I'm awear them young waggerbone JONESSES

Has cost me a fortune in glaziers this year.—Let me catch the young willuns, and won't I just hide 'em!

But this 'ere toughened glass is stone-proof and won't smash—least-ways, not unless it is hit with a hammer;

As even the gals don't do that,—though one *did* drop my very best cream-jug down two flights of stairs.

And the treatment a pane of this new stuff will stand is just downright amazin', and reads like a crammer;

But a blessin', if true, which I'm sure at this hour I've a dozen cracked tumblers, and none of 'em pairs!

'Tain't only the loss, but the dratted vexation as worrits a woman; and if MR. NURSERY

Can save us from stones through the skylights and draughts,—which a glazier, like Bobbies, when wanted, ne'er passes,—

From spiling one's "sets," which them crockery people ain't willing to match 'em, but quite wisey-wersey,—

I'm sure, as TOM says, he's a *pro doney public oh!*—meaning a chap as does good to the masses.

Well, Science and sich is a-goin' it wonderful—things as they used to was fairly upsetting;

Which next, I suppose, they 'll have pie-crusts and promises, egg-shells and hearts, as is "not to be broken."

And as to old sayin's—which "brittle as glass" will soon sound quite ridiculuss—folks must be getting

A reglar new stock of 'em, seeing the old uns is quite out o' date, and seems stupid if spoken.

Which glaziers will wish MOUNSEER BASTIE at blasces; and, as to them rumrooshan boys and the alaveys,

Their games will be stopped when they can't crack a pane, and it ain't o' much use for to tumble a tumbler:

But housewives will bless him, and, as for the dealers, I shan't fret for them, they may all take their daveys,

As p'raps it will make them andasahus young stuckups of shopmen o' theirs just a shade or so humbler!

Good News for the Boys.

ON account of the great success that has attended the Enconia at Oxford this year, and in the interests of that national education, in which Oxford is now aiding so energetically, the staid solemnities of that University capital will be repeated *à fresco* in the streets of London on the Fifth of next November. The principal chairs will be occupied by the Regius Professor of Law, the Public Orator, DR. MACARNESS, and the Vice-Chancellor. The entertainments will conclude, as usual, with a brilliant display of fireworks.

Lines on the Late Drought.

THE fields, all green and gold in May,
June's sun hath so imbrowned,
That Nature's book, we now may say,
Appears in parchment bound.



THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Mrs. "MAMMA, DO LET US HAVE ANOTHER WEDDING SOON!"
 Mamma (who does not like parting with her daughters). "DON'T TALK OF SUCH A THING, MY DARLING!"
 Mrs. "I MEAN LET'S HAVE ANOTHER WEDDING, AND LEAVE OUT ALL BUT THE CAKE, YOU KNOW!"

WILFRID LAWSON.

(A Paean on the "Permissive Bill")

AIR—"Nancy Dawson."

WILFRID LAWSON were a bore,
 But that, joking evermore,
 He makes the House of Commons
 ROAR,—

Ha, ha! SIR WILFRID LAWSON!

WILFRID LAWSON has a craze,
 On his mind which sorely preys.
 Evil habits it betrays!

For shame, SIR WILFRID LAWSON!

Often doth a party, found
 Rolling on the floor or ground,
 Swear the world is drunk all round:
 So doth SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

WILFRID LAWSON, every year,
 Moves a Bill with aim severe,
 JOHN BULL to curtail of his beef:
 Fond SIR WILFRID LAWSON!

He's the Chief of Freedom's foes,
 Who by local votes propose
 Every public-house to close—

Bosh, SIR WILFRID LAWSON!

Once again they've lost their Bill,
 Let us hope they always will.
 So all hands, a bumper fill,

And drink SIR WILFRID LAWSON!

Temperance if in hopes to teach,
 He will do no more than preach,
 Success in sermon and in speech
 Attend SIR WILFRID LAWSON!

May his talk else end in smoke,
 When he goeth, past a joke,
 On Britons' necks to force his yoke!
 No go, SIR WILFRID LAWSON!

STRANGE REJECTION.—At Sydney, Parliament has been electing a new Speaker. A considerable majority of the Members would not have WISDOM.

SHABBY FELLOWS IN THE CITY.

From a statement in the *City Press*, comprising the subjoined particulars, there apparently prevails among the parishioners of Christ Church, Newgate Street, a sad want of sense of their parochial duties.

When KING HENRY THE EIGHTH of gentle memory had founded the Hospital of St. Bartholomew in place of the Monastery, "from immediately after" the issue of his humane Majesty's Charter for that purpose, "the Governors" of the new Hospital "commenced litigation against their neighbours for tithe at the rate of two shillings and ninepence in the pound, and some hundreds of persons were proceeded against in various Courts, but in every case the decision was that the inhabitants should pay their customary payments." Hence it would seem that the Royal Charter contained some clause unsuccessfully devised to raise the tithes they were accustomed to pay the Friars. Perhaps, then, the charitable Sovereign who founded St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in so doing also laid the foundation of SYDNEY SMITH's famed apologue of the man whom an affecting charity sermon moved to empty his neighbour's pockets into the plate.

The Fire of London having created a difficulty as to tithe-assessment, the Governors, in 1670, went to Chancery to get it settled. The Court "decided in every case that the customary payments should be paid." These "in no case approached two shillings and ninepence in the pound."

From the above date to the present "no variation in the payments has taken place." But now at last the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital are again attempting to put on the beneficent serow. They "have filed a bill against some of the inhabitants, demanding," like their first predecessors, "tithe at the rate of two shillings and ninepence in the pound on the gross assessment of each property in the parish."

And the mean and shabby inhabitants actually intend to contest this demand, and have even voted a rate to produce £1500 for that purpose. So little do those churls appreciate the benevolence which has prompted a body of gentlemen, in order to support the Hospital they preside over, to try and raise the tithes levied upon other people!

The parsimonious wretches do not see how natural it is that, considering the general rise which has occurred in prices, and all other expenses which they have to bear, benevolent gentlemen should think it both right and timely to raise their tithes as well.

Should the stingy owners and occupiers of property in Christ Church, Newgate Street, succeed in their grudging resistance to an attempt at bountiful exaction, the Governors of St. Bartholomew's may, however, confidently appeal on behalf of that noble Institution to the liberal working classes. The support of Hospitals is especially their affair. St. Bartholomew's Hospital is not a parochial charity. The generous drink on which the London work-people expend annually so many millions of money has, doubtless, inspired the hard but open-handed sons of toil with generosity enough to make them come forward with any amount which a two-and-ninepenny rate would, if it could have been enforced, have got out of niggardly rate-payers.

Welcome, Little Monster!

MR. JOHN BULL is about to have another addition made to his domestic happiness. Woolwich will shortly present him with another infant. The weight of the last-born Woolwich infant was thirty-five tons; the babe on the point of birth will weigh eighty-one, and there is at present not a crane in the Arsenal strong enough to lift it. These prodigious births are not ominous of the Millennium. As yet there is no prospect of a time when Woolwich infants will be in case to be charged with violet-powder.



"DIVISION OF LABOUR."

First Swell. "DRUGGED HOT, FWANK! CALL A CAR."

Second Swell. "TELL YOU WHAT, OLD FELLOW. YOU SNOOT, AND I'LL HOLD UP 'UMBRELLAR. 'GET THROUGH IT THAT WAY."

[Plan adopted.]

the old artillery of arguments brought up, *pro* and *con*—the old Division taken, of more than 4 to 1 in favour of liberty, even if it be the liberty of drinking, subject to the not unfrequent contingency of drinking too much. JOHN BULL, thus far says, emphatically, "Even this I will permit, and not prohibit." A. shall not be debarred from his moderate glass because B. will insist on making a beast of himself. It is a balance of evils. Which is the more grievous mischief, the abuse of drink due to opening the public-house, or the interference with personal liberty involved in shutting it? JOHN BULL is, as yet, more willing to put up with the former evil than the latter; and Mr. Punch, much as he hates excessive drinking, and deplors its prevalence, is of the same mind with JOHN BULL. It is a case for Police supervision, not for Prohibitory Law. Let the public-house be properly regulated, and there should be no need to shut it up.

It is an old proverb, that though one man can take a horse to the water, a score can't make him drink. It is just as true that once get an ass to the brandy-and-water, and all the laws in the world won't keep him from drinking. And the ass will find his way to the brandy-and-water, however tight you try to shut the public-house door. There

is a Maine Liquor Law; but all the Maine force of police, penalties, and public opinion united cannot keep the ass from his liquor. Your Maine toad-pot will "kiss the baby" in spite of all the Law may say or do to prevent him. And though SIR WILFRID may try to laugh that fact down, it remains still a great fact against his Permissive Bill.

Thursday (Lords).—LORD ROSEBERRY delivered himself of a long and carefully-prepared discourse on the Artisans' Dwellings Bill—to what issue, or with what intention, it is not easy to see. But his Lordship is a rising and industrious young Peer, and if he likes to hear himself talk,

Say, shall Punch damp such rare desire,
Upon young eloquence's fire
Cold water dropping?
No! Out-talk lordlings of thy years,
As Yorkshire hills one hill o'er-peers—
Rosebery Topping!

(*Commons.*) After a good deal of "confused" question and answer, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL moved the Norwich Corrupt Practices Inquiry Commission, amid some murmure from that "*par nobile fratrum*" WHALLEY and his Doctor. This drew forth an edifying revelation from MR. BRIGHT of how Norwich elections used to be—and, no doubt, still are—at the mercy of a residuum of a few hundreds, who in that venerable borough uphold the ancient British elector's birthright—his bribe and his beer—that right over which Big Ben has still the solitary courage to toll a regretful requiem.

When the House should have got into Committee on the Merchant Shipping Bill, MR. E. SMITH set the bad example—in which half-a-dozen talkers were ill-advised enough to follow him—of delivering himself, at much length, of his opinions on the Bill, which had better have been kept for Committee. So Progress, having been unduly impeded, was reported at Clause 8, on the vexed question of advance-notes, which appear to be now used—not for the profit of wives and children, as they were meant to be, but of crimps, liquor-sellers, and the other harpies who "keep watch for the coin of poor JACK."

The Doctor then got an innings on Triennial Parliaments, and the House, instead of Counting him Out again, definitely refused him leave to bring in his Bill, by 68 to 11, at ten minutes past three in the morning!

Friday.—The Lords were glad to be assured by LORD SALISBURY that the Government means to stick to the existing system of Irish National Education. If they would only give National Schoolmasters a living stipend, and a decent roof over their heads, and so convert them from fire-brands into friends of order, from foes, to forces, of Government!

(*Commons.*) Another grind at the Merchant Shipping Bill. After a strong defence of Clause 9, abolishing advance notes, from SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY and SIR STAFFORD NORTH-COTE, MR. DISRAELI, finding the House still boggling over the Clause, coolly threw it over, slap in the teeth of his colleagues. Talk of "advance notes"—never was a note of retreat more coolly sounded! Poor dear SIR CHARLES! POOR SIR STAFFORD! The House quite felt for them.

MR. REGINALD YORKE dashed off a very striking sketch of Turkey "*en noir*," and was followed up by several amateur-artists, who each put on his own touches of black, and all black, till the key of the picture was lowered "from the depths of YORKE's deep, to a lower deep still."

MR. BOUCKE could not do much to relieve it, though he tried his best with the Foreign-Office "sweetener"—that best of all brushes for lightening shadows and softening harsh outlines.

But suppose Turkey and its Porte both as black as they are painted, what can F. O., or Parliament either, do? As LORD DERBY would say, what business is it of anybody's but the Turks, if they choose to run in debt, and go to the dogs by a variety of roads, quite startling to the advanced Christian civilisation of their English creditors. The "Great ELCHER" might have done something, but there is no Great ELCHER now. "More's the pity!" say MR. B. COCHRANE and SIR H. D. WOLFF. "Thank Heaven!" say MR. EUSTACE SMITH and the knuckle-downers.

NOT SO GOOD AS A PLAY.



8 every year a large number of subjects are introduced into the House of Commons, apparently for the sole purpose of wasting the time at the disposition of the Government, it would not be out of place if some such programme as the following could be issued, before the opening of the Session, for the information and instruction of electors who send certain gentlemen as representatives to Westminster. The RIGHT HON. MR. PUNCH has much pleasure in presenting the copyright of the notion (a notion which it will at once be seen is capable of

unlimited expansion) to everybody who is at all interested in the speedy despatch of public business:—

ST. STEPHEN'S HALL OF VARIETIES.

(Licensed under Magna Charta, &c.)

Responsible Manager—THE RIGHT HON. MR. BRAND.

Every Session until further notice the Performances will commence with the Laughable Farce, in any number of "Scenes," entitled

PERSONAL EXPLANATIONS;

Or *How to make Much Ado about Nothing.*

(For Characters see the Parliamentary Summaries.)

To be followed by a New and Original Burlesque (founded upon the celebrated Comedy-Drama, "The Wrongs of Ireland") entitled

HOME-RULES FAR FROM HOME;

Or, "O, dear! what CAN the Matter be!"

Pat Riot (a lover of his country, living, however, in London). MR. BUTT, Q.C.

Charles-his-Friend (once an Englishman—now seeing the error of his ways). THE RIGHT HON. LORD ROBERT MONTAGU.

The Knight of Malta (friend to "Charles-his-Friend"—also once an Englishman). SIR GEORGE BOWYER.

The Stranger (very strange indeed). MR. BIGGAR.

To be followed by a Piece of Absurdity entitled

THE PERMISSIVE BILL;

Or, *Britons ever, ever SHOULD be Slaves!*

King Beer and Court. MR. BASS and Talented Assistants. The Ghost of Joe Miller (with many fine old jokes—first time these two hundred years). SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

(By kind permission of — PUNCH, Esq.)

A Conservative ("who writes poems"). MR. ALDERMAN COTTON.

For other Characters see the speech of MR. CARTER.

The whole to conclude with the celebrated Tragedy, in one short Act, entitled

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS;

or, *the Triumph of Procrastination.*

The Public Executioner.—By a distinguished Member of the Government.

During the course of every Session several "Count-Outs" will be

introduced as interludes to relieve the possible monotony of the above performances.

Assistant Acting Manager.—MR. DISRAELI (for a limited number of Sessions).

Deputy Leader of the Liberal Band.—THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.

Call Boy.—MR. WHALLEY. Gas Man.—DR. KENTALY.

THE EXCELSIOR CLIMBING BOY.

(*Polina parlim Canino-Latinum, post LONGUM—sen potius, meritis dicatur,—EXCELSIORUM SOCIUM.*)

SOME few, whose days are closing fast,
Remember, in their time long past,
How youth, in toil of little price,
Might yet have borne, for their device,
Excelsior!

These youngsters, in that distant time,
Swept chimneys, which they had to climb,
They could have cried as they clomb higher,
Like one who skywards did aspire,
Excelsior!

Our "Climbing Boys" as they were called,
How'er they "Sweep!" and "Sooty!" hawled,
As they ascended up the flue
Were not instructed to halloo
Excelsior!

By reek and close air overcome,
The Climbing Boy was oft struck dumb,
And stifled soon unless got out—
Of course he then no more could shout
Excelsior!

His knees were worn by rough ascent
Bare to the very ligament;
Flayed were his fingers and his toes,
Because he grazed them as he rose
Excelsior!

When, jammed in, on his upward way
He stuck fast, oft, some used to say,
His master, in the grate below,
Would light a fire, to make him go
Excelsior!

These horrors having been at last
Dragged into day, an Act was passed
Declaring it, henceforth, a crime
To make a child a chimney climb
Excelsior!

Still certain Bumbles, it appears,
Against the law, these many years,
Have had their Town Hall's chimneys swept
By means of little boys who crept
Excelsior!

May a new law, more strictly framed,
All parties hit at whom 'tis aimed,
Concerned in making children sweep
Foul flues, whilst painfully they creep
Excelsior!

Long brush, worked deftly by machine,
All chimneys must, ye Bumbles, clean.
Law must on cruel masters fall,
Who take to driving urchins small
Excelsior!

RELIGION AND REVENGE.

A SPECIAL *Times'* Correspondent at Paray-le-Monial describes a pilgrimage to that place performed with immense pomp by devotees from all parts of France, and comprising three Archbishops, two Bishops, and a multitude of clergy, regular and secular. They went from Paris by the Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, and the reporter of this pilgrims' progress records that:—

"It was not till we were well on our journey that a hymn was begun, which, even as I write, is ringing in my ears:—"*Dieu éternel, Dieu vengeur, saluez la France au nom du Sacré Cœur.*"

Mark the rhymes. Their consonance has probably not escaped BISMARCK. It unites ideas between which pious minds might have discerned incongruity. But French Ultramontaniam appears to be Christianity—with a vengeance.

IMITATIONS AT ST. ALBAN'S.



THE letter of the Sunday Act has closed the Brighton Aquarium; but never mind. It leaves open places of entertainment of the very kind which in spirit it was meant to shut up: Conventicles for abnormal and eccentric worship and preaching, under the name of "disorderly houses."

The judgment of the Court of Arches against the Rev. Mr. MACKONCHIE has, for a few weeks, suspended his celebrated imitations, but these performances are kept up in his temporary absence by competent artists, and go on as usual. The Ritualist public, though for the time deprived of mornings with MACKONCHIE, is still enabled to enjoy equivalent forenoons by STANTON. A Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* communicates a lively notice of a *matinée* given on Sunday last week at St. Alban's, Holborn. On this occasion, he writes, "the service, in

fact, was such a genuine imitation of that which is celebrated at the Pro-Cathedral of St. George's, Southwark, that it would be almost impossible to draw the line between them, except that the genuflections are more numerous at St. Alban's." In an exhibition essentially histrionic a little overacting is, however, quite allowable.

Among the leading points of this Romanesque representation are specified the following close simulations of genuine Popery:—

Six great candles on the "altar" lighted at morning prayer. A large cross above the same "altar."

The congregation repeatedly crossing themselves.

Gorgeous green vestments worn by the "priests."

The sign of the Cross made in the air by the celebrant towards the communicants.

The singing of certain hymns proper to the Mass, but interdicted in the Church of England.

A sermon in the course of "the function" was preached by the Rev. Mr. STANTON. The listeners to this homily were exhorted to "abominate" and "execrate" all persons "concerned in the suspension of Mr. MACKONCHIE." His persecutors were denounced to them as "miscreants," and "likened to boys beating and stoning a dog;" and they were told that the Established Church had "fallen into Protestant hands," as much as to say into the hands of the Philistines.

"Nor was the evening service of a milder type." It appears to have been equally well sustained. The principal performer was a Mr. RUSSELL, who preached. He "treated the suspension" of Mr. MACKONCHIE "as an insult to the Sacrament of the Altar" in the person of the "devoted priest;" he vilified the Church Establishment, and told his flock "that they must not submit to what had been termed 'an abortion of justice.'" The evening's amusements concluded with a "Catholic canticle," sung to a "popular Oratorian tune"—a hymn "expressing the Romanists' intention to re-convert England." This "closed a day which, memorable to those chiefly concerned, can scarcely fail, also, to be memorable in the history of the Anglican communion." For, it is suggested in continuation, the BISHOP OF LONDON ought to let the St. Alban's Ritualist parsons know what a day they have been having.

Can the Bishop, however, stir in the matter? Is there any fear that he has the power, if he will, to do what the Sunday Act cannot, and, by the exercise of his official authority, shut up St. Alban's as a "disorderly house" of the description contemplated by the framers of that statute? But even if he has, perhaps the Holborn temple of Ritualism could be easily reopened under the conditions of a Nonconformist Meeting-house; which in fact it is, and then there could be no objection to the mimic Popery performed within it, except the objection, which might, but does not appear to, be made by CARDINAL MANNING, on the principle of "that untradesmanlike falsehood, the same concern."

What's in a Name?—Nothing.

In the Division on the Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill, there was one name in the Minority in its favour which unthinking people might have expected to find in the Majority against the Measure—it was LUSH.

MRS. GINGHAM ON THE NEW DYES.

O DRAT those nasty new dyes, I says—which the cases one reads is horrid,
Now them Chemists takes all and any lines, and gets so dreadful clever;
They think nothin' of 'at-linin's as brings on irruptions on the forehead,
And socks as runs a party's poor feet right into a ragin' fever!

Till nobody's ead nor feet feels safe: pison's everywhere, that's certin';

We eats it, and drinks it, and breathes it, and takes it through all our pores too;

It 'angs in one's paper-'angings, in one's carpet and winder-curtin';

Till "Ome, Sweet 'Ome"'s bitter mockery and wus, with venom on walls and floors too.

Which, where them dyers expects to go, I'd like to know—"Evins bless us!"

With their ars'nics, and anylinins, they 've made a pretty beginnin'!

My Tom (he sez) hatters and hosiers now is as bad as MISTER NEEBUS, A laundryman, as a long time since (Tom says), pisoned a customer's linen.

No doubt it's a treat to see the gals with all colours a-flauntin' and flyin';

And to hear them Chemists talk so big about their new inventions; But dyers is double-dealers now their dyes ends in double-dying;

I'd rather try the Quaker style—wiah, in fact, sich is my intentions.

No! Your anyline ain't in my line: which log-wood and pink saucer

Was enough for gals, when I was a gal; now they 're all turned kaleideroscopes:

And the werry names o' the things they wears has got to be more crackjaw, Sir,

Than the names on the gardeners' labels, as turns cherry-pies into Elyertropeses!

But death in the dyer's vat is what a lone woman may well call dreadful.

With nothin' 'twixt two sweet colours to show which is, and which isn't, p'ison:

Tox says Tantalus were a trifle to me; with sich terrors to 'ave my head full,

And the shop-fronts, this season, as sweet a sight as a woman could wish to set eyes on!

CONTENTED PERSONS.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, in the House of Lords the other day, remarked that there were a great many persons who were "discontented with everything." He might also have remarked that there were "a great many people who were contented with anything." For example:—

The General, who at the age of eighty-five finds himself gazetted one fine morning to the only prize in the Service—the Colonelcy of a Regiment—with an addition of £1000 to his annual income, cheerfully remarks, "It is all right at last!" and dies happy the day after.

The Lieutenant-Colonel, who for thirty years insured his life in the "Albert" for the sum of £5000 (in case he should die in the Service), and found that he might as well have pitched the premiums into the Black Sea; then exchANGED to India, remarking, "All right; better luck next time!" and *did* die in the Service, with the pleasant feeling that his daughters would have to go out as governesses.

The Major, who after every field-day is called by his Commanding Officer a "d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d" and pleasantly mutters, *sotto voce*, "All right!"

The grey-haired Captain, who purchased all his steps, and invested something extra for them, but who was caught on half-pay, and finding there is only £1900 "coming" to him under the new régime, meekly murmurs, "I suppose it is all right."

The Private, who is told by his Pay-Sergeant that he "cannot have his loaf and eat it" (?) and respectfully observes, "All right, Sargeant!"

These are Contented Persons, and the Duke knows it, and says, admiringly, "All right, as far as I am concerned!"

So let JOHN BULL shut his eyes, join in the chorus of "All right!" and hope that it will remain so.



TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

(A Reminiscence of Ascot.)

IT SEEMS THAT ALGERNON'S ONLY CHANCE OF SAYING WHAT HE HAD TO SAY TO LUCY WITHOUT FEAR OF JEALOUS INTERRUPTION HAPPENED JUST AS DONCASTER WAS WINNING THE CUP. HE MISSED A SPLENDID RACE. LET US HOPE HE WON THE LADY.

PUNCH'S FOLK-LORE.

MIDSUMMER-EVE AND MIDSUMMER-DAY.

If you were born at noon in a thunder-storm, and have a mole on your left side, and three maternal aunts, beware of looking into the glass, if you are left in a room by yourself on Midsummer-Eve in the twilight.

Do you wish to have a happy dream, in which a certain person of whom you are always thinking will appear? You must go to bed before twelve o'clock on Midsummer-Eve, having first looked out at the back door, with a stick of celery in your right hand, and whispered that person's name three times, without opening your eyes or speaking to the policeman on duty. Then run up-stairs, and bathe your eyes in freshly-gathered dew—which ought to be kept in a cool place in a china bowl—fill your ears with down from the breast of a goose plucked by some one exactly your own age, who has never been crossed in love; and place under your pillow a double cherry, the merry-thought bone of a magpie, and a crooked sixpence with a hole drilled through it in the shape of a true-lover's knot. Repeat the names of all the Queens of England who have had their heads cut off, and go to sleep fasting.

On Midsummer-Eve, if you pass a church-door at sunset, when the bells are ringing, and you have a pair of white gloves and a piece of your last married cousin's bridecake in your pocket, you may expect to be married yourself before the year is out, if you meet two clergymen walking together, in the opposite direction, on your way home. Should you merely meet the churchwardens, then you can only hope to be a bridesmaid during the next twelve months.

Many persons prognosticate the weather for the rest of the season from what it is on Midsummer Day. They will tell you (in confidence) that if the day is fair and calm, with a gentle breeze blowing from the S.S.W., and no dust, there is sure to be a good medlar crop, abundance of mushroom-ketchup, and fine harvest weather between the 23rd of July and the 31st of August. But if the day is wet or lowering, with an appearance of grey mares' tails in the sky

at sundown, then they augur badly for the white turkey poults and the Siberian crabs, and predict, as an absolute certainty, a fall of rain before the beginning of September.

In Ireland, and in many parts of England, it is considered most unlucky to meet your landlord on Midsummer Day near home—if your rent is in arrear.

HUGO AND HOMER.

It is somewhat of a curious coincidence that, as HOMER sometimes nods, so M. VICTOR HUGO, in extolling HOMER, should nod too. The illustrious Author of *Notre Dame* has just published a pamphlet called *Le Droit et la Loi*, whence the *Times*' Correspondent at Paris quotes some passages characteristically remarkable for the terse yet pompous expression of generous ideas; e.g. :—

"This society of the future will be superb, and tranquil discoveries will succeed battles; nations will conquer no more. . . . People will no longer be warriors, they will be workers. . . . To exterminate will no longer be a glory. It will be the replacing of murder by creation. . . . *Chefs d'œuvre* will be incidents. People will be more moved by an *Iliad* than an *Austerlitz*."

Possibly—

"It is not Hugo nods, but we that dream."

But in his antithesis between the *Iliad* and *Austerlitz* does not M. Hugo rather seem to forget the Siege of Troy?

A Chapel of Hymen.

THE following notable announcement appears in the *Hampshire Independent* :—

"TO PARTIES ABOUT TO MARRY.—The Union Chapel, Shirley, has just been registered for the solemnisation of matrimony."

Now, then, the Conventicle which was heretofore simply the Union might be called the Conjugal Union Chapel.

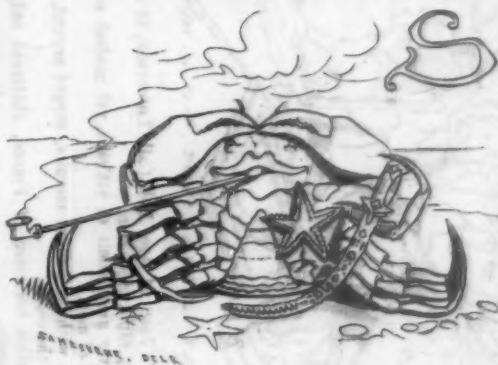


MORE SLAVERIES THAN ONE.

RIGHT HON. B. D. "NOW THAT YOUR HIGHNESS HAS SEEN THE BLESSINGS OF FREEDOM, I TRUST WE MAY RELY UPON YOUR STRENUOUS HELP IN PUTTING DOWN SLAVERY?"

SULTAN SEYYID BARGHASH. "AH, YES! CERTAINLY! BUT REMEMBER, O SHEIKH BEN DIZZY, CONSERVATIVE PARTY VERY STRONG IN ZANZIBAR!"

A STORY OF THE SEYYID.



SEYYID SAKED OF ZANZIBAR has conferred a high distinction on a maiden of tender years. At the Alexandra Palace:—

"He ventured freely among the people, who made way for him, cheering. Another action which was cheered was when, the people jostling a little girl, he went forward, lifted her in his hands, and passed her to an attendant, by whom she was put out of the way of harm."

No doubt this little Lady is the envy of all her acquaintances. If old enough to be sensible of the honour she has received at the hands of his Highness, she must be a happy child. She will never forget it to the end of her days. The man who boasted that he was once spoken to by a King—who told him to get out of the way—had little to brag of in comparison with her. If she live to be an old woman, she will often say, in a shrill and tremulous voice—"Ah, I remember when the SULTAN of ZANZIBAR—it was many years ago, and I a little thing, on the seventeenth of June eighteen hundred and seventy-five—took me up in his arms out of the crush at the Alexandra Palace." Reader, may you live to hear her!

THE EDUCATION OF THE UPPER CLASSES.

THE authorities of the University of Cambridge have decided upon extending their system of "higher education" to Londoners. As a palpable proof of the great value of the movement, Mr. Punch (with the courteous assistance of a celebrated Professor of Social Science) prints a few questions from an Examination Paper intended to test the knowledge of Candidates for the Degree of M.A.D.O.—(Master of the Art of Dining Out):—

What do you know of Zanzibar?

How do you pronounce the name of the SULTAN?

Give a short history of SIR BARTLE FRERE, DR. KIRK, and MR. STANLEY.

Describe the principal pictures in this year's Academy.

What do you know of MISS THOMPSON?

Explain the operation of tent-pegging at Hurlingham. Give the rules for the admission of strangers to the Skating Rink at Prince's.

What is Lawn Tennis?

Give your opinion upon SIGNOR SALVINI's acting in (a) *Hamlet*, (b) *Othello*, and (c) *Il Gladiatore*.

Draw a plan of a modern Parisian Bonnet.

Do you think trains will be worn this year? Give your reasons for your answer.

Write all you know about MILE. ZARÉ THALBERG, MADAME ALBANI, and SIGNOR VERDI.

Who was LOHENGRIIN?

Give short accounts of (a) the last novel, (b) the last marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square, and (c) the last scandal in high life.

PUNCH'S EXCHANGE AND MART.

Jewellery.

I HAVE a magnificent gold cup, marked J. BROWN, a large silver tankard, inscribed T. JONES, and two dozen heavy silver spoons and forks, stamped with the monogram and crest of the ROBINSONS. I want something lighter and more easily changeable.—Address, with secrecy, BURGLEN, The Cracked Crib, Wapping.

I HAVE a pretty necklace of Roman Pearls, which I should be happy to exchange for one of real pearls.—A SIMPLE COUNTRY MAIDEN.

Literary.

IN my library at home we have some large handsome books called the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, also some books called *Hume*, *Smollet*, *Gibbon*, and *Macaulay*. We want for these some railway novels—MISS BRADDON's preferred.—TWO READING GIRLS.

I ONCE read a most fascinating novel, called —, by —. I am most desirous of adding this great work to my library, and will make good offers for it.—WIDRAWAKE. [So are we, Sir, and saw through your little design of getting a first-rate advertisement of your own worthless novel. You will observe we have printed neither your own name nor that of your rubbish.—Ed. P.]

I WILL send the *Echo*, the day after publication, to any one who will post me the *Times* on the day of its appearance. Each person to retain the papers.—PAIR PLAY.

Autographs.

PORT CLOSE's in exchange for the Post Laureate's.—NOT SUCH A POOL AS HE LOOKS.

SEVERAL of my own to exchange for those of GLADSTONE, DR. KENEALY, J. L. TOOLE, and SHAKESPEARE. Mine may be valuable some day.—A RISING YOUNG MAN.

I WILL affix my own name to cheques of a £1000 each, in exchange for cheques of like amount signed by BARON ROTHSCHILD, DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, and the BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.—OVERDRAWN ACCOUNT.

Political.

THE Leadership of the Liberal Party. What offers? Postage stamps and monograms need not apply.—H., Smoking Room, House of Commons.

A COLLECTION of honest opinions and a disagreeable tongue. Wanted Office.—HISTORICUS.

I HAVE a vote for Norwich which I wish to exchange for one in any other constituency, with the exception of Peterborough and Stoke-upon-Trent.—GOLDEN DOG.

Dress.

MY Papa has a large Microscope, with several slides, also some

Cases of Beetles and Butterflies. I want for them some really good lace and large fans.—HER FATHER'S DARLING.

A LOT of Lace, Bonnets, Gloves, and Fans, which I will give for a stunning Cricket-bat, or a Pistol that will shoot a real bullet.—A BROTHER HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Matrimonial.

I HAVE a pretty face (blue eyes and golden hair), a warm heart, and a romantic soul. Wanted a Husband, £5000 a-year, and a house in Eaton Square.—SWEET SEVENTEEN. [You will oblige us by calling at the Office, dear.—Ed. P.]

A HUSBAND. Wanted, something useful.—XANTIPPE.

Domestic.

FINE healthy twins. Will take in exchange One really quiet child.—HAPPY FATHER.

Sporting.

A SPLENDID Bull-dog. He is very courageous, having bitten me, my wife, our two servants, and nearly killed the butcher's boy. I want a steady cob.—A LOVER OF ANIMALS.

P.S.—Any one who wants the dog, will have to come and take him for himself, as he is looked up in a yard, and none of us dare go near him.—A L. OF A.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED, Anchovies, Balloons, Kittens, a Boyton Dress, Treacle, and the *Daily Telegraph*. Will knock anybody down in exchange.—COLWY HAWWELL.

LASTLY, we must request the sagacious thousands who wish to exchange Threepence for the wit and wisdom contained in the pages of *Punch*, to apply to our Office on Wednesday.

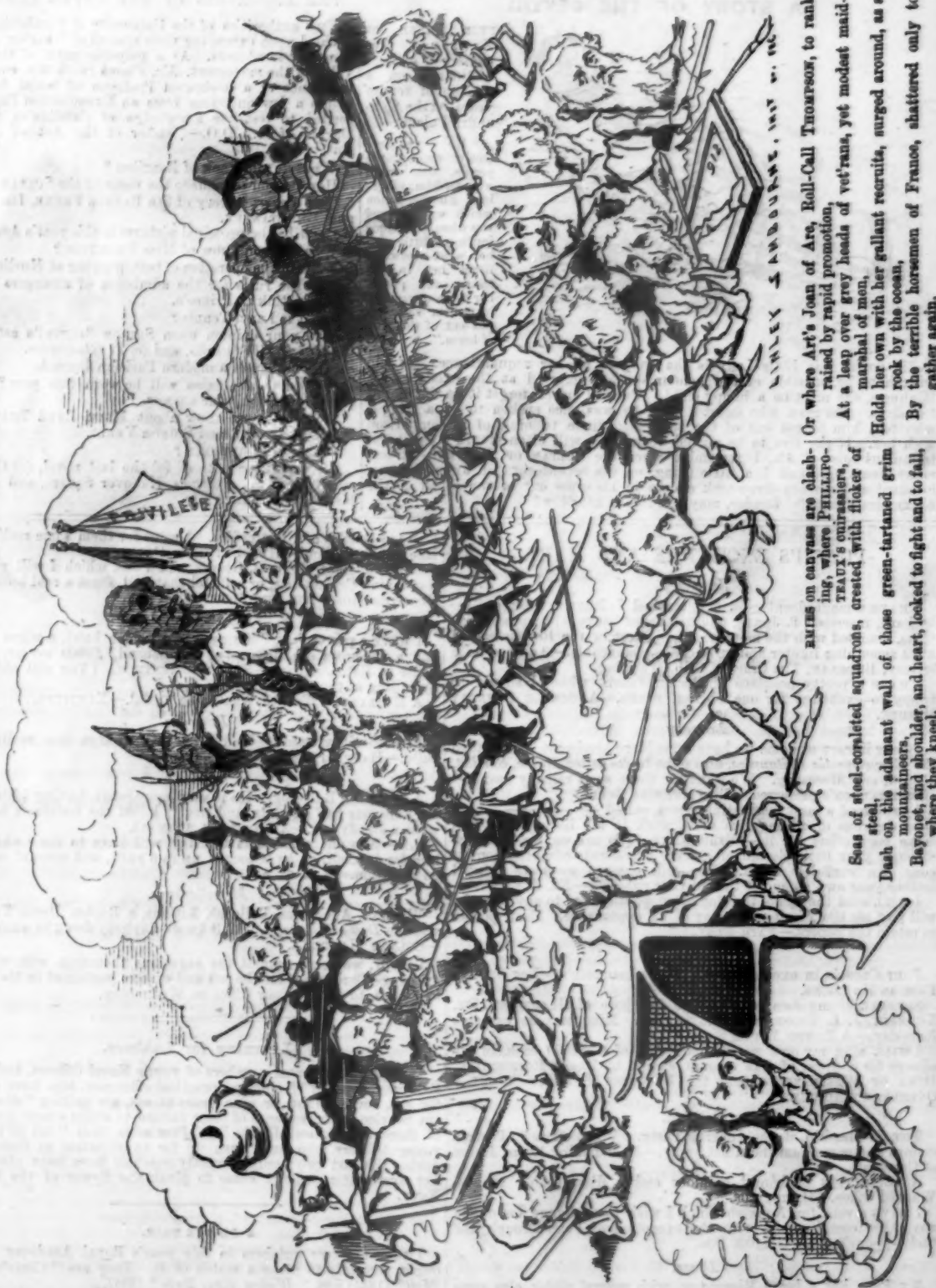
Learning for Lubbers.

It appears that great numbers of young Naval Officers, including Sub-lieutenants of the highest practical efficiency, who have served for six, seven, eight, or nine years at sea, are getting "dismissed the Service in consequence of their failure to attain a new standard of theoretical knowledge." The *Post* adds, that "out of twenty young Officers who have gone up for examination at Greenwich during the last two months, exactly one-half have been plucked." Let systematic pedants cease to pluck the flower of the British Navy.

A PROPER PAIR.

THERE are two numbers in this year's Royal Academy which ought certainly to make a match of it. They are "*Comiston Old Man*" (1231) and "*Widow Ray, Beds*" (698).

ACADEMICIANS AND OUTSIDERS.—A BATTLE-PIECE.



Or where Art's Joan of Arc, Roll-Call Thomson, to rank
raised by rapid promotion,

At a leap over grey heads of vet'rana, yet modest maid-
marahal of men,

Holds her own with her gallant recruits, surged around, as a
rock by the ocean,

By the terrible horsemen of France, shattered only to
gather again.

EMIES on canvases are clab-
bing, where PHILLIPS,
TEAUX's cuirassiers,

Seas of steel-completed squadrons, crested with flicker of
steel,

Dash on the adamant wall of those green-tartaned grim
mountaineers,

Bayonet, and shoulder, and heart, looked to fight and to fall,
where they kneel.



AN EARLY BIRD.

London Swell (to County Belle). "NEVER SEE YOU IN THE MORN'! WHERE, AND WHEN DO YOU WIDE!"
Lady. "HAMPTON HEATH—SEVEN IN THE MORNING."

All round a less sturdy resistance is made to as desperate attacking,
 As e'er charged through Quatrebras' rye, or up Waterloo's shot-
 furrowed ridge.

'Tis the charge that those gallant Scots Greys, the Maos, on the sixty
 are "macking"

Who defend the Academy-pale as HORATIUS defended the bridge.

There's MACALLUM, MACWHITER, MACREGOR, MACBETH, and
 MACNAB and MACNEE,
 MACDONALD, MACTAGGART, MACLAREN, Maos of each clan and
 tartan and blood;

Forbye Scots, though not Maos, of one mak' with the Maos of their
 kindred that be,

GRAHAM, DOCHARTY, SMART, COLIN HUNTER, all sons of mist,
 mountain, and flood!

Vestigia nulla retrorsum, gregarious and grey and grim fellows,
 From the spate, and the strath, and the shieling, they gather, the
 line bent to win:

On the Royal Academy road—there's in Art a road Royal, they tell us—
 Maos of all Adam's sons pressing most, with Macadam the pave-
 ments begin!

But not only those sons of the mist, the Scots Greys, charge the
 R. A.'s in square,

On their front and their flank, against face and rear-rank
 fierce outsiders level their point:

The line they are breaking, and, wider way making, bring pencil
 and crayon to hear

On the staggered R. A.'s, put by Northern arrays of swarming
 Scots Greys out of joint.

There's TADEMA, LONG, and the MOORES, BOUGHTON, ARCHER, and
 MORGAN, and BOREM.

MARCUS STONE and VAL. PRINSEP and STORY, and BRETT, and the
 LINNELLS, and OAKES,

A. HUNT, and G. SANT, and J. RAVEN, and OULING, and—grant
 elbow-room!

EYRE CROWE, and H. WALLIS, and WYNFIELD—outsiders whose
 claims are no jokes.

There's LAURENCE in crayons unrivalled, and SANDYS, of draughts-
 men a chief;

BRITON RIVIERE, who 'twixt man and brute shows the likeness
 that proves kith and kin;

HEYWOOD HARDY, who e'en in a fight with two lions has not come
 to grief;

And the Young Guard, with HERKOMER, FIELDS, requires their
 spurs keen to win.

Still the best for the last I have left, the brigade of the Ladies, to
 sing—

With a French HENRIETTE, and an English, in BROWNS and in
 WARD, to the fore,

What occasion to dwell on their roll-call, to book their past
 triumphs to bring?

With a STARR shining close to a THOMPSON; two MUTRIES—
 what need to tell more?

But if mild MARY MOSER of old, and ANGELICA KAUFFMANN the
 fair,

Broke down the Academy pale, and their place in the forty made
 good,

What once working women have dared, why should not working
 women yet dare,

And these write R. A. to their names, though not Tonton but
 British in blood?

Tree and Fruit.

THE *Times* computes the collections made on Hospital Sunday
 "to have been much less than they were last year, while those again
 were lower than in the year before." That is, "so far as we can
 judge at present." Additional returns of receipts will of course
 exhibit no falling off, but an enormous increase. Surely no other
 effect can possibly have resulted from the grand Revival which
 London has just passed through, with all the preaching and singing
 got up and supported by contributions amounting to no end of
 money.



CHAPEAU À L'ÉTOILE.

"REDEUNT SATURNIA REGNA."

COCK-FIGHTING AND CRUELTY.

THE passion for cock-fighting, suppressed during a long time by statute, has lately been breaking out over the country in several places. From day to day our contemporaries record "raids" made by the vigilant Police on the cruel cock-fighters. The *Times* reports that, on Tuesday last week, before the Nottingham Magistrates, appeared JOSEPH PARKER, and JOHN WALKER, publicans; JOSEPH ALLEN and JAMES BRADFORD, colliers; CORNELIUS CUSSENS, hawker; and JOSEPH PICKERILL, lacemaker, who, present at a cock-fight going on in a brewery, were pounced upon and collared by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "Six birds and the usual requisites were found on the floor, which was covered with blood." These gentlemen thus appear to have been taken literally red-handed. All of them, except MR. WALKER, against whom the case was dismissed, were fined five pounds each, and MR. PARKER paid the money. For this generosity a public subscription will hardly be got up to reimburse MR. WALKER. Cocks, to be sure, are voluntary combatants, and do not, perhaps, in fighting, hurt each other much more than poultry are hurt when killed, as perhaps they sometimes are, for the table of a Member of an excellent Society. Still, the spectacle of their sanguinary encounters is not calculated to stimulate the higher feelings, of which at least the rudiments may be supposed to exist in the natures of such persons as publicans, colliers, hawkers, and lacemakers. It does, on the contrary, excite the propensities shared by them with the lower and fiercer brutes, yet who knows but that it may, nevertheless, at the same time satiate passions which might else find vent in violent assaults? And besides it tempts the bystanders to gamble; which is evidently bad for persons in an inferior station of life, however harmless betting may be for their betters.

The hope may therefore perhaps be cherished that the Legislature, at the instance of Animals' Friends, will not argue from cock-fighting to pigeon-shooting, and enact any penal law to put down that. How shocking it would be to hear, that the Officers of the Royal Society, or the Police, had some fine morning made a "raid" upon the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Gun Club at Hurlingham Park, and collared them, and not only them, but also the gentle ladies assembled to look on and admire them exhibiting their skill and sportsmanship in the pastime of shooting tame pigeons! Cock-fighters are one class of people; pigeon-shooters another.

It is a comfort to find that the cock-fighters have one friend in a high place still left, a gallant officer, well-known on the turf, as the best of handicappers. ADMIRAL ROUS has lately, through the *Times*, asked, in words evidently warm from the heart, "Can

anything beat cock-fighting?" When Rous utters his "Bravo!" to those who arm and match red-piles and gingerbread hackles, *Punch* can only say, "Bravo, Rous!"

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

To think that your Wife will stay in Town after the close of the Opera season.

To think that you will be allowed to leave your family at Ramsgate while you go on a tour (of inspection, of course—merely to see if the places are likely to please your Wife) through Paris, up the Rhine, and into Switzerland.

To think that you will save anything by letting your house, during your absence from Town, to a "foreign family of distinction."

To think that your Wife and family will be contented to travel with less than eighteen large trunks and twenty-four good-sized hand-boxes.

To think that your Wife will be satisfied with the situation of your lodgings at the sea-side.

To think that you will not be daily bothered with the complaints of your Wife about the extortion and robberies of the sea-side landlady.

To think that you will never be ordered to "speak to the insolent woman."

To think that you will have any of your meals at the hours you have been accustomed to.

To think that you will be able to enjoy a lounge on the sands free from the persecutions of "niggers," dealers in cheap jewellery, and guinea-pig boys.

To think that in your sea-side sanctum, in fine weather, you will be able to work without having to listen to the music (?) of barrel-organs and German bands.

To think, with "the dear children" in the house, you will have quiet in the aforesaid sea-side sanctum on a regularly wet day.

To think that while you are away you will not be hunted down by the writers of circulars, begging letters, and "little accounts."

To think that you will be allowed to leave your sea-side lodgings without a great deal of unpleasant discussion about alleged breakages.

And lastly, the worst case of Midsummer Madness, to think that when the holidays are over you will be sorry to return to Town.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

"THE BISHOP OF LONDON has appointed the REV. WILLIAM THOMAS BULLOCK to the prebendal stall of Oxgate in St. Paul's Cathedral."—*Daily Telegraph*, June 16.

DESERVEDLY has BULLOCK won
His Bishop's admiration:
Morn, noon, and night he carried on
His Gospel-Propagation.
And now his horn's exalted high
O'er his yoke-fellows all:
"Right Bullock in right place," say I:
That sits in Oxgate Stall!

The Education Act.

OUR good friend, MRS. MALAPROP, who is a staunch Protestant, has heard some talk about the compulsory teaching of the masses. She can only say she trembles for the safety of the Church, if anything so Popish as the masses should be taught in it.

A Trifle from Brighton.

THEY'VE shut up our Aquarium
Each seventh day. 'Tis queer
That men who are so Puritan
Should be so Cavalier!

A REMARKABLE PECULIARITY.

HERE WAGNER is distinguished by a peculiarity for which great musicians are not remarkable. The illustrious composer of *Lohengrin* does not give himself airs.

REVIVALISM ABROAD.

On what stage in the Grand Hôtel does MR. MOODY lodge when he visits Paris?
Naturally, au Cinquième.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LUTTER and flabbergastation of the Lords (*Monday, June 21*) at MOODY AND SANKAY'S audacious invasion of their own peculiar educational preserve—Eton. What had the "Governing Body" been about? The Governing Body, said LORD LYTTELTON, like many other governing bodies, had been quite in the dark. The Moody and Sankay service was fixed for three to-day; and the Governing Body met at twelve. How could a Governing Body—and such a Governing Body, too—be expected to "move" between twelve and three? LORD SHAFFESBURY complained that no notice had been given of the discussion. LORD LYTTELTON retorted that no notice of their projected invasion had been given by MOODY

AND SANKAY and their "promoters." (We thank Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE for the word.)

LORD HENRIKER denounced the Laws of Settlement and Removal of the Poor—that last rag of serfage and its accretive gleebe.

LORD ROSEBURY, as Chairman of the Committee on the Representative Peers (Scotch and Irish), threw up the sponge. The Committee could not agree on a Report. "If ever there was a bad job," groaned LORDS GRAY and CARLINGFORD, "it was the Irish Peerage."

LORD STANHOPE means to move that the power of creating Irish Peers be renounced by the Crown—the creation, on the whole, having turned out such an unsatisfactory one. (Come, Mr. BUTT, that's what they call "Justice to Ireland!")

(*Commons.*) "MOODY AND SANKAY going to preach and sing at Eton!" was the one buzz of the lobbies, quite distracting the minds of Honourable Members from Committee on Merchant Shipping Bill, which, thanks to such distraction, perhaps, made some way in Committee.

MR. DISRAELI gave notice the Government would want Tuesdays for the rest of the Session. General grumbling! "Do they make such a good use of the nights they have, that we should give them another?"

Tuesday (Lords).—Second and Third Readings of a batch of "unconsidered trifles," knocked off between opening the doors and twenty-five minutes past five.

(*Commons.*) MR. HARDY, in MR. DISRAELI'S absence, moved the modest demand for Government precedence on Tuesdays.

Suppressed grumbling found many voices—LORD HARTINGTON'S, MR. FORSTER'S, MR. FAWCETT'S, MR. DILLWYN'S, LORD ELLINGTON'S. "Honourable Members could not be in two places at once, like SIR BOYLE ROCHER'S famous Irish birds." How was he, and many another "infelix Theseus" like him, to attend at once to his Committee work and his Morning Sittings?

MR. NEWDEGATE declared the "Order"—book—ironically so called—"could only be compared to a waste-paper basket turned upside down"—(MR. NEWDEGATE deserves a Cartoon for his suggestion, and *Punch* gives him one). "Government had got into a mess, and now coolly claimed all the time of the House to get out of it."

Poor MR. HARDY, bowing his head to the pelting of this pitiless storm from all sides, recommended adjournment till Thursday, when MR. DISRAELI would be present to fight for himself.

If the Morning Sitting was stormy, at the Evening Sitting it literally "blew great guns." MR. HAMBURY TRACY (a gallant naval officer) moved the reappointment of the Ordnance Select Committee to act as a buffer between the Departments and the public. No doubt we had the best great guns going; but still it would be very comfortable if there was a break of big names naval and military, engineers (the civiliser the better) and artillerymen, to say, and, if need be, swear as much, and to prevent collisions between the Departments and those most troublesome of bores, the Inventors. CAPTAIN PRICE (a brother tar, but not tarred with the same brush), moved, as an amendment, the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the best way of furnishing the Navy with guns more trustworthy and efficient, our present armament being neither one nor the other. The gallant Captain (a gunnary officer, be it remembered) has since followed up his speech by a letter to the *Times*, in which he offers to bet any odds that the *Monarch* cannot fire two hundred rounds from her guns under fighting conditions without disabling one half of them.

MR. HAMBURY TRACY writes next day, to prove that CAPTAIN PRICE has put his foot in it awfully by this letter. (It is quite wonderful how these artillery doctors differ.)

MR. E. J. REED backed up CAPTAIN PRICE. We were on a wrong road in our gunnery, and the sooner our artillery-heads were set in the right direction the better.

(At the same time it may be as well to remember that MR. REED was once SIR B. WHITWORTH'S partner; and that the Battle of the Guns has come to be something very like a duel between those gallant knights, WHITWORTH and ARMSTRONG.)

Pleasant, after all the Committees we have had, Select and Unselect, Parliamentary and professional, and all the millions we have spent, to find every question in gunnery open to such diametrical difference of weighty opinions!)

MAJOR BRAUMONT was against a new Ordnance Committee, and for breech against muzzle-loader. So was GENERAL SHUTE. CAPTAIN NOLAN declared the Government, for breeches-pocket reasons, had over-ruled its professional advisers, who were rather against breech-loading for field-guns, and in its favour for heavy artillery. MR. WARD-HUNT triumphantly appealed to the difference of opinion among the artillery doctors as a reason against calling in any more of them; and declared that the Government advisers were satisfied with the Government guns, and the Government with its advisers.

At the same time, "the Admiralty was not bound to put its foot down, and declare the question should never be reopened." (Ah, MR. WARD-HUNT, is not that rather like "putting the foot down," and showing the cloven hoof—symbol of divided opinions and unsettled minds?)

Motion and Amendment were withdrawn, everybody who knows anything of the subject feeling profoundly dissatisfied with everybody else—and the House was Counted Out at twenty minutes to one.

(The sooner JOHN BULL puts his foot down, and declares his determination to be satisfied whether he is or is not being made a fool of in the matter of his big guns afloat and ashore, the better.)

Wednesday.—The House up to its neck in the filth of the Contagious Diseases Acts, on a Motion for their absolute and unconditional repeal.

Punch prefers not to handle so foul a subject, only too much handled already, and with far too close familiarity. But he sees no reason to doubt either the sad necessity for these Acts, or their working, on the whole, for the alleviation of the evils which have rendered them necessary.

Thursday (Lords).—Canada has contrived a Copyright Act, which recognises the rights of the English Author in his own brain-work, provided he will take the trouble to register and re-publish in the Dominion.

There is one pirate less in the New World. Canada may be congratulated that she no longer stands associated with our American Cousin in robbing their common poor relation, the British Author.

LORD SALISBURY finds himself obliged to fling over all that part of his Rivers' Pollution Bill which deals with river-fouling from mines and manufactures—in other words, the marrow of his measure.

(Commons.) MR. DISRAELI meekly apologised for asking for the Tuesdays, and begged to withdraw his demand, seeing the House objected to grant it. LORD HARTINGTON complained that the House knew no more about the state of public business after the Prime Minister's speech than before, and wanted to know when the massacring of the innocents was to begin.

Agricultural Holdings Bill introduced to the Commons in a tame speech by MR. DISRAELI. Grand fight, *à propos* of the Bill, between the "Mays" and the "Musts," the advocates of permissive and compulsory legislation. Rather oddly arrayed—Liberal Opposition on the side of "Must," Conservatives of "May." Any landlord may contract himself out of the Bill. All landlords will do so, says MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGHES. Yet he objects to the Bill because it is not compulsory. So does MR. LOWE, though all for freedom of contract. What chance would it have had with the landlords if it had been?

MR. MCCOMBE speaking for the Land of Leases, pithily described the Bill as one of the most innocent ever introduced into the House of Commons. It gave nothing to the tenant-farmers and would take nothing from them. He forgets the difference between Scotch long lease-holders and English tenants at will—as a rule, Punch is glad to think, at good-will.

On the whole, Government seems to say of the Bill, as Sophonisba said of her wound in THOMPSON'S tragedy—

"Our Bill 's so great, because it is so small."

To which the Opposition seems disposed to reply with THOMPSON'S pit-critic,—

"Then 'twould be greater were there none at all."

The Government has, since the Bill passed the Lords, agreed to strike out what LORD HARTINGTON calls its "key-stone"—the calculation of compensation on the basis of increase in letting value.

The tenant's compensation is now to be determined by what he has spent—the fairest basis. MR. KNIGHT, the out-spoken Member for West Worcestershire, has forced that change upon MR. DISRAELI. So modified, no doubt, the Bill will pass. What good it will work is an open question. It may work better than the Opposition are willing to admit. But if it effects no good, it can hardly do the harm they prophesy. As yet, Punch is bound to say they have not made out a good case against it.

Friday (Lords).—The Committee of Inquiry into the training of

BRITANNIA'S Naval Cadets recommends a little shortening and simplifying of examinations, and the abolition of competitive entrance-examinations. LORD CAMPERDOWN does not think the evidence supports these conclusions. But they seem to commend themselves, on the whole, to common sense. Competitive examination may be tolerable as the counterpoise of favouritism. But there is a terrible weight of *per contra* to all that can be urged in its favour.

An edifying discourse on Ecclesiastical Court fees, out of which £1000 a year is to go to the Judge under the Public Worship Regulation Act.

LORD SHAFTESBURY complains that he can't get at the receipts of the Diocesan Courts and officers. Eleven dioceses, and forty arch-deaconries keep dark, in defiance of Parliamentary Orders and Acts of Parliament. Doesn't LORD SHAFTESBURY wish he may get at it? Still more, doesn't he wish, if he gets at it, that the country may get it? When was it so easy to recover a bone from a hungry dog's mouth?

(Commons.) MR. DISRAELI objects to too early a fixing of the day for the massacring to begin. About the middle of July, he says, has been the usual date of the melancholy announcement.

Meantime, like the lambs and the spring chickens,—

"Regardless of their fate,
The little victims play."

CAPTAIN STACPOOLE wants to move Parliament to move the QUEEN to set up a Royal residence in Ireland.

The common sense of Parliament, and the uncommon sense (for this occasion) of the Home-Rulers is agreed—however desirable it may be that HER MAJESTY, or her Royal Family, all or any of them, should know and see more of Ireland—that Parliamentary pressure is not the best way to get them there.

MR. M. STEWART wants British India to clear her conscience of the opium-trade with China, and her pockets of its profits. But it is not a question (for JOHN CHINAMAN) of opium or no opium, but of better and cheaper opium (Indian imported) against worse and dearer (home-grown). His opium he will have, as JOHN BULL will have his tobacco; and there seems little more to be said against the opium (in moderation) than against the weed. Besides, England, that raises above thirty millions of revenue, directly and indirectly, out of strong drink, can scarcely, with a solemn face, affect to be scandalised at the millions of Indian Revenue got out of opium. Non olet—but gross hypocrisy does stink in the nostrils.

NEELEDOM V. NOODLEDOM.

(A Note from a Needle.)



HE Age of Chivalry was the Age of Needle-work."—LADY MARIAN ALFORD, at the opening of the New Rooms of the Royal School of Art Needle-work.

DEAR PUNCH,—Our race is on the rise, that's clear; I have not felt so proud this many a year!

How long has all conspired my soul to vex!

Robbed of romance by Singer; by the sex

I best have served half flouted, in their zeal

For alien "rights!" What finest-tamped steel

Could stand the strain? The keenest point 'twould try,
And make the stoutest needle pipe its eye.
But epicure ambition's horrid witchery,
Which makes our spinsters look askance at stitchery,
At point of Needle now must be dispelled,
When by the hands of Art and Fashion held.
So here 's hurrah for LADY MARIAN ALFORD,
Who loves her thimble, yet can quote her TALFOURD!
"Art the Consoler," needle-armed, may try
To bring our age a better chivalry;

Or failing, help, at least, to hold at bay!
Some bisexed magpies of a chattering day.
For many a platform dragon's scaly joints
Will scarce be proof 'gainst well-aimed needle-points,
Pushed home by dainty fingers. Gentle STANLEY
Avowed an ignorance extremely manly
Of Needledom; but you, my *Punch*, explore
All arts, and are well versed in Ladies' lore!
"Woman's invention" you, well pleased, will see
Fostered by Fashion, Art, and Industry,
Knit by another tie, when LEIGHTON limns,
And sweet Princesses praise. All modish whims
Are not so wise. She-Needledom may preach
Salvation by unsexing, but to teach
Woman to wield her proper arms aright,
Will give her truer vantage in the fight
Than platform panoply o'er petticoat,
Or FORSYTH's championship, or STANFELD's vote.
Such arms as infant-tending fingers fit—
Pencil and pen, not less than broom or spit—
Be hers! Let the new chivalry disdain
With flowers—of speech—to wreath a galling chain,
Nor, like the old, deem her a dangerous witch,
Who lifts her soul above her sampler-stitch!
Yet should not English girls turn scornful eye
Upon the tool that Queens once loved to ply,
Or let new arms their warm affections wheedle
From their old friend, and yours, dear *Punch*,

A NEEDLE.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS MISSION CALENDAR.

(Pulpit-Arrangements for July.)

ETON.

MESSERS. MOODY AND SANKEY (second visit).
The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
The CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

HARROW.

RABBI MOSES ABRAHAM BEN ISRAEL SOLOMONS.
FATHER IGNATIUS (O.S.B.).
BRIGHAM YOUNG (by the kind permission of the President and
Legal Authorities of the United States).

RUGBY.

MR. BRIDGES (Comtiste), Professor of Positivism.
DR. WILKINSON—on the doctrines of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.
BENDIGO, the Converted Prize-fighter.

WINCHESTER.

A Prophet of the Peculiar People.
NED WRIGHT.
MR. BRADLAUGH.

WESTMINSTER.

ELDER NOYS.
A Deputation from the Free Lovers.
A ditto from the ditto Haters.

N.B.—Any one with a mission wishing to be introduced to the
Head Masters of Public Schools will please address (postage pre-
paid)—"The Right Hon. W. E. G., care of the Porter, House of
Commons."

BITS AND BEARING-REINS.

AFTER Mr. NEWTON's very cavalier disposal of MAJOR BETHUNE's
charge of cruelty against a gentleman's coachman for tight-strapping
up of a wretched horse's head—with a sore mouth, too!—in what, even
in Mr. NEWTON's teeth, *Punch* must persist in calling a gag-rein—
not the less "a gag," because it is inflicted, as Mr. NEWTON points
out, on ninety-nine out of a hundred of the horses of the rank and
the fashion—more shame for the rank and the fashion!—it is not
superfluous in Mr. P. to express his satisfaction that Mr. FLOWER's
kindly and convincing pamphlet, *Bits and Bearing-Reins*, has
reached a third edition.

Mr. *Punch* would ask his readers, who may wish to form their own
judgments on the matter in which Mr. NEWTON has formed and
uttered his so decidedly, to read that pamphlet and the excellent
article upon it in this month's *Blackwood*, before they follow Mr.
NEWTON's example in miscalling "sentimentality" what Mr. *Punch*
would call sound sense and humanity in one.

Lastly, he would recommend all who have horses of their own to
adopt the humane suggestion of the DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, and if
they will not dispense altogether with the cruel, and useless

bearing-rein, at least to insist on their coachman slackening the
rein while their horses are kept waiting for hours on opera or crush-
rank, in this hot weather.

PUNCH THE TEACHER.



THE following im-
portant statement
was published in
the *Times* a few
days since:—

"It appears that
the title of *MAGENTA
THE FIRST*, which M.
BU TEMPLE was so
shocked to find in a
biography of the Mar-
shal circulated among
schoolmasters, was
quoted from an article
in *Punch* which ex-
claimed, at the time
of his election, 'Long
live MAGENTA THE
FIRST!'"

Mr. *Punch* con-
gratulates the
French nation upon
having adopted so
excellent and trust-
worthy a text-book
"for the use of
Schools" as that to
which allusion is
made above, and

begs to intimate to the World in general, and to "MAGENTA THE
FIRST" in particular, that the following works are already in active
preparation. When the series is complete, the collection will form
"Mr. *Punch's* Library of Useful Information:—"

IN THE PRESS.

Mr. *Punch's* *Historical Characters*: containing the Lives of
Jack-the-Giant-Killer, *Junius*, *Mrs. Harris* (the bosom friend of
Mrs. Gump), and others equally celebrated for their wit, virtue, and
wisdom.

Mr. *Punch's* *Universal Geography*, containing descriptions of the
North Pole, the Centre of Africa, and the Undiscovered Islands.
Illustrated with spirit-photographs furnished by a celebrated
Medium.

Mr. *Punch's* *History of Ireland*, in which it will be proved that
every child of Erin is lineally descended from several Irish kings.
Genealogical Tables will be contributed to this important national
work, by "an Unhappy Nobleman," resident at present (in re-
tirement) at Dartmoor.

Mr. *Punch's* *History of Great Britain*, up to the reign of King
Arthur. With illustrations kindly furnished by the Poet Laureate.

Mr. *Punch's* *Celebrated Anglo-Saxon Victories*. 1. Bull-Run.
2. Agincourt. 3. Sedan. 4. Coomassie. 5. The Battle of Dorking.
6. The Aldershot Manœuvres. Plans of the above are nearly ready,
and may be had on application to the Intelligence Department of
the War Office on and after the 1st of April, 1894.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

Mr. *Punch's* *History of the World*. Price 3d., every Wednesday.
For further particulars apply to 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

So Easy.

"AN EMPLOYER OF LABOUR" writes to the papers to say that
whereas he can get any number of Clerks for fifteen shillings a week,
he cannot get a man to carry a sack for thirty shillings! Why
doesn't he give his Clerks the sack?

A SAFE PROPHECY BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(Touching two famous Cricket-grounds.)

"Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade."

The Deserted Villages.

ALPINE.—New Ice-Hatchet for Alpine Club men—A Climb-Axe.



BAD GRAMMAR, BUT GOOD PLUCK.

"NOW, THEN, FATHER, JUST LET ME KETCH YEE A 'ITTIN' O' MOTHER, THAT'S ALL!"

"I AIN'T A 'ITTIN' OF HER, DRAT YEE!"

"NO; BUT YEE WAS JUST AGOIN' TO! LET ME KETCH YEE, THAT'S ALL!"

[Seen and heard by yr Artist.]

"AWFUL" TASTE IN 1875!

SCENE—A Ball Room. EDWIN leads out ANGELINA, as arranged earlier in the evening, to dance a promised "Square." They walk through the First Figure. A pause.

Edwin. Been to the Academy, of course?

Angelina. O yes. Been several times. So fond of Miss THOMPSON'S picture, you know. I like the group of the dying soldier and the boy laughing at having killed a Frenchman, awfully. So awfully clever, you know.

Edwin. O awfully! The wounds are so awfully true to nature, you know. Do we begin?

They walk through the Second Figure. A pause.

Edwin. Been to see SALVINI?

Angelina. Of course. Isn't he awfully nice? I think he is perfectly charming in *Othello*. His face quite reminds me, in the Jealousy Scene, of dear MR. IRVING in the last Act of *The Bells*. His suicide at the end of the piece, you know, is really quite too awfully clever. Isn't it?

Edwin. You mean the throat-cutting affair, eh? When he falls on his back and dies quivering, eh? O yes, awfully clever. It's our turn, I think.

They walk through the Third Figure. A pause.

Edwin. Read any Novels lately?

Angelina. Just read an awfully nice book, *The Law and the Lady*. One of the heroes is a monstrosity without legs, *Miserrimus Dexter*, don't you know. Awfully clever.

Edwin. O yes. Read the book myself. Clever notion, the idiotic man-woman, eh, wasn't it?

Angelina. O yes, awfully good. I think they are waiting for us.

They walk through the Fourth Figure. Promenade.

Edwin. Did you go to Stafford House to see the coffins?

Angelina. O yes, we all went—Mamma, Papa, and the children, don't you know. Met everybody there. Such an awful crush.

Edwin. Like the coffins?

Angelina. O so much. They looked awfully nice. So deliciously cool, don't you know.

Edwin. Cool! You like that kind of thing cool, eh?

Angelina. Yes, I think so.

Edwin. Ah, then you must be against cremation?

Angelina (hesitating). Well—yes—perhaps. (After consideration.) Yes, I think so. Yes, I think I like the baskets best. [Fans herself.]

Edwin. A propos—may I get you an ice?

Angelina. O, thanks so much. Yes, Grandpapa was awfully delighted with the wicker coffins, and has ordered a couple lined with charcoal, for himself and Grandmamma. I am going to the shop to-morrow to choose them for him. Thanks—strawberry, please.

[They retire into the Refreshment-room, with a view to getting cool.]

Ovation Anticipated.

THE Mayor of Windsor writes, in justification of his fear that the preaching of MESSRS. MOODY AND SAWKRY in the playing-fields or any public room in the Borough, might have resulted in a breach of the peace, that the Eton boys had been buying quantities of eggs.

"Fresh proofs," the Liberationists will say, "of the yoke of a State Church!"

"If only they were fresh," says Punch; "but let us hope those Windsor eggs were but the produce of a Mayor's nest, after all."

THE EAST END OF THE WORLD.

It is stated that SIR DOUGLAS FORSYTH in his audience of the KING OF BURMAH "took his shoes off." This concession to Eastern dignity may pass unquestioned, if it should prove that SIR DOUGLAS has not gone on a bootless errand.

"ADVANCE NOTES" (Military).—The Bugler's.



THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET (UPSIDE DOWN).

(Respectfully dedicated to C. N. NEWDEGATE, Esq., M.P.)

BRITANNIA. "GOOD GRACIOUS, BENJAMIN! WHAT IS ALL THIS LITTER?"

BENJAMIN. "ONLY THE 'ORDER OF THE DAY,' MA'AM!!"

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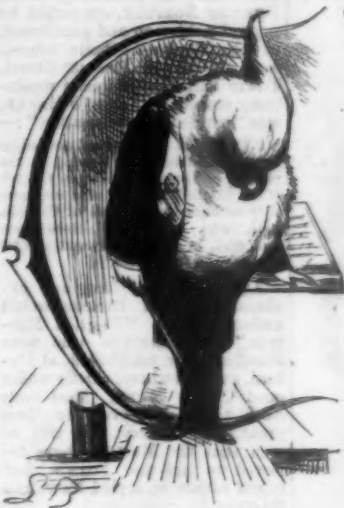


THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET (UPSIDE DOWN).

“GIVE THE ‘WASTE-PAPER BASKET’ TO THE ‘DAILY MAIL.’”
“GIVE THE ‘WASTE-PAPER BASKET’ TO THE ‘DAILY MAIL.’”
“GIVE THE ‘WASTE-PAPER BASKET’ TO THE ‘DAILY MAIL.’”

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

(A few Happy Thoughts about HEER WAGNER's Lohengrin.)



ost what it may! I must hear Lohengrin!"

I was reckless. Not to know—or rather not to be able to talk about WAGNER's chef d'œuvre, argues oneself unknown. So, regardless of expense, for this occasion only, I determined on doing the thing well, and laying out a guinea, at the least, on the evening's instruction and amusement.

Happy Thought.—Instead of "doing it well," do it better, and see if I can't get a Stall given me.

I call on MILBURN. Although married, he has not given up joking on serious subjects (by "serious subjects," I mean anything one happens to be personally interested in at the moment), and he says, "My dear boy, since I've been married, I don't afford such

expensive luxuries. But stay"—I stay, and he adds—"I think I can manage you a Stall at Covent Garden; if you don't mind particularly where it is?"

"O no!" I reply, joyfully (for a guinea saved is a guinea gained).—"O dear no!"—this last enthusiastically. [I mentally note down as a manual much required, *Hints for Economical Amusements; or, How to Enjoy Yourself on Nothing a Year.*]

MILBURN writes out something on a card, and encloses it in an envelope.

"You just present that at either Covent Garden or Drury Lane, and it will do the trick."

Thanks! Thanks! I would jump with joy, but my gratitude knows no bounds.

Happy Thought.—Open the envelope, and see what MILBURN has written. I did not, on consideration, like the way in which he said, "it will do the trick." He has done the trick, and I have found out how it's done.

He has written on a card, "Please admit the Bearer to a Stall in Covent Garden. Flower-stall preferred, but Fruit-stall not objected to. Or an Apple-stall in Drury Lane.—(Signed) MILBURN."

Now how fortunate I didn't wait till the evening, and then, after expending money in a dinner at the Club, and more money in cabs, present myself on this Tomfool's errand at the door of either Opera House.

I've a great mind to cut MILBURN.

Happy Thought.—Don't cut MILBURN, but send him an order for admission for himself, and friends, to the Brighton Aquarium on Sunday.

CAZELL used to have a Stall. I call on him. He is away, yachting. What a fellow, to be away yachting, when there's such a chance of hearing the Music of the Future! Just like him.

TWINTON VICK is my man. He is always full of dodges (as I have before mentioned in regard to cheap furniture), and, if he hasn't got a Stall himself, he can tell me how to get one for nothing. I call on him. Yes, he has a Stall. Bravo! and can he let me—"No, he can't. The stall is not transferable." And it isn't exactly a Stall, he explains, but a Renter's Ticket. "That's the thing for you to do," he says, knowingly; "buy a Renter's Ticket! You can get it, if you look out, for about seven pounds, and it gives you a seat for every performance, throughout the year, at Drury Lane, including the Opera. On the most crowded nights they can't refuse you admission, even if you stop in the Lobby; and in the winter you can go to the Fantomime every night of your life!"

Seven pounds! Evidently a bargain. Why the Fantomime alone would be—I'll go and buy one at once. Where are they sold?

"Ah," says TWINTON VICK, "you'll have to bide your time. You might have to wait for another year; and, at all events, you can't get one for this Opera season—" He sees my sudden and utter despondency, and hastens to add, by way of consolation, "But you look out,—a Renter may die, or become bankrupt, or go abroad, and be glad to take anything for his Stall."

I ask him if he happens to be acquainted with any Renter who is

likely to die, or be bankrupt, or be going away, and glad to take anything for his Stall, before next Thursday—to-morrow, in fact.

No, TWINTON VICK cannot speak with certainty as to this. A Renter was very ill the other day, but that was not on an Opera night, and he is all right again now. He runs over the names of some Renters he knows, but they're all as well as can be expected, in spite of age and other disabilities, and, generally speaking, prosperous, and likely to remain in England. "There was," he adds, meditatively, and with a tinge of regret in his voice, "a fellow the other day—WHIMPEN JESSOP—"

"Yes," I say, anxiously, noticing his pause.

"And," continues TWINTON VICK, slowly, "he certainly did say that he wanted to dispose of his Renter's admission."

"Where does he live?" I ask, prepared to rush off to WHIMPEN JESSOP, and do business on the spot.

"Ah! I don't know. But I'm afraid it's no use, as I saw him yesterday, and he said now that they were going to give Lohengrin, he had made up his mind not to part with it on any account."

I rise to go, and VICK, shaking me by the hand, says, cheerfully, "You look out, and so will I; and, if I hear of a chance, I'll let you know at once."

We grasp each other's hands with the fervour of men united in a common object, and so part.

Three failures, up to now. I try several men. Some said they thought that I always had a Stall, and were coming to ask me.

Thursday morning.—I rush off to the Theatre. No Stalls. To the Libraries. No Stalls. (Call in at MUMPS the Librarian. MUMPS's managing man says, that by four o'clock he can get me a Stall, as there is sure to be a lot returned. Why a lot returned? Because they don't give Lohengrin to-night. It's put off till Saturday. And on Saturday I am bound to be chez ma tante by the sad sea wave.

The state of the case is Lohengrin v. Aunt. There will be more Lohengrins, but no more Aunts,—that is, with Solicitors, and important business which concerns me.

Again the papers announce Lohengrin. I am cooling a little towards Lohengrin. I don't like the notices, which I have read carefully. I meet ALFRED SHARP, so well known in amateur musical circles, and having the reputation of being able to dine with professional artists whenever he likes, and even sing duets with them, and he pooh-poohs Lohengrin. "You won't care about it," he says.

I begin to question whether Lohengrin is worth a guinea.

Another friend (also musical) exclaims, "Not heard Lohengrin! O, you ought to hear Lohengrin. You'll find it rather dry, but be there for the overture."

Has he got a Stall? I ask.

No he hasn't, but he had a Stall in Germany, for two shillings a night, and heard Lohengrin over and over again. "There," he adds, "of course they understand how to give it. Still," he admits, "you can form a very fair notion of it here."

It is now Lohengrin v. Guinea, or, to put the equation in full, it is Lohengrin = a guinea, a book, fees to the Stall-keeper, a dinner at the Club, cabs, refreshment after Lohengrin (and during Lohengrin, if, as my friend said, Lohengrin is "dry"), and—I rather think, a new pair of evening boots. Still, as I must have these last,—(made on my "last"—this would do for SYDNEY SMITH),—I cannot exactly charge them on Lohengrin. I can hear Lohengrin without boots—I mean, without new boots.

Happy Thought.—Give Lohengrin another week, and go somewhere else for a third of the money; or, on further consideration, and as it's sure to be hot and stuffy everywhere, dine comfortably, and go nowhere. This last resolution is carried.

It is Thursday evening; after dinner. I am beginning to forget Lohengrin—I am ceasing to care about the Music of the Future, when I hear a voice in the hall, apparently issuing from the coats and hats which are hung up helplessly in the shadow, saying, petulantly, "I wish he'd come."

As this can't be the expression of a neglected overcoat, left there by its owner, I look in the direction of the voice, and decry a friend. He asks me have I seen DODDLEMUS, as he has a Stall for him at the Opera. It'll be worth hearing. It's Lohengrin.

"Will you have it?" asks friend, desperately, for he can't wait for DODDLEMUS.

I jump at it. Done! Hoorsay! Tout vient à celui qui attend! Again I am enthusiastic! Never was such a friend! Never was such an Opera! Never was such a composer! My boots will scarcely hold me, I am so buoyant! Never were such boots, or never wear such boots! [Another for SYDNEY SMITH of SHERIDAN.] Ho there! a cab! The Hansomest and the fleetest! *Mes amis!* do you not envy me? I am off to Lohengrin!! Away!! Thank goodness, I'm dressed and ready!

Happy Thought (for Men about Town,—to be added to my Manual for Economical Amusement).—Always be in your dress clothes by 7.15 P.M., and at your Club. You never know what may happen. Let an Englishman's motto ever be "Ready! Aye Ready!" And



SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY.

Ada. "WHAT HORRID THINGS BLACK-BEETLES ARE, MISS GRIMM! THE KITCHEN IS FULL OF THEM!"

The Governess. "I AGREE WITH YOU, ADA! BUT AS THEY ARE NOT BEETLES, AND NOT BLACK, PERHAPS YOU WILL CALL THEM COCK-ROACHES FOR THE FUTURE!"

Ada. "CERTAINLY, MISS GRIMM; ALTHOUGH THEY ARE NOT ROACHES, AND NOT COCKS!"

it can't, if you haven't got on your dress clothes at 7:15 P.M. at latest.

Ho there! a cab! What is a shilling! bah! I might have had a more expensive dinner, in view of *Lohengrin* for nothing; but it's no use crying over spilt claret-cup.

At the Opera.—Don't get into the line; only unhappy men hampered by dowagers, or daughters, get into the line. These men never hear an overture. No, I am free! Free as the air I'm going to hear. I am set down (after the usual falsehood to the Policeman to the effect that you are not going to the Opera, O dear no, but going to call, on a matter of life and death, on your doctor in Bow Street—when the official is obliged to let you pass), I skip—skip in the word—through the gates, I enter the vestibule with the air of an *habitué*—I know my road—I show my ticket (just the slightest tremble at this supreme moment, lest it should be a practical joke), it is acknowledged, and I pass on down the passage, to the Lobby, all among the hat and coat-takers, whom, though I do not love, for they are extortioners and tormentors, I could now embrace. Take it—take my coat! Take my hat! Give me a Number. And a book—a book by all means!

I am in my Stall as the Conductor gives the last tap of his *bâton*, and I shall have my full guinea's-worth, for nothing! I shall hear *Lohengrin* from the first note to the last! For nothing will induce me to quit this Stall to-night, even during an *entr'acte*, lest I lose the fraction of a demi-demi-semi-semiquaver.

My pencil! my book! I am nothing without notes, any more than is the great Composer himself. I am about to make notes on notes! Aha! Here are spirits! here's buoyancy! Gee up, my Warbling WAGNER! Go it, band! They do! With one movement the pack (to speak sportingly), is "away!" Tallyho! Yoicks!

The pack is in full cry, and *Lohengrin* will be before us in another five minutes. Yoicks! Into him, Fiddler! Hark the Violoncello! Good Bassoon then! Tallyho!

Ah! here's an overture!!

This is music!—descriptive of course. Descriptive of *Lohengrin*. Who was *Lohengrin*? What is *Lohengrin*? WAGNER is describing *Lohengrin* in his overture! But though, with the pack I am following the air, I do not catch it. Let me consult my book.

Happy Thought.—Consult my book.

I open it. I make a note. O, who is *Lohengrin*? Let me look in the *Dramatis Personæ*. What is this? What do I see? "*Count Almaviva*"—pooh! he can't be in *Lohengrin*. Next, "*The Countess (his lady)*"; then "*Susanna*"—hallo!—then "*Figaro*!!!"

This settles it. Those Coat-takers have palmed off on me a wrong book, and I gave the man sixpence extra for himself. Will they take it back, now that I have been pencilling in it? I will dash out before the Opera begins; for I will hear *Lohengrin* from first to last.

"Here! hi! look here! You've given me a book of *Nozze di Figaro*, and the Opera to-night is—"

He finishes my sentence for me.

"*Is Nozze di Figaro*, Sir. It's been changed."

"What!! NOT *Lohengrin*?"

"No, Sir." And he turns to attend to another coat.

I am as angry as if I'd been done out of a guinea. For me, *Lohengrin* is still the "Music of the Future." But, as I am very fond of *Nozze*, I must grin and bear it,—or,

Happy Thought.—I must *Lohen-grin* and bear it.

On a Charming Afternoon at Stafford House.

"*Quorum copiusus suntque supellex.*"—JUVENAL.

THIS season at least we have small ground for scoffing!

When MOODY AND SANKEY declaim against sin:

Asked to Stafford-House gardens to look at a coffin,
Not for tea and turn out—but for tea and turn in!

Away with all planks, whether thinner or thicker,—

We're to lie in the grave in a flowery disguise,
And like MOSES shall have to be packed up in wicker,
To the latest edition of "HADEN'S Surprise."

A COOL CHANGE OF RESIDENCE (for the Hot Weather).—LORD NORTHBROOK'S (since the deposition of the GUICOWAN) from Simla to Behring's Straits.

MARTYRS AND MARTYRS.

AT a meeting held the other day, under the presidency of the DUKE OF NORFOLK, supported by several noblemen and gentlemen, at the Roman-Catholic school-room in Great Prescot Street, Tower Hill, the subjoined resolution, moved by LORD O'HAGAN, was "carried by acclamation":—

"That this meeting acknowledges the appropriateness of raising in the vicinity of Tower Hill the new Church of the English Martyrs as a memorial of those heroic conservers of Catholic faith who shed their blood upon that spot, or who underwent painful captivity in the Tower."

Apart from the foregoing explanation, most Britons would understand by "English Martyrs" those heretics who were burnt alive in Smithfield, at Oxford, and elsewhere, chiefly under good QUEEN MARY. Most sects have their Martyrs—to their great mutual credit. It will be seen that the Martyrs above referred to are not FOXE'S, but might rather be styled FAWKES'S Martyrs.

SOMETHING WANTING.

MR. GLADSTONE has been selling his China. Great disappointment was felt that the Collection did not contain the dinner-service which had been used for MR. GLADSTONE'S famous "Three Courses."

EVERY MAN'S FIRST ESSAY IN VIVISECTION.—Cutting his teeth.



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